YOUR FAMILY NEEDS
THE WEEKLY GLOBE.
It Will Pay You Handsomely to Renew.

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MORE MONEY THAN A BANK

And Can Put His Hand on It Any Minute.

Russell Sage Has Few Clerks and Uses an Old-Fashioned Desk.

When Gould is Away Lunches on Apples and a Sandwich.

NEW YORK, May 9.—As a rule Russell Sage keeps more money on hand than any bank in New York. He is worth, all told, $50,000,000. Probably no individual in the world has so much money at constant command. He can, on an hour's notice, produce $10,000,000 in cash. As a matter of fact, he could, if necessary, deliver the money in 10 minutes. His principal business is money lending, and that is why he has so much within reach all the time.

Mr. Sage has unpretentious, though pleasant, offices at the corner of Broadway and Rector st. His windows look out upon the ancient slabs of Trinity churchyard. He has need of but few clerks, as he personally looks after his own affairs, even in the smallest details. He is at his office by 9.30 o'clock in the morning, and it is 4 or later before he leaves it in the afternoon.

Mr. Sage does not keep his money in his office. It is on deposit, subject to check, in various banks and trust companies. By distributing his money among a number of concerns, his chances of loss are reduced and an unusual drain on any one bank or trust company is obviated. If Mr. Sage were to put all his money in one bank, his drafts against it for loans would make such heavy fluctuations in its weekly statement of deposits that it might excite the suspicion that there had been a run on the bank.

For another thing, by doing business with a single bank Mr. Sage would disclose the extent of his transactions, and that would not be a wise thing to do. Financial operations must be conducted with secrecy in order to maintain credit. Men worth millions are often compelled to borrow money by reason of their own funds being locked up in investments. If it were known that they were borrowers their competitors in business or in financial operations would take advantage of the knowledge. The responsibility of the borrowers might be assailed with seeming warrant, and great loss, and, possibly, in some cases bankruptcy, might follow.

There Was an Instance

very recently where an extensive manufacturing concern had occasion to borrow $1,200,000. The concern made out 12 notes for $100,000 each. Mr. Sage discounted three of these notes. The concern Mr. Sage knew to be perfectly solvent, but he applied business principles in this case, as in all others, and refused to take more of the notes. It is a favorite piece of advice of his not to put all your eggs in one basket.

Mr. Sage makes no loans unless collateral is furnished. He takes a note as the evidence of debt. It is what is called an "iron-clad" note, which gives him the power to sell out the collateral when the loan is called (if it is a call loan) and it is not paid, or when it falls due if it is a time note. It is the same form of note as is used by the banks in Wall st., whose chief business is in loaning on stocks and bonds, and is considered the only safe one.

Mr. Sage conducts his vast dealings in money wholly on an old-fashioned flat-top desk. To the observer this desk appears in the wildest confusion. It is piled high with papers, and the drawers are also bulging with letters and documents. Inextricable as the mass seems, Mr. Sage can instantly put his hand on any paper in it that he desires. To him the order is perfect.

He has a habit of keeping letters in the envelopes in which they were received. It is remarkable how he is able to instantly select the one he requires from among a hundred or more.

He is a very methodical man. He has a place for everything, and his memory is so wonderful that he never forgets where he puts a thing. About all that his clerks have to do is to keep his books, make his deposits in the banks, and carry his securities back and forth between his office and the vaults of the safe deposit companies.

Where Mr. Sage has an advantage over a bank is in being able to obtain interest on his money at all times. Whether lying in the banks or advanced on notes, it is earning a percentage.

Jay Gould calls Mr. Sage the wheel-horse of finance. There is not a more solid financier in New York, or anywhere else, as far as that goes. His money has undoubtedly more than once averted serious financial trouble. There are times when money cannot be obtained in large amounts even with the best security. In emergencies like these Mr. Sage has come forward and done what the banks could not do.

Mr. Sage's money did a great deal toward relieving the panic of November last, when the banks were obliged to refuse aid on account of their depleted deposits. When Mr. Gould was speculating on an extensive scale it was nothing for him to call upon Mr. Sage for anywhere from $1,000,000 to $2,000,000, and even for a greater sum.

The close business relations existing between Mr. Sage and Mr. Gould were established, it is said, by Mr. Sage making a loan which saved Mr. Gould from possible ruin. That was long before Mr. Gould was the great power in Wall st. Mr. Sage may have taken some chance in advancing the money, but his judgment showed that he had not under-estimated Mr. Gould's business capacity.

For 20 years or more Mr. Sage and Mr. Gould have been financial allies. Each has unquestionably profited immensely by his relations with the other. The two men meet daily when they are in town, although their offices are some distance apart. Mr. Gould has his offices in the Western Union building. There Mr. Sage and Mr. Gould take lunch together and talk over their affairs. They both eat sparingly and plainly. Time is money with them, and they do not spend over half an hour at their lunch, including their discussion.

The contrast between Sage and Gould is noteworthy. As everybody knows, Mr. Gould is a diminutive man with quick, nervous ways and a retiring disposition. Mr. Sage is somewhat above the average height, and while not robust, is a well-built man. He is deliberate in speech and manner, and, while not obtrusive at all, is, nevertheless, more at ease in public gaze than Mr. Gould. Mr. Sage served in Congress, where he became accustomed to cynosure.

Mr. Sage can do another thing which Mr. Gould cannot, and that is to make a speech. Mr. Gould never tried to make a speech more than three or four times in his life, and his "greatest effort" did not exceed 50 words. It was at an exposition in the South.

Mr. Sage cares nothing for the ordinary pleasures of life. About his only pastime is driving. He owns some of the finest road horses in New York. Pleasant afternoons after business hours he may be seen spinning through Central Park. He never races with the other drivers of speedy horses. He is out for recreation and not for sport.

Mr. Sage is a member of the West Presbyterian church on 42d st., between 5th and 6th avs., where Mr. Gould also has a pew. He is a listener to nearly every sermon preached in the church, and is also a regular attendant at the prayer meetings. He and Mr. Gould are among the largest contributors to the support of the church, which, while not as fashionable as some others perhaps, has congregations beyond its seating capacity.

Mr. Sage is greatly

Interested in Missionary Work,

especially among the Indians in the West. He pays the expenses of one preacher on the plains out of his own purse, and contributes to the maintenance of others. His checks annually go to a number of charitable institutions in New York. Mr. Sage gives away a great deal more than anybody is aware of.

Mr. Sage lives on 5th av., "just over the brow" of Murray hill. He has a fine, but rather old style brown stone house. It is one of the most comfortable houses in New York. When Mr. Sage bought it, it was almost "out of town." The fashionables were then living further down the avenue, whereas now most of them live further up.

He scarcely ever spends an evening away from home, except when he is at church. His back parlor serves him as a study. He always has business papers to look over. He puts on a house coat and a pair of slippers after his evening meal and settles down to the consideration of the matters requiring his attention.

He goes to bed promptly at 10 o'clock. Nothing can keep him up later. He is up by 6, or a few minutes afterwards, in the morning. He is an extremely abstemious man in all respects. He recognizes the efficacy of whiskey when used with reason. In the winter months it is his habit to take a spoonful of old Bourbon whiskey in half a glass of water on arising. He says it is a first-class tonic. He never partakes of spirituous liquor at any other time or any other quantity. Occasionally he drinks a little claret with his lunch.

Mr. Sage's dinner is taken in the evening, like that of most other city folks. He does not call it dinner, but "high tea." When Mr. Gould is absent, Mr. Sage generally takes his lunch in his office and it is as likely to consist of a sandwich and a couple of apples as anything else. These will be eaten while he is busy with his business papers. Mr. Sage is also fond of candies and nuts. There are a great many prominent Wall st. men with the same fondness.

RUSSELL SAGE.

Walking along the street Mr. Sage would be more quickly taken for a country clergyman than anything else. He wears dark clothes always, and keeps his coat closely buttoned. His head is surmounted by a tall silk hat, except in summer, when he wears either a light derby or a light tall hat. He has a grave face and a preoccupied air, which helps to carry out his clerical appearance.

Mr. Sage's fortune outside of the ready money which he keeps on hand is largely, in fact almost wholly, invested in stocks and bonds. He is the owner of comparatively little real estate. He has picked out the better grades of securities to put his money into, and his fortune may be said to be unusually well invested.

FLOWERS ON A GLACIER.

An Unusual Spectacle Recently Witnessed Near the Arctic Ocean.

[New York Sun.]

In 1888 Mr. John W. Kelly discovered on the northeast coast of Alaska, emptying into the Arctic ocean, just above Cape Lisburne, a new river which has been named the Pitmega river. The river and its narrow valley are very winding, and the natives say they can ascend it for a distance of 40 miles. This stream has not previously appeared on the charts. Mr. Kelly ascended the river for a distance of 25 miles, where he found a large glacier emptying into the river.

The glacier faces southward and receives the full benefit of the sunlight during the short polar summer. Gales have deposited on the glacier particles of soil and seeds of plants to a depth of from four inches to a foot. The snowball of winter soon vanishes before the June sun. Then vegetation on the glacier is warmed into life, and in a remarkably short time the brown crust of soil is covered with a robe of green and with bright flowers, such as buttercups, dandelions, daffodils and yellow poppies.

There are also some hardy grasses, whose roots penetrate the light covering of soil. A few Arctic willows are also seen, but they grow only a foot in length and trail along the ground.

Such a spectacle is not often witnessed in the Arctic regions. The mass of green, diversified by the brilliant colors of Arctic flowers, has only scanty depth of soil to flourish in, and covers, like a carpet or a brilliant robe, the great ice mass on which the soil rests.

During the summer the ice front melts away, leaving the protruding soil above it like the eaves of a house. When it protrudes too far for the strength of the grass roots it topples over into the river.

THE COST OF OPERA.

Salaries of Leading Singers Have Doubled in 20 Years.

[London Truth.]

I do not propose to undertake the invidious task of giving details of individual salaries, but I may without breach of confidence state that seven of Mr. Harris' leading vocalists this season are to be paid a sum exceeding in the aggregate 20,000 golden sovereigns, and that the Covent Garden salary list for less than four calendar months amounts to nearly £40,000. In 1821, according to a published statement by Ebers, the manager, the pay list was £8636, so that within 70 years salaries have increased nearly five-fold.

In 1869, when the company included Patti, Titiens Lucca (who, however, after all, did not come to England), Nilsson, Di Murska, Scalchi, Vanzini, Sinico, Tamberlik, Mongini, Santley, Naudin, Graziani, Foli and many others, Mr. Mapleson has stated that the salary list was only £22,000, so that in 22 years it has nearly doubled.

To the fees of the chief artists must be added the pay of the band and conductors, who cost nearly £600 a week, of the chorus, carpenters, supers and attendants, the cost of new scenery, dresses, properties and appointments, rent and advertisements. After the whole expenses are added up I doubt whether the curtain can be raised at the Royal Italian Opera this season much under £700 a night.

Of this amount upwards of one-half goes to the leading singers, and I very much fear barely 100th part is paid to the composer—who is still the Cinderella of the operatic family.

Big Telegraph Work.

[Electrician.]

During the recent unprecedented fall of snow in Devon and Cornwall the Porthcurno station of the Eastern Telegraph Company found its landline communications with the rest of the island interrupted by a barrier of snow extending over half those counties, and varying in depth from two or three to 25 feet. The cables, however, remained intact, and by their aid frequent and rapid communication was held with the company's London station by way of Lisbon, Gibraltar, Malta and Marseilles, a distance of over 9000 miles, urgent service messages being frequently exchanged within the space of a few minutes.

It fortunately happened that the Eastern Company's direct line from London to Marseilles, through France, was, notwithstanding the weather, in excellent electrical condition, and by this route wonders of telegraphy were performed. In one working day of 23 hours 24 minutes no fewer than 1558 messages were exchanged between London and Marseilles, being an average of 67 messages per hour, many of them very lengthy, and the majority composed of difficult code words or cipher.

"When it is considered that this was accomplished by hand working only, over a simplex wire nearly 9000 miles in length, composed of aerial, submarine and subterranean lengths, it will probably be regarded as one of the most extraordinary feats of telegraphy on record."

Valuable Chinese Roots.

[St. Louis Republic.]

In China there is a root called Khe-ki-ye, which often sells for from 20 to 100 times its weight in gold. In Manchuria the same root, under a different name, if anything even more unpronounceable, sells equally as high. These roots, which in order to be highly valuable must be of a peculiar shape, are bought only by mandarins, priests and others of the wealthiest classes.

Single roots of this wonderful (?) plant not weighing more than the tenth of an ounce, are said to often sell for from $50 to $75 each. What is still more remarkable about this valuable Eastern root is the fact that it is a closely allied species, if not identical, with our common ginseng.

A Piano for the Vatican.

[Pall Mall Gazette.]

A London correspondent hears of a magnificent piano being manufactured by one of our leading makers for the Vatican. The instrument is valued at 500 guineas, and is enriched with the latest improvements, including a sostenuto pedal. Not only has the greatest care been bestowed on touch and tone, but the case of this piano has also been the object of exceeding care.

It is decorated with tea-roses on a dull, gold ground, and varnished with vernis royal, which, while imparting to the instrument an unusually brilliant appearance, enhances considerably the sonority and sweetness of its tone.

SON OF THE OLD BAY STATE.

Splendid Successes of a Lad from the Hills.

How Nelson Appleton Miles Won and Wears His Honors.

His Struggles as a Green Country Boy in Boston.

THE rise of a New England boy is splendidly illustrated in the present eminence of Maj. Gen. Nelson Appleton Miles, commander of the Division of the Missouri, in the army of the United States.

It is not many weeks since the newspapers were teeming with despatches from the Dakota frontier, foreshadowing the outbreak of another Indian war, in which, had it taken place, Gen. Miles would have led the soldiers, and in five years more he will go to the head of the army. His career has been watched with a good deal of pride by the people of Massachusetts, for the Old Bay State was his birthplace and his early home. Amongst the hills of Worcester county young Miles grew up and first developed those traits of daring and endurance which in later years have made him, in spite of great difficulties, the foremost officer in public repute of the American Army.

Without the advantages which are supposed to accrue from a training derived in the military academy at West Point, and despite the prejudice which the lack of such an experience certainly arouses amongst West Pointers in the army, he has, by the force of sheer pluck and an original mind, aided by his undoubted military capacity, risen to his present commanding position.

Gen. Miles was born in the town of Westminster, Aug. 8, 1839, and is consequently in his 52d year. His father was one of the leading business men of the town.

Miles received the only schooling he ever enjoyed at the academy of his native town, and at 19 years of age, despite the advice of his father that he remain on the homestead and cultivate the farm, he started to realize the youthful dream of most country boys by going to the city.

Coming to Boston in his 20th year, he at once entered the store of Collamore & Curtis, where he worked for two years. Here he was regarded as a rather green country boy, and it was felt by those with whom he came in contact that if he was ever to achieve success, it should be in some other field than that of business.

The young man then lived in Roxbury, where he had some relatives, ex-Alderman George Curtis being an uncle. The dark shadow which the civil war cast before stimulated a new and the natural ambition in the youthful breast, and he promptly entered a drill school, with numbers of other young men in Boston. There he began his military career.

When the war came he felt himself somewhat equipped for its duties, and helped to raise a company in Roxbury. For this purpose his father gave him $1000, and an uncle, Nelson Curtis, also gave him some additional funds. The city of Roxbury failing to respond to the call for funds in the manner he had expected, Miles was compelled for a time to pay his men's wages out of his own funds.

But even at the outset of his new life he showed that grit, perseverance and wealth of resource which have since brought him rank and fame in so generous a degree.

Early in the war he became attached to the staff of O. O. Howard, and one day his superior officer, being somewhat indisposed, allowed his subordinate to drill some of the men, in the performance of which duty he showed such efficiency and practical knowledge of military tactics as surprised his commander, who was used to look for proficiency of so high an order only among West Pointers like himself.

In May, 1862, Miles was commissioned lieutenant-colonel of the 61st New York Volunteers. He participated in all the battles save one of the Army of the Potomac; first in the unfortunate peninsular campaign of McClellan; then in his victorious battle of Antietam; then Burnside's unfortunate battle at Fredericksburg, Hooker's terrible defeat at Chancellorsville, Meade's victory at Gettysburg, and the renowned campaign of Grant in Virginia, from the battle of the Wilderness to the surrender of Lee at Appomattox Court House. He was several times promoted for bravery on the field, and finally brevetted major-general of volunteers, on Aug. 25, 1864.

At Fredericksburg his horse was killed under him, and he was himself carried off the field badly wounded. At Chancellorsville his belt shielded him from a deadly bullet, but he was, however, badly injured in the hip-bone, and was compelled to return to his old home at Westminster to recuperate. The march of Lee's army north, however, acted as a greater tonic to the nerves of the wounded soldier than all the medicine in Massachusetts could have done, and he left his sick-room in Westminster, hurried again to the seat of the war, and fought at Gettysburg.

In October, 1865, he was regularly commissioned major-general of volunteers, and was mustered out of the volunteer service, Sept. 1, 1866, having received, the preceding July, an appointment in the regular army as colonel of the 40th Infantry, being at the time but 26 years old. It was then that he was placed in charge of Fortress Monroe, in the trying period of Jefferson Davis' confinement there.

On March 2, 1867, the brevets of brigadier-general and major-general of the United States army were conferred on him for bravery at Chancellorsville and Spottsylvania, and March 15, 1869, he was transferred to the 5th Infantry.

Then began his wonderful career as an Indian fighter, which has of late years caused him to become such a prominent figure before the country.

In the interval between 1870 and 1875 he defeated the Cheyenne, Kiowa and Comanche Indians, who had long been a menace to Texas, and in 1876 subjugated the hostile Sioux and other Indians in Montana, drove Sitting Bull across the Canadian frontier, and broke up the bands led by him and Crazy Horse, Lame Deer, Spotted Eagle, Broad Trail and others.

Next followed his most brilliant and conspicuous feat in his entire Indian campaigns, the surrounding and capture of the heroic Nez Perces, under Chief Joseph in northern Montana, which had been reached after many skirmishes in the retreat from Oregon. In 1878 he captured a band of Bannocks near the Yellowstone Park.

He was commissioned brigadier-general of the United States army, Dec. 15, 1880, and commanded for five years the Department of the Columbia. In July, 1885, he was assigned to the command of the Department of the Missouri, and in April, 1886, was transferred to Arizona.

The last remarkable feat of Miles was the capture, after hazardous marches, of the most dangerous Chiricahua Apaches, under Geronimo and Natchez, who had long been the terror of Arizona and Sonora. His soldierly experience, and the failures of his predecessors taught him that the troops were poorly equipped to chase the Indians while they were amongst their native hills, whose wild passes and mountain ranges had long afforded them ample security. Therefore, he immediately introduced a new factor in Indian warfare, and established numerous heliograph stations on the mountain tops and elsewhere, and by that means secured instant communication between the various divisions of the troops wherever stationed. This enabled them to make concerted and simultaneous movements whenever it was deemed necessary, and they finally succeeded in baffling the cunning of the Indians. Whenever the Indians started out to cross over the mountains, or to move with stealthy tread along the deep ditches, the intelligence was flashed to the main body, which could thus be handled with perfect ease and great effect.

The heliographs had not long been in operation when Geronimo sent in word that he would like to have a talk with the new general. Accordingly, Gen. Miles arranged for an interview with Geronimo. After assuring himself that Geronimo and his group of leaders were disarmed, and were disposed to negotiate rather than assassinate, and securing Geronimo's brother as a hostage, the general allowed them to come into camp, which they approached with a good deal of fear and trepidation, old Natchez being particularly fearful and reluctant.

Geronimo's first words to the general were: "I have come in to see you, because my men say that the white man is having a new idea. We are meeting him too often these days, and we want to make out how he does it."

Gen. Miles replied: "I will show you how he does it."

The general took the warrior aside to the heliograph instrument, and plainly showed him how he communicated with the mountain tops, where, for Geronimo's enlightenment, he carried on a correspondence with the troops. The superstition of the wily redskin was aroused, he examined the instrument long and closely, betraying his surprise in various ways.

At length, turning to Natchez, he exclaimed: "Come here and see how the white man talks with the sun."

That little incident was the beginning of the end of Apache warfare. Geronimo was greatly depressed by what he saw, and soon realized that it was useless to continue fighting against a man who could talk with the sun.

Then the negotiators came into camp again, and Geronimo asked what Gen. Miles would do to him and his followers if they surrendered.

The general replied: "I will do nothing but protect you. I cannot kill you, for I am not allowed to do so. All I can do is to hold you until the great father tells me what to do with you."

Very soon after Geronimo surrendered, and Gen. Miles kept his word with him, and spared his life, much to the disgust of the frontiersmen, who could not forget all the depredations he had committed, and did not relish the idea of seeing their arch enemies carried off in railroad trains, and given a free ride to Florida. Thus the terrible Apache band was broken up without letting a drop of blood.

GEN. MILES.

Gen. Miles has long held the conviction that there are more ways than one of bringing a refractory Indian to terms. He always keeps his word with the Indians, and a deep confidence in him has spread among all the tribes. He believes that the first thing to do with a disgruntled warrior is not to precipitate bloodshed, but to teach him the folly of trying to battle with the white man.

For his Indian services the general has received the thanks of the legislatures of Kansas, Montana, Arizona and New Mexico, and the citizens of Arizona presented him with a sword of honor at Tucson in November, 1887.

The echoes of a wild Western presidential boom for Gen. Miles have often been heard in the East, but it is evident to his friends that this is a topic that causes him no loss of sleep. It is no wonder, however, that the thought should arise in the West, where his popularity may well be termed amazing. He is the idol of the private soldier. Rustlers talk of him as if he had made the earth. They say that he has conquered half the country, preserved the peace and made it possible to live there, but nobody knows his politics, if he has any. He never talks politics, nor does he talk much about anything.

When some one ventured to question him about his chances for the presidency the general turned it off with a little story of an old scout he knew in the days when he was fighting the Cheyennes. That scout was a club-footed Frenchman. He had to make his way from Fort Keough to a place on the Missouri, and the Indians were after him. His horse gave out and he had to hoof it. It was a rough, bad country, and his poor club feet slipped and stumbled and slid so that his trail must have been something awful to contemplate.

An Indian can read marks in the ground as well as a white man can read a book, but they never had dogged a club foot before. He got to his destination all right, and pretty soon the Cheyennes came along. They pointed to the trail and asked the soldiers to look at it. "We can't make out which way that fellow is going," said they.

"Now," said Gen. Miles, "that's the case with these people who busy themselves about me. They don't know anything about me, and they can't find out, but I will tell you that my only ambition is to command brave men, and I have been doing that for 30 years."

A peculiarity of Gen. Miles, for it is sadly peculiar among officers in general, is his interest in the enlisted men. During the review at Pine Ridge, in the recent Indian troubles, he would often say, "There's a fine soldier. Look at him!" It was always a man in the ranks of whom he spoke. "They haven't got a better man in the Life Guards, I'll bet," he said, as a particularly big, fine fellow passed by.

He has not half the concern for rank that he would have for a cut on his finger. And the fact that he is not a West Point graduate brings about situations that give him constant food for reflection. He feels that the young fellows who come out to the plains fresh from the military academy often distrust him. He thinks it most odd, for they know nothing of the art of war, while he has been in the field for 30 years.

In physique Gen. Miles is a big man. He is 52 years old, weighs 210 pounds and is as hard as gristle all over. He has the most tremendous chest in the army. It is big enough to hide a blacksmith's bellows in. He is fond of sparring, and has had a professional pugilist for a teacher. Pugilism interests him, and he knows all about the men who are in it from time to time.

His health is perfect, and he is capable of the most dare-devil feats. Not long ago he found a tender-foot anxious to see a little campaigning. The first thing he did for him was to ride 248 miles in 38 hours and a half, just for fun and for nothing else.

Gen. Miles' wife is a niece of the late Gen. Sherman, and they have a daughter who has lately entered social life, and a beautiful little boy.

A brother of the general's, D. C. Miles, is still one of the principal citizens of his native town of Westminster.

Locating the Responsibility.

[Chicago Tribune.]

"I take a good deal of credit to myself," said the father, "for the way Johnny has got on in the world. I have supervised his studies, looked after his amusements, assisted him in his choice of a profession, and given him financial help whenever he has been in a tight place. Whatever success he has in life he owes to me."

"He is not very robust, is he?" inquired the friend.

"No; he is puny, little, insignificant-looking, and not at all strong. I have done my duty by that boy," said the father, majestically, "but physically"—and he spoke with much severity as he located the responsibility for the young man's bodily infirmities—"physically, sir, he is just as the Lord made him."

Viewed from Chinese Eyes.

[Pekin Gazette.]

It is impossible to understand these barbarous people. One thing is certain; if they do a thing they do it with all their might. Thirty years ago they had a big civil war. The whole country was turned into military camps and battlefields, and everybody, even to the women folk, were engaged in the war in one way or another, and one army numbered 2,000,000 men. And now there are young men, old enough to vote, who have never seen a company of soldiers in their life.

In fact, these people seem to think that another war will never break out, especially in their part of the world. A person can travel clear across the American continent without seeing a soldier, and follow the main lines of travel, too. In fact, at the present time there is only about one soldier for every 2000 persons, while Russia has one soldier to every 90.

Where Gold Goes To.

[Blackwood's Magazine.]

A considerable part of all the gold that goes to India never returns. Having been obtained in the West by the sale of exported productions, it is retained in the East as realized profits, wealth stored up, and, to a moderate extent, for use in the arts; for the rest, as a representative of value, on the credit of which traders buy and sell with the bills of exchange they issue and the book credits they open, and settle up the differences with the silver money of the country.

But the vast stock of gold accumulated there undergoes no diminution; there is no ebb and flow under the reciprocal action which commerce enforces in the case of countries trading together on a common metallic basis. The three millions sterling or thereabout of gold bullion which India annually adds to her store are, under the monetary law of that country, just as much lost to the nations of the West, by being withdrawn from the general commerce of the world, as if the money had been lent to a South American republic.

Between the years 1835 and 1889 (April) this depletion amounted in value to £130,292,758. Between that date and the month of September of this year a further accumulation to the value of £5,069,272 has taken place, bringing this portion of the gold treasure of India up to a value exceeding £135,250,000.

TO BE MADE AT HOME.

Simple Waists and Bodices Useful for Summer Wear.

A very pretty and easily fashioned little waist for summer dresses may be made after the following design: The full shirred yoke and sleeves may be made of sheer white lawn or cream white china silk. The waist is gathered at the neck and again at the waist, where a close belt holds it in place.

The pointed bodice may be of gingham, chambrey, china silk, challis or any pretty summer material, and is cut straight across the top, just below the armholes, with straps of velvet ribbon extending over the shoulder.

A very attractive gown may be made of stem green sprigged challis, with velvet straps over the shoulder, a silk guimpe and bodice of challis or green repped silk. An equally pretty gingham may be made after the same model.

Another simple waist which promises to be a summer favorite is called the Pennant, which is made as exactly like a man's as is possible for a woman's wear. Pockets on either side the front, and a box plait extends down the back. These are really skirts or tails, as a man would say, over which the skirt is pinned. This gives delightful freedom to the arms, with no fear of the waist and skirt separating, as is the most depraved and embarrassing inclinative when the waist is cut off below the belt.

This waist may be made of flannel, linen or silk, and is equally pretty in either material. Rather more elaborate and dressy are the silk waists with a shirt yoke in the back and a plaited front with a frill in the hem. With these is worn a broad scarf of the same material tied beneath the turn-down collar.

NARROW RIMMED WHEELS.

Maine Had a Funny Time Driving Them Out, But Right Triumphed.

Mr. Peaks of Dover, for the judiciary committee, to which was referred an act to amend section 10 of chapter 19 of the Revised Statutes relating to the width of rims of wagon wheels, reported bill in new draft under same title, and that it ought to pass.—[Proceedings of Maine Legislature.

And thereby hangs a gentle reminiscence. Maine is not especially noted for crankism in legislation, and yet it has a well-earned reputation for go-aheaditiveness in that direction, and some peculiar notions withal.

For instance, it is strong on bounties. Bears, wolves, crows and seals are voted outlaws, and prices are put upon their heads. It scores heavily against cigarette smokers, swearers and poachers, and its vigorous raids against the cup that inebriates have also become matters of some notoriety. Its oddest freak in legislation, however, is its sharp discrimination against narrow rimmed wagon wheels.

Twenty years ago all down East, below the Penobscot river, was in commotion over this queer question, and nothing short of "an act entitled an act" to prevent the use of vehicles running on wheel-rims less than a prescribed width, was sufficient to quell the disturbance. From that time until the present, this question of wagon wheels has revolved around the legislative axle with considerable regularity, and it has been an off year when the hardy settlers of Jackson Brook or Syladobsis plantation have not appealed loudly to the Augustan law-makers for protection.

The town of Cherryfield, on the Narraguagus river, Washington county, was the original roadbed of this war of the rims. Then, as now, it was a lively lumbering bailliwick, full of saw mills and slab piles, while its regulation number of country village streets were little better than beds of bluest clay. Clay, indeed, constitutes by far the larger portion of the earth's surface in the eastern shore towns of Maine, and the enterprising explorer after wealth ususually has only to scratch a pasture lot to find an A1 brickyard. As the entire product of the lumber mills of the town of Cherryfield must be hauled to the wharves through those streets of clay, the use of wheels with any but the widest rims soon transformed them into longitudinal mortar beds and rendered travel of any kind over them almost impossible in spring and fall.

Strange as it may appear, the laudable movement to remedy this forbidding state of things by a law forbidding the use of narrow-rimmed wheels created a tempest of opposition. The idea that a free-born son of Cherryfield could not be allowed to plunge in the mire, endanger property and the lives of his neighbors, and bring the principal business of the town to a standstill, if he had a mind to, was an abridgment of the liberties fought for by our forefathers not to be tolerated. The discussion in the legislative halls at Augusta at the time this revolutionary measure was under consideration reached fever heat, and for fervid oratory and eloquence of the spread-eagle brand it has but few equals and no superiors in Maine legislative annals.

But right triumphed and wrong was driven to the wall. The bill became a law and accomplished the wise purpose for which it was created. It provided that teams of two horses, oxen or mules must use nothing narrower than a four-inch rimmed wheel, and for four of the above-named animals in one team a five-inch rim was required, under penalty of $20 and $1 a mile for every mile travelled, the law not to apply to pleasure teams or carriages owned by the State or the United States.

The marked success, from the start, of the broad rims silenced all cavilers and, ever since, in Cherryfield and adjoining precincts, there has prevailed an era of uninterrupted good feeling and fairly passable streets. Indeed, so popular have wide rims become in Maine that they have been made a State institution by statute law, and the assessors of any town in the State are now authorized to abate $3 a year on the highway tax of any citizen who uses cart wheels, iron or wood-rimmed, with felloes 6 inches wide.

How Sponges are Captured.

[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

The sponge is simply a marine animal and it grows in the sea, just as an oyster or a clam grows. The best sponges are caught off the Florida coast. The work of catching sponges is a regular industry. Men go out in boats with long spears and hooks. The sponge catchers wear box-like oblong glasses that fit over the face and around the front part of the body.

There are magnifying arrangements in these boxes, and the glasses are made to enable the wearer to see through the water. Whenever a sponge is descried from the surface of the water, the catcher thrusts down his spear and hooks up the flabby mass. There is a good deal of work necessary on sponge before it is ready for the market, and in the processes of preparation there is much adulteration.

Sponge is sold in wholesale by the pound, and very often the material is weighted with sand, glycerine and other things to increase its value.

The First Umbrella.

[St. Louis Republic.]

It is generally stated that it is to Jonas Hanway, the well-known philanthropist, that we are indebted for the valuable example of moral courage in first carrying a raised umbrella in the streets of London. It is difficult now to conceive the amount of persecution which this whole proceeding entailed upon that honorable gentleman, whose object was, doubtless, less the protection of his own person than that of showing his countrymen how they might protect themselves from drenching showers.

Long after they had come into occasional use, a gentleman, accompanied by a lady, under the shelter of the new rain-protector, was hooted at by grown men as he passed along. A gentleman who chanced to be alone with a raised umbrella on the streets of either London or Liverpool, was in constant danger of assault from the howling mob that was sure to follow at his heels.

Dandelion Salad at Home.

The dandelion salad at home should be thus prepared: Pick over carefully a quart of freshly gathered dandelions, wash them in several waters and let them stand in water a few hours before using, drain and wipe dry; put them into the salad bowl and add a spring onion cut up, or a few blades of cultivated chives, and a plain dressing of oil, vinegar, pepper and salt. The quantity of oil should be four of oil to one of vinegar.

POSTS AND POSTMASTERS

He Held the Fort, But Failed to Keep Second.

Hero of Allatoona Pass Tells of a Postmaster's Troubles.

Gen. John M. Corse Banqueted by Civil Service Reformers.

Gen. John M. Corse, who served with Sherman in Georgia, and who is noted for his famous "holding the fort" in Allatoona Pass, retired on April 1 from the office of postmaster of Boston, to which he had been appointed by President Cleveland. A banquet was tendered him on Thursday last in Boston by the members of the Massachusetts Reform Club. The event took the form of a testimonial banquet given at Young's Hotel, participated in by more than 150 gentlemen, among whom were President Charles W. Eliot of Harvard College, Hon. John M. Forbes, Gen. Francis A. Walker, Hon. John E. Russell, Dr. William Everett, Hon. George S. Hale, Congressman George Fred Williams, Representative Josiah Quincy and Hamilton A. Hill. Col. Charles R. Codman presided, and in introducing the principal guests of the evening told of the object of the Reform Club, which he said was "to represent those men in this community who proposed to wear their party collars loosely and to take them off whenever the wearing of them became inconsistent with independent thinking and upright political action." Continuing, he referred to Gen. Corse's splendid military career, and said: "The services which our guest rendered in the war—and no one knew them better than President Harrison might—one would suppose should have made any administration glad to retain him in a position in which he had demonstrated his fitness and capacity.

GEN. JOHN M. CORSE.

Gen. Corse's Speech.

Gen. Corse was received with prolonged applause and cheers. He began by telling of the imperfections of the postal system of the United States, and said that the Post Office Department of all the branches of the government, probably has been most laggard. It has not kept pace with the growth of the other industries of the country since the late war, and it does not compare in efficiency and in organization with the great railroads and expresses and the other larger industries of the country. Gen. Corse told of his own experience in trying to get an interview with the present postmaster-general on official business, and how he found that certain politicians could gain access to him at all hours, while he who was on department business had to wait a long time to find out when he could see him next day. The postmaster-general said he was so occupied with affairs of state that he could only give him a few minutes of time. When he went into the office he saw that the postmaster-general was occupied with a colored man from a Southern State who wanted an office. The burden of the conversation was to discover whether the colored applicant had not at some time and in some way participated in the councils of the Democratic party.

In referring to the aid civil service reform had been to him in conducting the affairs of the Boston office, Gen. Corse said: "It was a constant bulwark against the hordes of my political friends. The only means by which I could protect myself in the ordinary exercise and discharge of the daily duties was a constant appeal to the fact that I was limited by this law in changes of employes under me. And it is a singular fact that your best friend will unload onto you the most worthless whelp that ever lived in order to get him a position. He will take all the credit from that man and his friends for having gotten him the position, and you will take all the responsibility of the disgrace that accrues necessarily to you and to your party and your administration and your country by having such a man in the place. He relieves himself at once. That class of friends is probably the most onerous that the average officeholder has to endure.

"The post office should be administered for the benefit of the public and not for the benefit of the party. It is my pleasure to say that the man who succeeded me will do that thing, and I desire to say further that if we succeed, as everybody seems to think we will succeed, I hope that a good official of that character will not be touched."

President Eliot of Harvard College, who was enthusiastically received, in the course of his speech said that, as an educator, to use a pretty bad word, or as a person interested in the development of intelligence in the American people, he should like to emphasize the extreme stupidity of the sort of organization described by Gen. Corse. No other word described the method. It was simply stupid beyond belief, and unworthy of the American people. He concluded with the hope that the next postmaster general might be Gen. Corse—a sentiment that met the approval of those present.

Ex-President Cleveland's Letter.

The following letter was read from ex-President Cleveland:

15 BROAD ST., NEW YORK.

John W. Carter, Esq., secretary, etc.:

MY DEAR SIR—I am thoroughly in sympathy with the idea which leads the Massachusetts Reform Club to tender a complimentary dinner to Gen. Corse in recognition of his faithfulness and honest devotion to duty while postmaster of Boston.

I would not like to confess that the satisfactory discharge of official duty is so rare as to make it ordinarily an incident which should be celebrated, nor that the enlistment of every faculty of mind and heart in the performance of such duty entitles a public official to exceptional consideration. All this only constitutes the service pledged to the people.

I am sure, however, that in the case of Gen. Corse there were circumstances attending his incumbency which make the recognition by his fellow-townsmen of his integrity and adherence to principle a graceful and proper testimonial on their part, and a most gratifying reward to him.

I should be glad to attend the banquet the Reform Club contemplates, but my duties and engagements here render it impossible for me to do so. Yours very truly,

GROVER CLEVELAND.

Hons. Carl Schurz, George William Curtis and James Russell Lowell also wrote expressing regret.

Wants His Window Broken.

[Philadelphia Press.]

The Chinese have but a vague idea of the meaning of the English language. One on North 15th st. has in his window a placard inscribed, $10 reward to any one breaking this window." Thus far no person has made an effort to collect the money.

Another on Ridge av. had part of his bulk window broken, and the inscription now reads, "Sam Lee. Dry," the "dry" being the termination of the word laundry. All day long mischievous boys poke their heads in the doorway and ask the Chinaman what he will have to drink.

The Week's Business Failures.

The business failures occurring throughout the country during the last seven days, as reported to R. G. Dun & Co. and E. Russell & Co. of the Mercantile Agency, number for the United States 212, and for Canada 30, or a total of 242, as compared with a total of 255 last week and 247 the week previous to the last. For the corresponding week of last year the figures were 209, representing 185 failures in the United States and 24 in the Dominion of Canada.

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In recognition of the needs of farmers for more practical information on how to make farming pay, it will soon devote a good deal of space to selected papers on agricultural topics to be edited by Mr. Andrew H. Ward. Meanwhile Mr. Ward will contribute regularly his original papers on how to make farming pay. Mr. Ward extends to Weekly Globe subscribers an invitation to write freely to him on any subject of importance to them.

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POLITICS STILL BOOMING.

Prospects of the Race for the Speakership.

Free Silver Coinage and Tariff Reduction for Farmer's Alliance.

Connecticut's State Muddle and Nebraska's "Usurper."

WASHINGTON, May 6.—The canvass for the speakership of the House, though the election is six months off, is being conducted with extraordinary activity by the several candidates.

Mr. Mills practically started his canvass before the election which resulted in giving the Democrats control of the House. Being free to do so, he went out West and worked his best to secure the election of men who believed with him on the revenue question. A number of the men who, to their own surprise, were elected to the House, are said to attribute their success largely to his efforts in their behalf, and his friends claim for him that he will have a large vote in the West when he contends for the speakership nomination.

His friends express absolute confidence in his election and say that he will lead from the start.

It will probably be a close race for lead on the start, however, between him and Mr. Crisp of Georgia.

The supporters of Mr. Crisp claim that he will lead all other candidates on the start and will draw from every direction as soon as the fight gets warm in the caucus.

Mr. Crisp is evidently a strong favorite, and that he is regarded so by the other candidates is shown by the fact that they are all fighting particularly against him. He will probably not have the Georgia delegation solidly for him, as there is some jealousy, and Mr. Blount announced his own candidacy, though he has been making no canvass for himself, and his announcement is regarded as no more than a hostile demonstration against his colleague.

Mr. Crisp, however, was the leader of his party in the political fights during the last Congress and gave evidence of abilities which have secured him strong supporters and many of them.

Mr. Crisp's friends contend that the chief question to be considered in the choice of a speaker of the next House is his fitness for the position, there being no political issues between the candidates, and for him they claim the qualities which he has shown during his career that pre-eminently fit him for the chair.

It is expected that he will have considerable strength in the South and Southwest, and that his coolness and conservatism will make him popular among the members who have been elected from north of Mason and Dixon's line.

He will probably get a good share of New England's votes, and it is said that the New York delegation will be for him, with McMillin for second choice.

Mr. McMillin, who is now here and has been conferring with friends in the East, is a good worker and stands well in the fight.

Though not always as self-contained as Crisp he is not as excitable as Mills, and he has always been ready and active on the floor.

What his friends look for is stability among his followers and an accumulative growth of strength as other candidates drop out.

They rather expect that while Crisp and Mills, as the two leading candidates, are stubbornly contesting ground, each stopping the other's progress, McMillin will slip by and get the prize.

The attitude of each makes these three candidates the ones upon whom the interested observer keeps his eyes.

Thus far in the canvass Mr. Springer has been handicapped somewhat by being ill and unable to take an active part.

FREE TRADE—FREE SILVER.

Farmers' Alliance Insists Upon Both as Essentials.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., May 8.—C. S. Hall president of the Farmers' Alliance of Missouri, was asked if the Missouri alliance would be represented at the Cincinnati convention, and replied: "Not through any official act of mine. I have advised the order not to put themselves in an attitude that will commit them to the organization of a third political party at this time, and I hope it will not be necessary to do so at any time in the future. Speaking for myself, I will say that I will not vote for or support any political party that will declare itself against the free coinage of silver, nor will I vote for or support any political party that will declare itself against the increase of the volume of money in the United States, nor will I support any political party that does not come out in its platform in favor of the removal of the present heavy tariff tax from the necessaries of life that the poor of our country must have. As I view it, the tariff issue is by far the most important issue before the people."

President Polk of the Farmers' Alliance of Georgia declares that his organization is strongly in favor of the free coinage of silver, and no candidate who is not in sympathy with the Alliance on this question can hope for its support next year. The action of the Alliance members in Congress will depend, he says, upon whether the Democrats show a disposition to give the farmers what they want.

HOLDS FOR HIS SUCCESSOR.

Gov. Bulkeley of Connecticut Denies That He Usurps the Office.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., May 8.—Attorney William C. Case of this city, acting for Gov. Morgan G. Bulkeley and Lieut.-Gov. Samuel P. Merwin, filed the answer of those two gentlemen to the quo warranto proceedings brought by Luzon B. Morris and Dr. Alsop in the Superior Court this morning.

In his answer Gov. Bulkeley claims that he, and no other person, is the true and lawful governor of Connecticut, and that the court should be bound to take judicial notice of that fact and dismiss the proceeding. Then he says the General Assembly of Connecticut, at its January session, 1889, by joint ballot elected him to be governor for the term of two years, and until his successor should be duly qualified. Then he goes on to state that he still acts as governor because no successor to him in the office of governor has yet been chosen and duly qualified to hold such office, and no person can be vested with the office of governor of Connecticut until he has been duly declared governor by the General Assembly of Connecticut and qualified accordingly.

The answer goes on to state that Luzon B. Morris did not have a majority over all, and that on account of the manifest mistakes in the face of the returns, it was impossible to tell who, if any one, had been legally chosen governor. Concluding, Gov. Bulkeley denies that he usurps the office, and says that he uses said office, its rights and dignities by warrant and authority of the law, and asks to be dismissed by the court of and from things charged upon him in this information.

With the exception of the change of name Gen. Merwin's answer is exactly the same. The plaintiffs will have all reasonable time to make what reply to the answer they see fit.

Can't Get Their Salaries.

HARTFORD, Conn., May 8.—The results of the controversy on the State offices, and the deadlock which prevented legislation, crop out from time to time in an unpleasant way.

Comptroller Staub has refused to pay the April salary of Judge Deming of the New Haven Court of Common Pleas, on the ground that he is doubtful whether he is entitled to it. Deming's term expired April 1, but as the Legislature adjourned without appointing his successor, he has continued on the bench.

The State appropriations expire July 1, and the Legislature has made none for the next two years.

The House passed the several appropriation bills, but the Senate has thus far refused to concur. Gov. Bulkeley announces that unless the Senate takes action under which the money can be paid from the State treasury, he will make outside arrangements by which the humane and other institutions will be provided with funds.

"Gov." Boyd of Nebraska Ousted.

Just before adjournment of the Nebraska Supreme Court, Tuesday, a decision was handed down in the Thayer-Boyd quo warranto case. A judgment of ouster was rendered against Gov. Boyd in favor of ex-Gov. Thayer on the ground of non-citizenship. The decision was written by Judge Norval, Judge Cobb concurring, but Judge Maxwell dissented. Counsel for Gov. Boyd will at once apply for a supersedeas for the purpose of taking the case on a writ of error to the United States Supreme Court. They claim that the question of naturalization is a Federal one.

Democratic Gains in Indiana.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., May 6.—Records from elections in second and third class cities throughout the State yesterday, show general Democratic gains, with the exception of New Albany and Jeffersonville, where the Republicans made clean sweeps.

At Fort Wayne, Sollinger, Dem., was elected mayor by 97 majority. Nine Democratic councilmen out of ten were elected.

At Lafayette the entire Democratic ticket was elected.

At Hammond the entire Democratic ticket was elected.

Oil Ponds in the Gulf.

[St. James Republic.]

Between the mouth of the Mississippi river and Galveston, Tex., 10 or 15 miles south of Sabine pass, is a spot in the Gulf of Mexico which is commonly called "the oil ponds" by the captains of the small craft which ply in that vicinity.

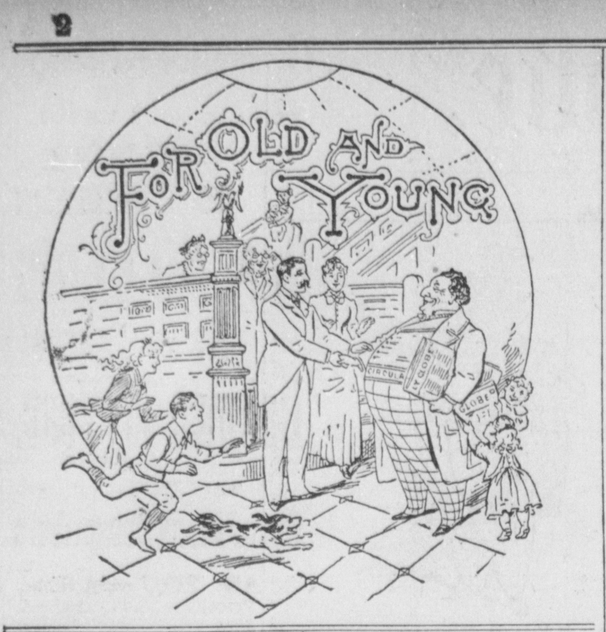
There is no land within 15 miles, but, even in the wildest weather, the water at this spot is comparatively calm, owing to the thick covering of oil, which apparently rises from the bed of the gulf, which is here about 15 to 18 feet beneath the surface.

This strange refuge is well known to sailors who run on the small vessels trading between Calcasieu, Orange, Sabine, Beaumont and Galveston. When, through stress of weather, they fail to make harbor elsewhere, they run for "The Oil Ponds," let go the anchor and ride the gale in safety, this curious spot furnishing a good illustration of the effect of "oil upon a troubled sea."

A Sociable Hen.

[Whitman Times.]

One of the citizens of South Washington st. has a hen which is mighty peculiar. Between 10.30 and 11.30 a. m., every day, the hen will come up to the back door of the house and wait patiently until the door happens to be opened by some one. Then it goes in and up stairs to a dark entry, where it lays its eggs. It is a curious freak.



THE GREAT FLOOD TIDE.

Tragic Heroism of a Simple Lightkeeper's Daughter.

BY EMMA W. DEMERRITT.

ONE stormy night in November Skipper Colby gave an extra turn to the stout rope which fastened his boat to the little wharf, then he looked up at the revolving light in the high tower.

"Aye! Flash away! Do your best to tell the poor fellows out yonder to keep away from such a treacherous coast as this!"

Before he started for the little weather-stained house by the tower he turned his face once more toward the black, tossing water.

"It's goin' to be a wild night," he muttered. "It's lucky I came back when I did. If I'd a waited much longer t'would ha' been out o' the power o' mortal man to ha' rounded the 'P'int' alive."

IN THE GALE.

"Ledge Light" stood on a long strip of rocky beach jutting far out into the ocean. The ceaseless lashing of the waves had worn the little neck of land away in the narrowest part, but the gap was spanned by a wide, wooden bridge.

As the skipper stood there, looking out to sea, he heard the booming of the surf, and in the fading light he could just make out the white line of angry breakers. He turned away and had nearly reached the little house by the tower when the door was thrown open and the ruddy firelight streamed outside, showing the figures of a gray-haired woman and of a slight young girl peering out anxiously in the fast-gathering gloom.

"Where's Meg?" broke from their lips at the same time.

"Safe and sound! For some reason the school board put off examining the teachers until tomorrow, and Meg concluded to stay over night. Whew! How the wind howls!" and the old man hastily drew wife and daughter in the house as a fierce gust swept across the narrow beach and slammed the door behind them.

"Do you suppose Meg will get the place?"

"Can't say, Peggy! But I'm sure of one thing—if they take her she'll make a good teacher, for her heart is mostly in her books."

"Meggy" and "Peggy" were the light-keeper's twin daughters. So much alike were they that strangers could scarcely tell them apart, but on watching them closely one could see that Meg's laugh was the merrier, and that she carried herself a little more proudly than shy little Peggy. She was, moreover, the better scholar of the two, and the ease with which she kept at the head of her class made the old skipper very happy.

On the day following the storm the skipper sat by the fire mending some nets, while Mrs. Colby and Peggy began the preparations for the simple evening meal. Peggy glanced often at the little clock on the shelf.

"Will you watch the coffee, mother, while I see if Meg is coming?"

She threw a shawl over her shoulders and ran down to the wharf, where she stood watching a small black speck off the "Point."

"NOW PEGGY, IT'S YOUR TURN."

In a few moments she was able to make out Meg, who was pulling for the shore with strong, ready stroke.

The boat shot up to the landing and the young girl sprang out. One look at her sorrowful face answered the question trembling on Peggy's lips.

"O, Meg! You dear, darling Meg! You didn't get it after all."

"Never mind, Peggy! Perhaps it's all for the best!"

Meg's chin quivered, her large, brown eyes filled with tears, and dropping down on a stone that lay by the wharf she covered her face with her hands, while Peggy knelt by her side trying to comfort her.

"It isn't only losing the place—it's the unfairness that hurts me so. Bertha Day's papers were the only ones that had a higher mark than mine. You see, they had an examination down at the city about a month ago and they used the same set of papers that we did. Bertha found it out and went there and took the examination just as if she was trying for a teacher's place. She didn't pass, but she knew just what the questions were to be and she's been studying on them all this while."

"Then she's a thief and she really stole the place from you!" Peggy's anger blazed out fiercely. "Didn't you tell them of it?"

"It would have been a waste of breath! Her father and uncle are both members of the school board, you know."

"And you need the money and she doesn't, for her father is well off. Oh! the meanness and the dishonesty of the rich! Why, Meg, ever since I can remember she's always been saying or doing some hateful thing to us."

Meg rose to her feet.

"I was so sure of the place," she murmured, brokenly. "Oh, dear! Everything looked so bright when I went away yesterday morning, and now it's all dark and dreary as it is out yonder," and she pointed to the dull, leaden sky and gray stretch of water.

Peggy crept to her side and threw one arm around her in a close embrace.

"It can't be all dark and dreary so long as we have each other," she said. "I am only sorry for your sake, dear Meg. For my own part I am glad—oh, so glad! I shall not be awake any more nights, dreading your going away. There's nothing now to come between us."

One morning word was brought that the light-keeper's mother, good Grandmother Colby, who lived several miles down the coast, was ill with rheumatism. The skipper and his wife prepared to go to her at once.

"It looks pleasant enough now," he said to Meg, scanning the sky anxiously, "but I shouldn't be noways surprised if it blows pretty lively afore night. And it's about time for the big spring tide. If it should come you'll get along all right; it's never but once blew high enough to cover the path 'twixt here and the tower, an' 'taint noways likely that 'twill now, but in case it should happen, all you've got to do is to watch and take a bit of food and go into the tower so that you can see to the light, and then wait till the tide turns."

During the hours that followed the wind steadily increased, driving the waves with a sullen roar on the little beach. When Meg went to start the light she found that the mist had given place to rain, and she heard the thunder of the surf on the "Backbone."

She had just returned to the kitchen when a loud knock was heard, and on opening the door two girls, with pale faces and clothing drenched with rain, crowded shivering into the room. They were Bertha Day and the daughter of a wealthy gentleman who had boarded with the Days for two summers past.

"For mercy's sake hurry and get us some dry clothing," said Bertha, ungraciously.

Meg's brow clouded, but she neither stirred nor spoke.

"Don't stand staring there! It's stupid! Can't you see that we're half dead with the cold? I don't know what we should have done if it had not been for the light here." Miss Howard, addressing her companion. "There isn't another house on the whole road! These girls," and she turned toward the twins contemptuously, "are the light-keeper's daughters. I used to go to school with them."

The insolent words brought a flush to the stranger's cheek.

"I am sorry to trouble you," she said, touching Meg's arm gently, "but I should be so glad of some dry clothing. I take cold so easily."

Meg's face cleared instantly, and in a few moments the two visitors, in dry garments, sat by the fire eating the food which Peggy placed before them.

"Listen!" exclaimed Miss Howard, rising from the chair. "Did you ever hear such a storm? It's frightful!"

"Isn't the tide very high?" asked Bertha. "I remember when we came over the bridge behind the house that the water was nearly up to the planks."

Meg started quickly for the door.

"I never knew that to happen before," she said. "Hand me my waterproof, Peggy. I'll run into the tower once more and make sure that everything is right for the night."

In a few moments she came back pale and breathless.

"The water is nearly up to the top of the doorsteps. I can't get to the tower, and it's overflowed behind the house, too. If I had only watched as father told me!"

Under her directions the three girls hastily gathered the few valuables of the house and carried them up to the sister's room on the second story. And they did not get to work any too soon, for by the time they took up the last load a small stream of water had forced its way under the door and ran gurgling across the room.

The hours of the night wore wearily on, but Meg was so hopeful and calm that she helped to keep up the courage of the others. She paid several visits to the hall and each time came back more sober and thoughtful, but she said not a word. The water was already half way up to the second floor.

She remembered with a shudder how old and frail the house was. "If it will only hold out," she thought. The last time she went out she found that the water had gained on them. Slowly but surely it was climbing upward.

When she returned she said to her guests, "Lie down; you need rest more than we do. If there is any danger I will call you."

She took down her little Bible from a shelf, and opening it, began to read where her eye chanced to rest. Strangely enough it was the 46th psalm and her voice grew unsteady as she read, "God is our refuge and strength; a very present help in trouble."

"Therefore will we not fear, though the earth be removed and the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea.

"Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof."

Then she knelt, and in a sweet, clear voice repeated the Lord's prayer, the other girls joining her with sobs and broken utterance.

Bertha and Miss Howard soon fell into a light doze. Meg sat quietly, holding Peggy's hand in hers.

"Peggy," she said, earnestly, "if the water gets much higher we must run on the roof. It is about on a level with the second landing of the lower stairs. The window is never fastened, and we can open it easily from outside, and the window ledge is very broad. You know the ladder that leads up to the opening in the roof? It's long enough to reach across. You see, don't you? We must use it as a bridge, and crawl over! Once in the tower, we are safe from the highest tide. I wish we could have got there before."

Peggy started, as a strange quiver like a tremor ran through the house. In an instant Meg was by the bed arousing the sleepers.

"It is the house, Peggy! I thought I felt it before, but I was not sure. One or two more rockings like that and it will be all over with us!"

The four frightened girls climbed up hurriedly through the skylight and drew up the ladder after them. As they stepped out on the roof, the moon struggled through a rift in the clouds, and the flashes of the great light showed them on all sides a dreary waste of water. Nothing else was visible, save the tall, white tower close beside them.

Meg crept to the edge of the roof, and with Peggy's help shoved the ladder out by the itful flashes until it rested firmly on the stone ledge of the tower window.

"Now go," she said reassuringly to Miss Howard. "Don't be afraid! Hold fast to the sides of the ladder and feel your way on your knees from round to round. Then wait for a flash and raise the window."

After a few moments of suspense the young girl reached the tower safely. Then it was Bertha's turn, but she had to be urged and scolded and threatened by turns until Meg lost patience.

"You are wasting precious time—and perhaps lives," she said solemnly, as there was another quivering of the house under them.

"Meg, go yourself. Don't wait for her; she isn't worth it!" cried Peggy, beside herself with fear.

But Meg seized Bertha by the arm and forced her out on the ladder, and she, too, managed to make the passage safely.

"Now, Peggy, it's your turn."

The young girl drew back. "Not before you," but the sound of Meg's resolute voice silenced her. Grasping the sides of the ladder, she worked her way cautiously over, but as her feet touched the window ledge she felt a sudden dipping of the frail bridge, and house, ladder and Meg sank out of sight in an instant, and the only answer to her despairing cry, "Meg! O, Meg!" was the mad rush of the cruel waters.

* * *

In the handsome new stone church in the village is a magnificent stained-glass window, placed there by Mr. Howard in memory of Meg. A small marble table underneath tells the simple story of the young girl's heroism. At the bottom of the window, in quaint lettering, are the words, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

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WIT WAS HIS WEAPON.

A Story of the Brave Princess, the Wise King and the Pious Prior.

BY C. HANFORD HENDERSON.

SOME three hundred and sixty-seven and a half years ago there lived in a far-away kingdom of the south a very brave princess. She was also very beautiful. Her father was the king of that country. People believed that he was very wise. He seldom said anything remarkable, but he always looked very knowing. In all the countries round, as well as in his own kingdom, he was called the wise king.

The princess was 20 years old, and the king thought that it was high time that she should marry. When he spoke to her about it she answered him quite dutifully: "The king, my father, will select a brave man, as well as good." It was considered more respectful to speak of the king than to him.

In reality the old gentleman was very fond of his daughter, but, being a king, he felt oblized to be extremely formal. So, instead of saying "Yes, honey, that I will," he bowed politely, and answered: "The wise king will do well by thee in marriage."

As it never occurred to the princess that there would be any trouble in finding a husband for her, she at once set her women to work making wonderful and costly wedding garments.

But in spite of the great beauty of the princess, and the great wisdom of the king, it was not an easy matter to find the right sort of a husband.

The poor king pondered over the matter for a whole week, but he was no better off at the end of that time than he was at the beginning. Then he bethought him to call upon his good counsellor, the prior.

It was the custom of that holy man to be very rude to people in high places, under the impression that it made them humble. But I am afraid it never did. This day he came into the king's apartment devoutly reading a little book which he held very close up to his eyes. Those who were near him observed that he never turned over the page, although he continued his reading a long time.

The prior spoke in the same queer way that all the rest of the people did, only he spoke a little bit queerer. He never looked straight at you. He either looked down at the pavement or up at the rafters, and this, together with his rudeness to the great people of the kingdom, had gained him a reputation for much sanctity.

This time he looked up at the rafters and said in a deep voice that seemed to come from his very sandals:

"The princes of this world call upon their spiritual counsellors. Would they learn of the enlightened ones?"

Now the king thought that this was a very fine speech, but to us it would sound rather conceited. Then he told the prior that he really must find a genuine prince and ask the holy man's advice.

The prior listened with marked attention, and when the king had stopped speaking, again looked up at the rafters and slowly made answer:

"The children of men learn from holy writ." He opened his little book at random, and in the same deep voice read the story of Solomon and the two mothers who claimed one child.

When the prior had finished reading he bowed his head and slowly walked out of the room.

The king was much impressed by all this, and thought how wise a man he was to have such a pious prior. But when he came to think about it the disagreeable fact remained that the prince was as far off as ever.

He was really very much at sea. It would never do for so wise a king to ask his prior what he meant, nor for so good a king not to heed the holy man's word. What was he to do?

At last he hit upon a course. He told himself that he understood what the prior meant, which, I think, was more than the prior did himself. Solomon had settled his difficulty by a stratagem. He had pretended that he was going to do something that he really had no intention of doing. Our king would do the same, and so would seem more than ever like the wisest of kings.

"SHE FLUNG HERSELF ON HER KNEES."

This thought so pleased him that he chuckled over it for a whole week. Then he took another week to decide on what his own stratagem should be. This gave the princess a chance to have her wedding clothes finished, and the head cook time to plan the marriage feast.

The castle where the wise king and the brave princess lived was built on the top of a high hill. It is known as the fortress of Marienberg. People who go to that far-away kingdom in the south still visit it, and sit for hours on the princess' balcony to enjoy the beautiful view.

A winding road leads up from the plain below, but it has so many twists and turns in it that you don't see the castle gate until you are almost up to it. In the days when the princess lived there a large lion carved out of stone stood at the entrance. It looked as if it were intended to frighten off strangers.

Two weeks after his talk with the pious prior the king set about carrying this plan into operation. He had ambassadors at all of the courts in the neighboring countries, and through them he caused it to be published far and wide that the princess was about to take a husband. The ambassadors announced that the candidate for the princess' hand must be brave. They omitted to say that he must also be good.

But when the conditions of the contest were made known, most of these brave knights remembered that they had something to do elsewhere, or else concluded that they did not want to marry just then, and the number of suitors was reduced to three.

And in truth the conditions were calculated to frighten off a timid suitor, for the wise king had decreed that the stone lion at the entrance to the castle should be replaced by a living one, which the successful candidate must slay in single combat. Moreover, no one was to witness the struggle or be near enough to render assistance in case of need.

On the day agreed upon for the contest the three knights gathered at the appointed meeting-place, a hill near the castle, from which you can see the winding road, but not the entrance itself. They were all clad in heavy armor, and carried long swords with which to fight the lion.

They were tall, broad-shouldered men, and you could never have told them apart in their heavy coats of mail had it not been that they wore different colored plumes in their helmets. One had a red plume, another a green one, and the third a blue one.

The red knight and the green knight each had several men in attendance, and they noticed with some curiosity that the blue knight had no escort whatever. His only companion was a magnificent white charger, which he rode with much skill.

The three knights gravely saluted one another, and I dare say that each wondered how the others would like being eaten up by a lion.

The signal for the combat was to be a long bugle blast from the neighboring castle. When it sounded the esquire in attendance on the red knight came toward the group and held out three pieces of parchment. Each knight drew one and hastily opened it to see what number came to him. The red knight drew No. 1, the green knight No. 2, and the blue knight No. 3. This determined the order in which they were to fight the lion.

"Sir knights," spoke out he of the red plume, "chance has decided that I shall do combat with yonder lordly beast. The lady is fair and my arm is strong. It is not worth your while to tarry longer here. Good gentlemen, the prize is already mine."

"Plague take thy impudence," broke in the green knight. "Thou wilt but serve to appease the beast's appetite and make him the easier prey to this good bit of Damascus steel." Here the green knight fingered his sword affectionately.

But the blue knight only smiled and said, politely: "Thy consideration well becomes thy courtesy. But we will abide to see thy valor and be thy wedding guests."

A second bugle blast sounded out from the castle.

"As thou wilt," responded the red knight in his stiffest manner, for he fancied that the blue knight was laughing at him. His armor, too, at this particular moment, behaved very badly. It rattled a little around his knees. But he straightened himself up to his greatest height, and, leaving his horse with one of his attendants, walked off towards the castle.

In a few moments he could again be seen making his way up the winding road. He walked very slowly. It was up-hill work and his armor in all probability was uncomfortably heavy.

At this instant a most terrible roar was

THE WISE KING AND THE PIOUS PRIOR.

heard coming from the castle gate. It was absolutely blood-curdling. The very hills shook. The red knight shook, too. He stopped a moment and then, poor fellow, fled in hot haste down the hill. But the lion did not follow.

Again the bugle sounded out from the castle walls, and the green knight prepared to do battle. He went away without any boasting, and soon the blue knight could see him slowly toiling up the hill toward the castle.

A low, savage growl was heard, which rolled out through the forest like a peal of distant thunder. It was not so loud as before, but it had a hungry sound to it.

The poor green knight was very much frightened. He paused for a moment, until the growl died away into a low muttering. Then he started up again. He had taken only a few steps forward when the lion gave an angry roar that seemed to cut the very air and to indicate that he was about to leap into space toward his approaching breakfast.

This was too much for the poor knight. He, too, turned and ingloriously fled. Again the lion did not follow. He was evidently a lazy beast.

It was now the blue knight's turn. He jumped on his white charger, and with his extended sword gleaming in the sunshine, galloped up the road toward the castle.

The lion made no movement. He lay crouched upon the ground just as the stone lion had always done. His tail curled itself up on the grass. His long red mane swept the ground. The glassy eyes stared into space.

Quick as thought the knight was out of his saddle, and with his sword held straight before him, went toward the beast. Meanwhile his well-trained charger stood perfectly still, his ears erect, his nostrils dilated, and every muscle ready for combat or for flight.

Then at last the lion opened his mouth and gave another roar. But it had a poor, wheezy sound to it as soon as you saw that he was not alive, and you were no longer afraid. The knight stood motionless until the noise was over. Then he threw down his sword and laughed aloud.

"I am the victor," he shouted.

They made a very pretty picture as they stood there in the sunshine before the castle gate, the brave, handsome knight, the beautiful white charger and the poor bit of stone dressed up in a real lion's skin.

The heavy timbered gate of the castle was slowly opened, and showed another pretty picture. The king and all his court were assembled in the broad passageway. The princess looked more lovely than ever. She stood in the background, in the midst of the maids of honor.

The knight quickly removed his helmet, and, as the sunlight struck his curly flaxen hair and frank, manly face, the princess thought that she had never seen so handsome a man before.

The wise king came forward to meet him, two nimble little pages supporting the royal robes. Then the king made an address to the handsome knight, very formal and very wordy, as the utterances of wisdom often are, but intended to make the knight feel that he was altogether a very brave and very fine fellow, and perfectly welcome at Marienburg.

The knight made a suitable response, in which he spoke quite lightly of his own bravery, and praised the king's great wisdom in getting up so excellent a test. He begged to be informed by what device the king had made such a good imitaton of a lion's roar.

This produced the impression that the knight was a mighty lion-hunter, but the king was too polite to ask him how many lions he had killed, and the knight was too modest to tell him without being asked. So the king and the knight were soon in a very good humor with themselves and with each other.

Then the two went toward the princess, all the courtiers bowing low as they passed. Then the king made another address, saying the same things over again. But it made little difference. The knight did not listen. He had dropped on one knee, and was looking at the princess with respectful admiration. She listened demurely to what the king had to say, neither looking at the knight nor away from him. This struck the knight as delightful, and he was very glad that he had come.

When the king had finished speaking, the princess said in a low, clear voice: "The king, my father, has found a brave man. Does he also know that he is good?"

Now the king had never thought of this. He had been too busy taking care of his own wisdom. He did not know what answer to make to the princess, but the knight came to the rescue. He leaned forward, and taking one of the princess' hands, touched it lightly with his lips.

"Prove me, lady," he said in rich, deep tones that quite thrilled the princess and made her hope that he was good.

"Prince," she answered, "it shall be as thou sayest."

So it was arranged that the knight should stay for a couple of weeks, and that at the end of that time the princess should give him an answer.

It was a very happy time at the castle. Every day there was a brilliant hunting party in the great forest at the foot of the hill. The knight rode better than any of the company, and on his beautiful white charger easily took the lead in all the sports. But he did not for a moment forget the princess. She had never been so happy in all of her life.

The fortnight soon came to an end. It was now the evening when the princess was to give her answer. The three were sitting on the balcony together, but the knight was grave and silent. This did not displease the princess. It seemed to her very beautiful that he should be so sensitive to her favor. The king considerately moved off some distance and sat looking over the parapet.

At last the knight spoke.

"Lady," he said, "it will be hard to leave thee."

The princess looked up quickly.

"But, sir," she interrupted, "I have not sent thee away."

"It is true," answered the knight mournfully. "Thou hast not sent me away. But I am not able to answer thy conditions. I am neither very brave nor very good."

Here the knight paused and the princess murmured: "Oh, prince, my heart tells me that thou art."

"Listen to me," continued the knight. "I am no prince. I am but a common huntsman, a countryman of thine own. I knew that thy father, the king, intended to deceive us; no living lion could be found hereabouts. And I, poor fool, thought to meet deceit with deceit; so I came in the guise of a prince."

"And thou art willing to give up a kingdom and a wife?" asked the princess.

"Sweet lady, my heart is very heavy," said the knight slowly; "but I give them up for the love of honor and of thee."

The princess sat for a moment in silence. Then she arose and flung herself on her knees before the knight. She took one of his hands in hers, and said simply, "I am not ashamed to kneel to thee as once thou knelt to me. Thou art more noble than I. What thou hast done tonight, this is bravery; this is goodness. Thou art in very truth a prince, my prince forever!"

So the wedding took place and all went very happily.

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LESSONS IN CAMPING OUT.

What to Wear and to Take and Where to Pitch Your Tent.

BY EDMUND COLLINS.

THE hundreds of thousands of boys, everywhere in the United States and Canada, who spend part of the summer in camp, have already begun to map out their programme for next summer's outing.

For those who do not want to think out the subject for themselves, let me give a few suggestions, as the result of my own experience for a number of years of camp life, as well as the experience of a large number of friends of mine.

I shall first take up clothing, for that is an imporant consideration. A camper should never get himself up in flimsy gewgaws, by which I mean those light or fancy colored garments of delicate texture which tradesmen so often advertise. These things get stained and look disgusting after they are worn a few days; they tear going through the woods, and wear out lying about in them. I have always used either corduroy or gray homespun, for they will stand the roughest usage without tearing, and don't easily show stains.

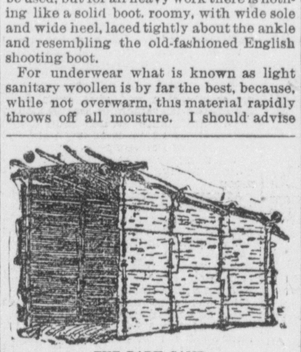
I always use a Norfolk jacket—called in this country, Oxford jacket or belted coat—made loose, of strong homespun and capable of being worn open when it is warm, or belted tight when the weather is cold. This coat looks quite sportsman-like.

The cap is a matter of choice, but I like best the deer-stalker, which receives in this country the rather obvious name of fore-and-after. It should be of the same color and material as the coat.

To be thoroughly de rigeur, for wild life, the camper should wear homespun or corduroy knickerbockers with black or gray stockings, unless the region where he pitches his camp is badly plagued by mosquitoes, when he had better wear trousers, as the fly pests will put their bills clean through the stockings. The stockings should be of wool and ribbed.

For lying about the camp, canoeing, boating or light tramping, thin yellow leather and sometimes canvas shoes might be used, but for all heavy work there is nothing like a solid boot, roomy, with wide sole and wide heel, laced tightly about the ankle and resembling the old-fashioned English shooting boot.

For underwear what is known as light sanitary woollen is by far the best, because, while not overwarm, this material rapidly throws off all moisture. I should advise



THE BARK CAMP.

wool for outer as well as inner shirts, and the former should be of a color which will not too easily show stains. The drawers should be of the same material as the inner shirt. Two inner and two outer shirts, two pairs of drawers, and, if possible, two pairs of trousers, or knickerbockers—or, better still, a pair of each—with one jacket, will be sufficient. Don't forget handkerchiefs, light socks, and any kind of belt that you prefer.

Be careful in making up your kit. If you have long and rough travel and any portaging never take a box, no matter how many patents are attached to it or how convenient it may look on the tradesman's counter. It is inconvenient to carry in a boat, and impossible to carry through the woods. I know nothing better than a good substantial bag, made of oiled canvas, thoroughly water-tight, and arranged so it can be laced snugly together. I have seen leather bags, also, which served the purpose admirably.

Each camper requires a pair of blankets, gray or dark red; the clothing I have mentioned, say two large crash towels, soap, small hand-glass, comb and brush, tooth brush and paste, needles, thread, thimbles, and buttons, a couple of pairs of old kid gloves, a pair of scissors, pocketknife, belt-sheath and sheath knife, a small bottle of arnica, bottle of Jamaica ginger, a "book" of court-plaster, a bottle of citrate of magnesia in powder, and two or three bottles of laxative pills, as advised by a physician. I would not advise spirits, except a bottle of excellent brandy, to be used only after a severe wetting and when there are indications that a cold has set in.

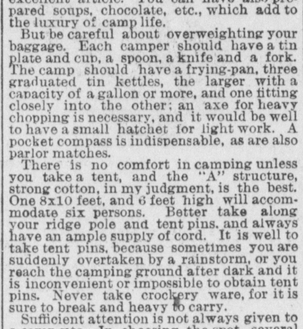
If you propose to camp at some place far away from a grocery store, you must of course take your provisions along; and here comes the most troublesome part of your camping outfit. You must have tea, coffee and sugar, syrup, bag of salt, biscuits, pepper, mustard, vinegar and curry.

I am a strong advocate of canned food for the camp, and in this form should have beef, lobster, salmon, tongue, and perhaps tomato and corn. Butter is also necessary, but if possible get it from the nearest farmhouse. Better take along also a bag of "p.epared" flour, buckwheat and rice if you wish; and above all some tins of good condensed milk. Condensed coffee is also an excellent article. You can have also prepared soups, chocolate, etc., which add to the luxury of camp life.

But be careful about overweighting your baggage. Each camper should have a tin plate and cup, a spoon, a knife and a fork. The camp should have a frying-pan, three graduated tin kettles, the larger with a capacity of a gallon or more, and one fitting closely into the other; an axe for heavy chopping is necessary, and it would be well to have a small hatchet for light work. A pocket compass is indispensable, as are also parlor matches.

There is no comfort in camping unless you take a tent, and the "A" structure, strong cotton, in my judgment, is the best. One 8x10 feet, and 6 feet high will accommodate six persons. Better take along your ridge pole and tent pins, and always have an ample supply of cord. It is well to take tent pins, because sometimes you are suddenly overtaken by a rainstorm, or you reach the camping ground after dark and it is inconvenient or impossible to obtain tent pins. Never take crockery ware, for it is sure to break and heavy to carry.

Sufficient attention is not always given to a camp site. In choosing the spot, several considerations should weigh. It should be near wood and water, and while secluded,



LEAN-TO OF BOUGHS.

should command a view of the most picturesque parts of its surroundings. Half the pleasure in camping is to have constantly before your eyes glimpses of blue waters, deep green glades and bold, cool hills. The camp should be set in some quiet place where there is no fear of intrusion, and out of sight of clearings or civilization of any description. But as I have already said it ought if possible be within a few miles of a country store or a farmhouse.

If the camp is near water the party should have a small boat or a canoe, which had better be secured from some resident of the neighborhood. The change of excursion from land to water is very delightful; moreover, it is more convenient to move about from point to point by water than by land, where there are no roads and you are obliged to carry your camping outfit.

The camp, let me say also, ought to be erected on a dry spot, and the ground should fall away from it at least on one side, so as to carry away the water after rain. Some experts dig a trench around the camp with a straight drain leading down from the lowest point. In this way the floor of your camp can never become wet.

Keep away from swamps, for the air arising from such places at night is unwholesome, and moreover, swampy ground is where mosquitoes are most numerous.

Try to get near a pure spring for camp water, and don't be too far from firewood. For the latter purpose dry pine stumps or cedar are excellent. What woodmen call rampikes also make capital firewood. The thrifty camper will always keep a good supply of firewood, ready cut. Kindling wood should be always kept in the camp. If storms are expected, the tent door should be on the sheltered side.

As I have said, a pocket compass is indispensable where excursions through the woods or any unknown territory is contemplated. If the region is not subject to fog, a good plan is to note carefully the location of the highest peaks in view, and to know exactly where the sun rises and the point at which it sets. The direction of the wind, which can be known by looking at the clouds, and the courses of streams are points that should receive attention. When the stars are visible they are also unfailing guides.

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POISONS AND REMEDIES.

Paste This in Your Hat and Foil Your Enemy When He Fills You Up with Arsenic and Creosote.

[Harper's Bazar.]

The first remedial effort in case of poisoning should be to enable the system to reject the poison; the next, to counteract its serious effects; and, finally, to begin the restoration of its normal tone. The poisonous substances usually found in the household may be divided into three classes, which include; (1) the corrosive mineral and vegetable acids, such as sulphuric, nitric, carbolic and oxalic acid; (2) the simple irritants, like the strong alkalies—potash, lime, zinc, etc.; (3) the specific irritants, like arsenic, iodine and phosphorus.

Prussic acid, chloroform and opium belong to the neurotic poisons, some of which simulate in their effects the symptoms of diseases of the brain and spinal cord, producing delirium, convulsions, paralysis and syncope. Tanner says that morphine and alcohol specially affect the brain, strychnine the spinal cord, antimony and arsenic the stomach and digitalis the heart. The solid poisons are less active than fluids and gases, while those soluble in water or in the digestive fluids are most injurious, because they are the most rapidly absorbed.

When after eating or drinking a person is attacked with violent pain, nausea, purging, convulsions, delirium or great drowsiness, the supposition is probable that poison has been taken, and immediate medical aid should be obtained.

While the use of the stomach-pump is the most thorough means of emptying and cleansing the stomach, its operation by an inexperienced person may cause serious injury, either by flooding the lungs or by lacerating the surface of the stomach, which has already been injured by the corrosive action of certain poisons. The safest course of procedure by non-medical persons is the promotion of the nausea, which is one of the indications of poisoning, until free vomiting has been effected.

The simplest means to this end is the safest in the hands of any one but a physician, that is, the use of lukewarm water in which mustard has been dissolved: a teaspoonful to a half-pint of water, repeated until the stomach is entirely empty.

The second remedial action is the application of some antidote calculated to counteract the effect of the poison either by combining with it, or depriving it of its deleterious qualities. The combination of antidote with poison forms harmless chemical compounds, or those which are insoluble in the gastric fluids.

It then remains to neutralize the effect of the poison upon the system, and to overcome any depression or shock it may have caused; these are purely the physical offices.

Of the corrosive poisons, those most frequently used in the household are oxalic and carbolic acids, creosote, and the caustic alkalies, potash, soda and ammonia. Oxalic acid has sometimes been taken by mistake for Epsom-salts; the salt of sorrel, or the essential salt of lemons, used, like oxalic acid, for cleaning purposes and bleaching, has caused poisoning.

The symptoms of oxalic acid poisoning are a burning sensation during swallowing, burning pain in the stomach, and almost immediate nausea. When there is no vomiting, great prostration, feeble pulse and convulsions, death is likely to follow from collapse.

The antidote is lime in any form—plaster or mortar—chalk, whiting or magnesia, mixed with water; but no fluid without an antidote, because it would favor the absorption of the poison. As is the case with most poisons, white of eggs is a useful remedy.

Creasote and carbolic acid are so often in use as disinfectants that they may prove dangerous, especially as death so rapidly follows a dose of the poison. The mouth and lips are whitened by contact with the acid, the pupils of the eyes are very much contracted, the vomiting becomes violent, and coma is soon followed by death. The possibility of relief is small, but oil may be freely given, and immediately removed by the free use of emetics before it can be absorbed.

Crude potash, pearlash, caustic soda, washing soda, and household ammonia have an acrid burning taste extending to the throat and stomach, accompanied by great pain, tenderness upon pressure, abdominal pains and suffocation. The immediate relief may be followed by death from starvation, owing to the closing of the oesophagus by stricture.

Even the common remedy for sore throat, chlorate of potash, has been known to cause death. In a recent instance an ounce of the chlorate was taken in mistake for epsom salts, and death ensued within a few hours. The remedial treatment consists of neutralizing the poison by use of some weak acid, like vinegar and water, and the free consumption of the acid from fruit juices, lemons especially, followed by draughts of salad oil.

A RUSSIAN ROMANCE.

Walter Besant's Shortest Story, and One of His Best.

[Philadelphia Press.]

Walter Besant, the English novelist, in a note received from him yesterday, says: "Here is a true story, which does not belong to my correspondence, but I think it very interesting. I give it as it was told me: A certain young Russian, of good family, fell in love with a village girl, whom he wished to marry. His father, objecting on the ground of social disparity, made arrangements by which the girl was betrothed to a young peasant of her own class.

"Now, it is the custom in some parts of Russia for the bridegroom and his friends to begin drinking early in the day of the marriage, so that when the time comes for the church ceremony the groom has often to be led to the altar and supported by a friend on either hand. This happened on the morning of the marriage of the girl. The bridegroom was led to the altar and supported by two men, of whom one was the young gentleman himself.

"Now mark his craft and subtlety. When the time came for joining hands he put out his own hand, the groom being too far gone to notice anything, and so was joined in matrimony to the girl. The certificate of the marriage had already been written in the register before the ceremony, a precaution obviously necessary.

"The wedding over, the young noble took the girl from her people at the church door, drove her away, and took her to Paris, where they lived together in amity for several years.

"Then the father died, and it became necessary to return to Russia, and, if possible, for the sake of the children, to get the marriage duly acknowledged.

"This business was entrusted to a lawyer, who visited the village and saw the register. He returned, stating that it was impossible, because the marriage was entered in the books as between no rustic and the girl. Being, however, assured that something must be done, he returned, got possession of the register, and clumsily erased the name of the rustic bridegroom.

"This done he—at this point you ask what he did, and everybody says, 'Filled in the other name.' No, he did not; he wrote again over the erasure the name of the village swain. He did not therefore forge the record, but if his noble client afterward found it desirable to assert that some one had done so, the fact of the erasure would be apparent."

A Petty Prince's Titles.

[New York Home Journal.]

The list of titles attaching to the Prince of Monaco's name is in inverse ratio to the smallness of his principality. Besides being Prince of Monaco, he is also Prince de Chateau Percieu—wherever that may be—duke of five other spots, marquis of three, count of seven, and baron of five, with one or two seigneurs and sires thrown in. He is also captain of the Spanish navy, and the Fourth Prince Charles of Monaco, and has reigned since September, 1889. The princess is his second wife. From his first, who was Lady Mary Hamilton, he was divorced in 1880.

An Exact Estimate.

[Munsey's Weekly.]

He (poetical)—Ah, who can express the power of love?

She (practical)—I can. It's two donkey power.

WHAT IS A SPRINT RACE?

Malcolm Ford Explains and Tells How It is Run.

To Make a Good Start is the Great Thing and is What Wins.

Habits of Noted Runners and the Records They Have Made.

THE growth of amateur athletics in America during the past dozen years has been remarkable, and still greater numbers would take part in active competition if facilities for training were at hand.

Outing for May has an excellent illustrated article on "Sprinters" from a writer so celebrated and well informed as Malcom W. Ford. In his review of the situation Mr. Ford says:

"It is comparatively easy for a professional athlete to get into good condition and to maintain it; but the business life of an ordinary amateur is much against good athletic condition.

It would be foolish to advise a breadwinner, who works hard from 8 a. m. to 6 p. m. each day, to rise early and take exercise before breakfast. Not even the most enthusiastic athlete would day after day follow such a course. Night is about the only time an amateur can exercise regularly, though during the summer season some can find time in the late afternoon by going straight from the place of business to the ground, and taking their evening meal in the neighborhood of 8 o'clock.

LUTHER CARY'S STYLE WHEN SPEEDING.

An athlete to get into his best condition must be free from worry. His athletic practice must come easily. He must not be continually figuring on how to leave work so as to get over to the grounds in time, etc., for in the long run such troubles will render him unfit.

A few words regarding diet are first in order. I have never considered this part of training important enough to think of, for anything that is on the average table will do.

If athletics were made a business, it might pay to have special dishes of plain cooking served, but the difference in the effect between any dish that could be prepared and the ordinary fare is probably so slight that an amateur is better off without the inconvenience.

After exercise his throat is apt to be dry from the increased breathing with the mouth open. The temptation then is to pour down fluid enough to deluge the supposed thirst. If one will wait a little while he will not be so thirsty as he thought, except in hot weather, when he may be continually thirsty. It is not good to drink much of anything, for a deal of fluid deadens one. Eatables and drinkables are of little account as compared with exercise and rest.

The most important of the modern athletic contests is sprinting. Sprint races contain many more entries than any other class.

Opinions differ as to the length of the sprint race. Some claim that a quarter of a mile run is a sprint, and this distance is generally spoken of as such, but technically it is not a burst of full speed all the way, and an actual sprint race means full speed for every inch of the distance.

It can readily be seen that the limit of a sprint race varies with different athletes, and while some cannot maintain a spurt for over 100 yards, others can go far, and they are worth for 300 yards. The great sprint race in amateur sport is 100 yards, although this distance is considered by professionals to be a little too short in which to display the greatest speed. With this class 120 or 130 yards is the most popular, but it makes no difference whether it be

THE CARDS THAT WON;

—OR,—

The Countess Anna's Secret,

—BY—

ALEXANDER PUSHKIN.

Alexander Sergeivitch Pushkin, the first of the great Russian writers, was born at Moscow on Ascension day, 1799. His father was a nobleman, an officer, a courtier and a wit, but so fiery tempered that he threw up his commission in a rage at being reprimanded on parade for having used his cane to poke the fire.

Pushkin's mother was the granddaughter of a negro slave named Abraham Hannibal, whom Peter the Great had made a favorite, and at last had raised to be admiral—a piece of history stranger than romance. Pushkin's African descent was visible in his appearance.

When scarcely yet of age he wrote an "Ode to Liberty," for which he was condemned to exile in Bessarabia. There for some years he continued to pour forth the lofty, fiery and romantic poems which have caused him to be termed the Byron of the North. Besides his poems Pushkin also wrote a striking volume of prose stories, from which "The Cards That Won" is taken.

When Nicholas was crowned he was recalled to court, and in 1831 he married. For five years he lived in happiness; but the husband of his wife's sister, who was named George Danthes, preferred the wife of Pushkin to his own. Pushkin, who was as jealous as Othello, challenged Danthes to a dual. On the 29th of January, 1837, the brothers-in-law met with pistols at six paces, and Pushkin was shot through the body. Two days afterwards he breathed his last. He was buried, at his own desire, at a monastary near his early home, where his grave is still denoted by a cross of marble, bearing simply the initials, A. S. P.]

THERE was a card party at the rooms of Naroumoff, a lieutenant in the Horse Guards. A long winter night had passed unnoticed, and it was 5 o'clock in the morning when supper was served.

"How did you get on this evening, Surin?" said the host to one of his friends.

"Oh, I lost, as usual. I really have no luck. I play mirandole. You know that I keep cool. Nothing moves me: I never change my play, and I yet always lose."

"Do you mean to say that all the evening you did not once back the red? Your firmness of character surprises me."

"What do you think of Hermann?" said one of the party, pointing to a young engineer officer. "That fellow never made a bet or touched a card in his life, and yet he watches us playing until five in the morning."

"It interests me," said Hermann; "but I am not disposed to risk the necessary in view of the superfluous."

"Hermann is a German, and economical; that is the whole of the secret," cried Tomski. "But what is really astonishing is the Countess Anna Fedotovna!"

"How so?" asked several voices.

"Have you not remarked, said Tomski, "that she never plays?"

"Yes, said Naroumoff, "a woman of eighty, who never touches a card; that is indeed something extraordinary!"

"You do not know why?"

"No; is there a reason for it?"

"Just listen. My grandmother, you know, some 60 years ago, went to Paris, and became the rage there. People ran after her in the streets, and called her the 'Muscovite Venus.' Richelieu made love to her, and my grandmother makes out that, by her rigorous demeanor, she almost drove him to suicide.

"In those days women used to play at faro. One evening at the court she lost, on parole, to the Duke of Orleans, a very considerable sum.

"When she got home my grandmother removed her beauty spots, took off her hoops, and in this tragic costume went to my grandfather, told him of her misfortune and asked him for the money she had to pay.

"My grandfather, now no more, was, so to say, his wife's steward. He feared her like fire; but the sum she named made him leap into the air. He flew into a rage, made a brief calculation, and proved to my grandmother that in six months she had got through half a million roubles. He told her plainly that he had no villages to sell in Paris, his domains being situated in the neighborhood of Moscow and of Saratoff; and finally refused point blank.

"You may imagine the fury of my grandmother. She boxed his ears and passed the night in another room.

"The next day she returned to the charge. For the first time in her life she condescended to arguments and explanations. In vain did she try to prove to her husband that there were debts and debts, and that she could not treat a prince of the blood like her coachmaker.

"All this eloquence was lost. My grandfather was inflexible. My grandmother did not know where to turn. Happily she was acquainted with a man who was very celebrated at this time. You have heard of the Count of St. Germain, about whom so many marvellous stories were told. You know that he passed for a sort of Wandering Jew, and that he was said to possess an elixir of life and the philosopher's stone.

"Some people laughed at him as a charlatan. Casanova, in his memoirs, says that he was a spy. However that may be, in spite of the mystery of his life, St. Germain was much sought after in good society, and was really an agreeable man. Even to this day my grandmother has preserved a genuine affection for him, and she becomes quite angry when any one speaks of him with disrespect.

"It occurred to her that he might be able to advance the sum of which she was in need, and she wrote a note begging him to call.

"The old magician came at once and found her plunged in the deepest despair. In two or three words she told him everything; related to him her misfortune and the cruelty of her husband, adding that she had no hope except in his friendship and his obliging disposition.

"'Madame,' said St. Germain, after a few moments' reflection, 'I could easily advance you the money you want, but I am sure that you would have no rest until you had repaid me, and I do not want to get you out of one trouble in order to place you in another. There is another way of settling the matter. You must regain the money you have lost.'

"'But, my dear friend,' answered my grandmother, 'I have already told you that I have nothing left.'

"'That does not matter,' answered St. Germain. 'Listen to me and I will explain.'

"He then communicated to her a secret, which any of you would, I am sure, give a good deal to possess."

"That very evening my grandmother went to Versailles to play at the queen's table. The Duke of Orleans held the bank. My grandmother presented a little story by way of excuse for not having paid her debt, and then sat down at the table and began to stake. She took three cards. She won with the first; doubled her stake on the second, and won again; doubled on the third, and still won."

CHAPTER II.

One morning, Lisabeta, companion of the old countess, Fedotovna, was sitting at her embroidery before the window, when, looking carelessly into the street, she saw an officer, in the uniform of the engineers, standing motionless with his eyes fixed upon her.

She lowered her head and applied herself to her work more attentively than ever.

Five minutes afterward she looked mechanically into the street, and the officer was still in the same place.

Not being in the habit of exchanging glances with young men who passed by her window, she remained with her eyes fixed on her work for nearly two hours, until she was told that lunch was ready. She got up to put her embroidery away, and while doing so looked into the street and saw the officer still in the same place.

This seemed to her very strange. After lunch she went to the window with a certain emotion, but the officer of engineers was no longer in the street.

She thought no more of him. But two days afterwards, just as she was getting into the carriage with the countess, she saw him once more, standing straight before the door. His face was half-concealed by a fur collar, but his black eyes sparkled beneath his helmet.

Lisabeta was afraid, without knowing why, and she trembled as she took her seat in the carriage.

On returning home she rushed with a beating heart towards the window. The officer was in his habitual place, with his eyes fixed ardently upon her.

She at once withdrew, burning at the same time with curiosity, and moved by a strange feeling, which she now experienced for the first time.

No day now passed but the young officer showed himself beneath the window. Before long a dumb acquaintance was established between them.

Sitting at her work she felt his presence, and when she raised her head she looked at him for a long time every day. The young man seemed full of gratitude for these innocent favors.

She observed, with the deep and rapid perceptions of youth, that a sudden redness covered the officer's pale cheeks as soon as their eyes met.

"SHE TORE IT INTO A HUNDRED PIECES."

After about a week she would smile at seeing him for the first time.

. . . . . .

Hermann was the son of a German settled in Russia, from whom he had inherited a small sum of money.

Firmly resolved to preserve his independence, he had made it a principle not to touch his private income.

He lived on his pay, and did not allow himself the slightest luxury. He was not very communicative; and his reserve rendered it difficult for his comrades to amuse themselves at his expense.

Under an assumed calm he concealed strong passions and a highly imaginative disposition. But he was always master of himself and kept himself free from the ordinary faults of young men.

Thus, a gambler by temperament, he never touched a card, feeling, as he himself said, that his position did not allow him to "risk the necessary in view of the superfluous."

Yet he would pass entire nights before a card table, watching, with feverish anxiety, the rapid changes of the game. The anecdote of Count St. Germain's three cards had struck his imagination, and he did nothing but think of it all that night.

Dreaming as he walked along, his attention was attracted by a house built in an antiquated style of architecture. The street was full of carriages, which passed one by one before the old house, now brilliantly illuminated.

As the people stepped out of the carriages Hermann saw now the little feet of a young woman, now the military boot of a general.

Then came a clocked stocking; then, again, a diplomatic pump.

Fur-lined cloaks and coats passed in procession before a gigantic porter. Hermann stopped.

"Who lives here?" he said to a watchman in his box.

"The Countess Anna Fedotovna."

It was Tomski's grandmother.

Hermann started. The story of the three cards came once more upon his imagination. He walked to and fro before the house, thinking of the woman to whom it belonged, of her wealth and her mysterious power.

He looked up at the windows. There he saw a girl's head with beautiful black hair, leaning gracefully over a book or an embroidery frame. The head was lifted, and he saw a fresh complexion and black eyes.

This moment decided his fate.

CHAPTER III.

Lisabeta was just taking off her shawl and her bonnet when the countess sent for her. She had had the horses put in again.

While two footmen were helping the old lady into the carriage, Lisabeta saw the young officer at her side.

She felt him take her by the hand, lost her head, and found when the young officer had walked away that he had left a paper between her fingers. She hastily concealed it in her glove.

During the whole of the drive she neither saw nor heard. When they were in the carriage together the countess was in the habit of questioning Lisabeta perpetually.

"Who is that man that bowed to us? What is the name of this bridge? What is there written on that signboard?"

Lisabeta now gave the most absurd answers, and was accordingly scolded by the countess.

"What is the matter with you, my child?" she asked. "What are you thinking about? Or do you really not hear me? I speak distinctly enough, however, and I have not yet lost my head, have I?"

Lisabeta was not listening. When she got back to the house she ran to her room, locked the door, and took the scrap of paper from her glove. It was not sealed, and it was impossible, therefore, not to read it.

The letter contained protestations of love. It was tender, respectful and translated word for word from a German novel. But Lisabeta did not read German, and she was quite delighted.

She was, however, much embarrassed. For the first time in her life she had a secret. Correspond with a young man! The idea of such a thing frightened her. How imprudent she had been! She had reproached herself, but knew not now what to do.

Cease to do her work at the window, and by persistent coldness try and disgust the young officer?

Send him back his letter?

Answer him in a firm, decided manner?

What line of conduct was she to pursue?

She had no friend, no one to advise her.

She at last decided to send an answer.

She sat down at her little table, took pen and paper and began to think.

More than once she wrote a sentence and then tore up the paper. What she had written seemed too stiff, or else it was wanting in reserve.

At last, after much trouble, she succeeded in composing a few lines which seemed to meet the case.

"I believe," she wrote, "that your intentions are those of an honorable man, and that you would not wish to offend me by any thoughtless conduct. But you must understand that our acquaintance cannot begin in this way. I return your letter, and trust that you will not give me cause to regret my imprudence."

Some days afterwards, a young person with lively eyes called to see Miss Lisabeta, on the part of a milliner.

Lisabeta wondered what she could want, and suspected, as she received her, some secret intention.

She was much surprised, however, when she recognized on the letter that was now handed to her the writing of Hermann.

"You make a mistake," she said, "this letter is not for me."

"I beg your pardon," said the milliner, with a slight smile; "be kind enough to read it."

Lisabeta glanced at it. Hermann was asking for an appointment.

"Impossible!" she cried, alarmed both at the boldness of the request, and at the manner in which it was made. "This letter is not for me," she repeated; and she tore it into a hundred pieces.

"If the letter was not for you, why did you tear it up? You should have given it me back, that I might take it to the person it was meant for."

"True," said Lisabeta, quite disconcerted. "But bring me no more letters, and tell the person who gave you this one that he ought to blush for his conduct."

Hermann, however, was not a man to give up what he had once undertaken. Every day Lisabeta received a fresh letter from him—sent now in one way, now in another. They were no longer translated from the German. Hermann wrote under the influence of a commanding passion, and spoke a language which was his own.

Lisabeta could not hold out against such torrents of eloquence. She received the letters, kept them, and at last answered them. Every day her answers were longer and more affectionate, until at last she threw out of the window a letter couched as follows:

This evening there is a ball at the embassy. The countess will be there. We shall remain until 2 in the morning. You may manage to see me alone.

As soon as the countess leaves home, that is to say towards 11 o'clock, the servants are sure to go out, and there will be no one left but the porter, who will be sure to be asleep in his box.

Enter as soon as it strikes 11, and go upstairs as fast as possible. If you find any one in the antechamber ask whether the countess is at home, and you will be told that she is out, and in that case you must resign yourself, and go away.

In all probability, however, you will meet no one. The countess' women are together in a distant room. When you are once in the ante-chamber, turn to the left, and walk straight on, until you reach the countess' bedroom. There, behind a large screen, you will see two doors.

The one on the right leads to a dark room. The one on the left leads to a corridor, at the end of which is a little winding staircase, which leads to my parlor.

At 10 o'clock Hermann was already on duty before the countess' door. It was a frightful night. Covered by a thick overcoat, Hermann felt neither the wind nor the snow.

At last the countess' carriage drew up. He saw two huge footmen come forward and take beneath the arms a dilapidated spectre and place it on the cushions, well wrapped up in an enormous fur cloak. Immediately afterwards, in a cloak of lighter make, her head crowned with natural flowers, came Lisabeta, who sprang into the carriage like a dart. The door was closed and the carriage rolled on softly over the snow.

The porter closed the street door, and soon the windows of the first floor became dark. Silence reigned throughout the house.

At 11 o'clock precisely Hermann walked up the steps, pushed open the street door, and went into the vestibule, which was well lighted. As it happened the porter was not there.

With a firm and rapid step he rushed up the staircase and reached the ante-chamber.

There, before a lamp, a footman was sleeping, stretched out in a dirty, greasy dressing-gown.

Hermann passed quickly before him and crossed the dining-room and the drawing-room, where there was no light. But the lamp of the ante-chamber helped him to see.

At last he reached the countess' bedroom.

Hermann passed behind the screen, which concealed a little iron bedstead.

He saw the two doors; the one on the right leading to the dark room, the one on the left to the corridor.

He opened the latter, saw the staircase which led to the poor little companion's parlor, and then, closing this door, went into the dark room.

He heard 1 o'clock strike; then 2; and soon afterwards the distant roll of a carriage.

He now, in spite of himself, experienced some emotion. The carriage approached rapidly and stopped.

There was at once a great noise of servants running about the staircases, and a confusion of voices.

Suddenly the rooms were all lit up, and the countess' three antiquated maids came at once into the bedroom.

At last appeared the countess herself.

The walking mummy sank into a large Voltaire armchair.

Hermann looked through the crack in the door; he saw Lisabeta pass close to him, and heard her hurried step as she went up the little winding staircase.

For a moment he felt something like remorse; but it soon passed off, and his heart was once more of stone.

The countess began to undress before a looking-glass.

Her headdress of roses was taken off, and her powdered wig separated from her own hair, which was very short and quite white.

Pins fell in showers around her.

At last she was in her dressing-gown and her night-cap, and in this costume, more suitable to her age, was less hideous than before.

Like most old people, the countess was tormented by sleeplessness. She had her armchair rolled towards one of the windows, and told her maids to leave her. The lights were put out, and the room was lighted only by the lamp which burned before the holy images.

A strange man appeared before the countess!

It was Hermann.

"Do not be alarmed, madame," said Hermann, in a low voice, but very distinctly, "For the love of heaven, do not be alarmed. I do not wish to do you the slightest harm; on the contrary, I come to implore a favor of you."

The old woman looked at him in silence, as if she did not understand. Thinking she was deaf, he leaned towards her ear and repeated what he had said; but the countess still remained silent.

"You can ensure the happiness of my whole life, and without its costing you a farthing. I know that you can name to me three cards—"

The countess now understood what he required.

"It was a joke," she interrupted. "I swear to you it was only a joke."

The countess was agitated. For a moment her features expressed strong emotion, but they soon resumed their former dulness.

"Cannot you name to me," said Hermann, "three winning cards?"

The countess remained silent.

"Why keep this secret for your great-grandchildren," he continued. "They are rich enough without; they do not know the value of money. Of what profit would your three cards be to them? They are debauchees. The man who cannot keep his inheritance will die in want, though he had the science of demons at his command. I am a steady man. I know the value of money. Your three cards will not be lost upon me. Come!"

He stopped, tremblingly, awaiting a reply. The countess did not utter a word. Hermann went upon his knees.

"If your heart has ever known the passion of love; if you can remember its sweet ecstasies; if you have ever been touched by the cry of a new-born babe; if any human feeling has ever caused your heart to beat, I entreat you by the love of a husband, a lover, a mother, by all that is sacred in life, not to reject my prayer. Tell me your secret! Reflect! You are old; you have not long to live! Remember that the happiness of a man is in your hands; that not only myself, but my children and my grandchildren, will bless your memory as a saint."

The old countess answered not a word.

Hermann rose and drew a pistol from his pocket.

"Hag!" he exclaimed, "I will make you speak."

At the sight of the pistol the countess for the second time showed agitation. Her head shook violently; she stretched out her hands as if to put the weapon aside. Then suddenly she fell back motionless.

"Come, don't be childish!" said Hermann.

"HE SAW BEFORE HIM A QUEEN OF SPADES."

"I adjure you for the last time; will you name the three cards?"

The countess did not answer. Hermann saw that she was dead!

. . . . . .

Lisabeta was sitting down in her parlor with her cloak off, and with bare shoulders; her head, crowned with flowers, falling forward from fatigue, when suddenly the door opened and Hermann entered. She shuddered.

"Where were you?" she said, trembling all over.

"In the countess' bedroom. I have just left her," replied Hermann. "She is dead."

"Great heavens! What are you saying?"

"I am afraid," he said, "that I am the cause of her death."

Hermann sat down by the window and told everything. The young girl listened with terror.

Poor child! she had been the blind instrument of a robber, of the murderer of her old benefactress.

She wept bitterly in the agony of her repentance.

Hermann watched her in silence.

"You are a monster," she said at last.

"I did not mean to kill her," replied Hermann, coldly. "My pistol was not loaded."

CHAPTER IV.

Throughout the next day Hermann suffered from a strange indisposition. In a quiet restaurant, where he took his meals, he, contrary to his habit, drank a great deal of wine, with the object of stupefying himself.

But the wine had no effect but to excite his imagination, and give fresh activity to the ideas with which he was preoccupied.

He went home earlier than usual, lay down with his clothes on upon the bed, and fell into a leaden sleep.

When he woke up it was night, and the room was lighted up by the rays of the moon.

At this moment some one in the street passed the window, looked into the room and then went on. Hermann scarcely noticed it; but in another minute he heard the door of the ante-chamber open.

He thought that his orderly, drunk as usual, was returning from some nocturnal excursion; but the step was one to which he was not accustomed.

Somebody seemed to be softly walking over the floor in slippers.

The door opened, and a woman, dressed entirely in white, entered the bedroom.

Hermann thought it must be his old nurse, and he asked himself what she could want at that time of night.

But the woman in white, crossing the room with a rapid step, was now at the foot of his bed, and Hermann recognized the countess.

"I come to you against my wish," she said in a firm voice. "I am forced to grant your prayer. Three, seven, ace will win, if played one after the other; but you must not play more than one card in 24 hours, and afterwards, as long as you live, you must never touch a card again. I forgive you my death on condition of your marrying my companion, Lisabeta Ivanovna."

With these words she walked toward the door, and gliding with her slippers over the floor, disappeared.

Hermann heard the door of the ante-chamber open, and soon afterwards saw a white figure pass along the street.

It stopped for a moment before his window, as if to look at him.

Hermann remained for some time astounded. Then he got up and went into the next room.

His orderly, drunk as usual, was asleep on the floor. He had much difficulty in waking him, and then could not obtain from him the least explanation.

The door of the ante-chamber was locked.

Hermann went back to his bedroom, and wrote down all the details of his vision.

CHAPTER V.

Two fixed ideas can no more exist together in the moral world than in the physical two bodies can occupy the same place at the same time; and "Three, seven, ace" soon drove away Hermann's recollection of the old countess' last moments. "Three, seven, ace" were now in his head to the exclusion of everything else.

His thoughts concentrated themselves on one single point.

How was he to profit by the secret so dearly purchased?

What if he applied for leave to travel?

At Paris, he said to himself, he would find some gambling-house, where, with his three cards, he could at once make his fortune.

Chance soon came to his assistance. There was at Moscow a society of rich gamblers, presided over by the celebrated Tchekalinski, who had passed all his life playing at cards and had amassed millions.

HERMANN'S MEETING WITH LISABETA.

For while he lost silver only, he gained banknotes.

His magnificent house, his excellent kitchen, his cordial manners, had brought him numerous friends, and secured for him general esteem.

Hermann was taken to Tchekalinski by Naroumoff. They passed through a long suite of rooms, full of the most attentive, obsequious servants. The place was crowded.

Generals and high officials were playing at whist; young men were stretched out on the sofas, eating ices and smoking long pipes.

In the principal room, at the head of a long table, around which were assembled a score of players, the master of the house held a faro bank.

He was a man of about 60, with a sweet and noble expression of face and hair white as snow.

On his full, florid countenance might be read good humor and benevolence. His eyes shone with a perpetual smile.

Naroumoff introduced Hermann. Tchekalinski took him by the hand, told him that he was glad to see him, that no one stood on ceremony in his house; and then went on dealing.

The deal occupied some time, and stakes were made on more than 30 cards.

Tchekalinski waited patiently to allow the winners time to double their stakes, paid what he had lost, listened politely to all observations, and, more politely still, put straight the corners of cards, when in a fit of absence some one had taken the liberty of turning them down.

At last, when the game was at an end, Tchekalinski collected the cards, shuffled them again, had them cut, and then dealt anew.

"Will you allow me to take a card?" said Hermann, stretching out his arm above a fat man who occupied nearly the whole of one side of the table.

Tchekalinski, with a gracious smile, bowed in consent.

Naroumoff complimented Hermann, with a laugh, on the cessation of the austerity by which his conduct had hitherto been marked, and wished him all kinds of happiness on the occasion of his first appearance in the character of a gambler.

"There!" said Hermann, after writing some figures on the back of his card.

"How much?" asked the banker, half closing his eyes. "Excuse me, I cannot see."

"Forty-seven thousand roubles," said Hermann.

Every one's eyes were directed toward the new player.

"He has lost his head," thought Naroumoff.

"Allow me to point out to you," said Tchekalinski, with his eternal smile, "that you are playing rather high. We never put down here, as a first stake, more than a hundred and seventy-five roubles."

"Very well," said Hermann; "but do you accept my stake or not?"

Tchekalinski bowed in token of acceptation. "I only wish to point out to you," he said, "that although I am perfectly sure of my friends, I can only play against ready money. I am quite convinced that your word is as good as gold: but to keep up the rules of the game, and to facilitate calculations, I should be obliged to you if you would put the money on your card."

POOR LISABETA! SHE LOVED A —

Hermann took a bank note from his pocket and handed it to Tchekalinski, who, after examining it with a glance, placed it on Hermann's card.

Then he began to deal. He turned up on the right a 10, and on the left a three.

"I win," said Hermann, exhibiting his three.

A murmur of astonishment ran through the assembly. The banker knitted his eyebrows, but speedily his face resumed its everlasting smile.

"Shall I settle at once?" he asked.

"If you will be kind enough to do so," said Hermann.

Tchekalinski took a bundle of bank notes from his pocketbook and paid. Hermann pocketed his winnings and left the table.

Naroumoff was lost in astonishment. Hermann drank a glass of lemonade and went home.

The next evening he returned to the house. Tchekalinski again held the bank. Hermann went to the table, and this time the players hastened to make room for him.

Tchekalinski received him with a most gracious bow. Hermann waited, took a card, and staked on it his 47,000 roubles, together with the like sum which he had gained the evening before.

Tchekalinski began to deal. He turned up on the right a knave, and on the left a seven.

Hermann exhibited a seven.

There was a general exclamation. Tchekalinski was evidently ill at ease, but he counted out the 94,000 roubles to Hermann, who took them in the calmest manner, rose from the table, and went away.

The next evening, at the accustomed hour, he again appeared. Every one was expecting him.

Generals and high officials had left their whist to watch this extraordinary play.

The young officers had quitted their sofas, and even the servants of the house pressed round the table.

When Hermann took his seat the other players ceased to stake, so impatient were they to see him have it out with the banker, who, still smiling, watched the approach of his antagonist and prepared to meet him.

Each of them untied at the same time a pack of cards. Tchekalinski shuffled and Hermann cut. Then the latter took up a card and covered it with a heap of bank notes. It was like the preliminaries of a duel. A deep silence reigned through the room.

Tchekalinski took up the cards with trembling hands and dealt. On one side he put down a queen and on the other side an ace.

"Ace wins," said Hermann.

"No. Queen loses," said Tchekalinski.

Hermann looked.

Instead of ace, he saw a queen of spades before him.

He could not trust his eyes.

And now as he gazed, in fascination, on the fatal card, he fancied that he saw the queen of spades open and then close her eye, while at the same time she gave a mocking smile.

He felt a thrill of nameless horror.

The queen of spades resembled the dead countess!

Hermann is now at the Oboukhoff Asylum, room No. 17—, a hopeless madman! He answers no questions which are put to him. Only he mumbles to himself without cessation, "Three, seven, ace; three, seven, queen!"

NO, NEVER!

[Every-day poem by Josie Coye.]

Did you ever see a drummer
Who could not tell a lie,
Or a married man that wouldn't flirt
A little, on the sly?
No, never!

Did you ever see a brakeman
Going through a railroad train,
Who didn't seem to bang the door
With all his might and main?
No, never!

Did you ever see a paper
In all this great creation,
That could beat THE BOSTON GLOBE
With a larger circulation?
No, never!

Where She Carries Her Watch.

Do not be startled if you see a young woman clutch her breastpin wildly and haul it from its moorings, dragging with it a long length of chain, says the Washington Post. She is only about to consult her watch, which is fastened upon the end of the chain. The apparent breastpin is only the charm upon the end of the chain. It is so arranged as to dangle prettily over the spot under the chin where the brooch properly rests.

There is still another hiding place for the watch. It is inside the high collars which all the world of women wear. A small pocket of crocheted silk is fastened on the left side of the collar far enough to the side to be out of sight. In this case, where it will rest lovingly against the soft skin of the wearer is the jeweled timepiece which is dearer to her than anything save her yellow garter.

But known that within this darling little watch there rests, more often than not, a likeness of the best boy whose bounty paid for the dainty hand of time.

Have You Met Perkins?

Perkins, according to the New York Herald, is tall, angular and a practical joker of the severest type. One of his peculiar pleasantries is to suddenly halt a strange, pompous individual on the street, buttonhole him and remark with cool assumption:

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I think you have made a mistake."

"What is that, sir?" the victim is likely to ask.

"Well," Perkins will reply, with the utmost audacity, "this city does not belong to any one man or set of men. You may think you own it, but you don't. See?" and Perkins will hurry away, leaving the pompous man to his own reflections.

BRIGHT BOYS AND GIRLS

Who Write for The Globe.

WHEN THE LITTLE FEET WENT HOME

BY JESSIE M. HEINER.

(16 years old.)

WINNER OF THE SECOND PRIZE IN THE WEEKLY GLOBE'S PRIZE STORY CONTEST.

Pip Lorazin stands at the little, uncurtained window, her brown, curly head pillowed in one hand, and gazes steadily at the snow clouds that hang dull and heavy. "We are in for a 'snawstorm,' as grandmere would call it," she says, speaking to herself, "and I am glad of it." She turns from the view of the bleak landscape that stretches away like a misty picture and comes to the open fireplace, where a great log roars and sputters on the brass dog-irons.

It is a quaint looking room, long and low, with smooth brown walls guiltless of any sort of adornment, except a great bunch of feathery clematis that Pip had twined gracefully over the clock. The floor has the same hue as the walls, a soft, warm brown, over which the fire and the sunlight that steals in at the window combine to throw their glinting shadows. The room just harmonizes with little Pip Lorazin, who looks as if she might belong to some far-away, long-forgotten people, such a tiny, dignified looking creature is she, in her scant scarlet gown and much-beruffled white apron.

On the other side of the wide-throated chimney sits another individual—a tall, stiff looking woman, with green spectacles set rakishly askew, much after the manner of "Mr. Belcher's" hat.

"Did you say that you were glad of the comin' snowstorm?" she asked, while paring diligently some rosy-cheeked apples. As Pip nods assent, the woman's severe mouth grows more severe, and she says coldly, "Well, Pip Lorazin, I did give ye the credit of havin' more sense. Don't ye know that if the moon is blocked wi' a drivin' snowstorm thet my brave boy Rolfe will not get here to give his mither the Christmas blessing?"

The woman's harsh voice trembles. Her heart was bound up in her one boy Rolfe, whom she sees but once a year.

Pip feels sorry that she has stirred up such thoughts in the heart of the lonely woman, who visits her grandmere every Christmas, and in a moment she says softly, "I beg your pardon, Dame Foster, I did not know you were expecting Rolfe at Christmastide."

The widow did not answer, except to wear a very injured look.

"Dear me," murmured Pip to the blazing fire, "what does make Dame Foster so gruff? Perhaps"—in a meditative way—"those pickles she ate for dinner may have made her feel gruffer, because they were uncom-fort-a-bly sour," she drawls, happy to have used such a long word. "Perhaps it is because her husband is dead, and her boy away, that Grandmere Terrest has her here every Christmas. I wish grandmere wouldn't invite her, for she makes it so unpleasant."

Here Pip blushed scarlet and gazed with a worried look at her spotted dog, who was staring gravely at her. "Don't mind me, my Russian soldier," she cried remorsefully; then rubbing her head against the dog's she whispered, "Oh, my Russian. Indeed I did not mean to be so hateful, to talk that way about my neighbor. I am sorry, so sorry, that I thought such wicked thoughts. I must keep my soul pure, Russian, as pure as the snow flowers on the hill. And what would we have done after my papa and mamma were drowned, Russian? What would we have done if the same dear old lady who entertains the widow hadn't taken us both in and kept us, and even let me call her grandmere, when she wasn't a bit of relation? You understand me, don't you, Russian? You and I shall act toward the Widow Foster as Mr. Peggotty did toward Mrs. Gummidge; we shall be kind, Russian, oh, so kind, and if she is cross we'll say to ourselves, 'Her heart is in the right place; she's waiting for the sun shine.'"

Pip was so tickled with this new idea that she came near addressing the widow as Gummidge. Then he stared for a time into the fire, and if any one had been watching he would have seen her quivering lips.

"Oh, Russian," she cried, with a half sob, "everybody has somebody else to come to them at Christmas, everybody but we, Russian, you and I. We have no one. No papa, no mamma that we can call our own, our really own. You cannot understand it fully; you have no mind or conscience. But I have, and my heart aches! Sometimes I think that surely they were not both drowned that dreadful night of which grandmere tells me. But Russian, Russian, twelve years is a long time, and I'm afraid I'll never find them this side of the grave!"

Presently she crossed the room to where Gummidge No. 2 sat.

"Ahem! It has been a pretty long day, dame, hasn't it?" said Pip, by way of opening the conversation. "A dread-ful-ly long day, for a birthday, dame?"

"Long for idle folk," muttered the dame, coldly.

"How many presents did I get?" muses Pip aloud; then spreading out her hand she names them on her fingers: "A pair of red stockings from grandma, gray and black mittens from you, the lovely pair of blue slippers from the kind gentleman who stopped here for a glass of milk one day, and who kissed and blessed me, and the hood with the green ribbons that Aunt Doris gave me. Aunt Doris thinks that she will not be here next year to give me a hood. She will be in glory by that time. I shall be extremely sorry when Aunt Doris goes to glory, although it is quite natural for her to long to, for Benny, her husband, and the seven children, who died when they were babies," remarked Pip in a thoughtful tone. "Aunt Doris never liked French people before," she continued, but," with a grave little smile, "I would never have known that I was a little French girl, if that sailor who escaped from the wrecked ship hadn't come and told grandmere who I was. I wish—I wish I could find that sailor. It seems to me I would know him, as if my soul would say, 'Little Pip, here he is!' Perhaps he knew my true relations, and somewhere in that sunny land they call France I could some day find them."

The widow answers nothing to this, and Pip roams restlessly to the window again. She is but a child after all. Soon the shadowy brown eyes clear and smile. "Although I got so many nice presents, the best part of my birthday and Christmas eve is coming yet," she whispers gleefully to herself.

As she watched the tall trees waving in the wind, a new thought strikes her. "I must see Sam Honey before night! Ah! there he comes from the barn, laughing foolishly to himself. Poor Sam! I am sorely afraid his intellect is not so bright as it might be," mutters Pip. She makes a "bee line" across the room, and is soon out with Sam.

Sam Honey is the half-witted hired man, who drives the two cows, Spotty and Jersey, carries the wood, and takes his pay in knee-breeches, old coats embellished with rows of brass buttons and three-cornered hats, that in their youthful days had been the property of Grandpa Terrest, who now sleeps quietly on the hill. Pip said that Sam was quite oblizing. He was to her the "wide-eyed baby" that he had named her. He had obligingly punctured tiny holes in eggs innumerable, and had as obligingly sucked their contents, so Pip might have the shells to color or paint for ornaments. He once climbed a tree for a nest of young owls, but the mother owl clawed him so severely that he was obliged to beat a hasty retreat, and present himself owfless before Pip. But the lack of the young owls made no difference to Pip. She was not one to forget such a favor.

"Sam," she cried, catching his hand, "you are quite sure that the fairies will dance tonight?" She asked the question anxiously.

"Yes, yes," muttered Sam. "It's Christmas eve, you know, and they always dance on Christmas eve."

"And do you think it will snow, Sam? You know we want to watch the 'kobolds' on the snowflakes."

"It will either snow or not snow," remarked Sam, brilliantly.

"If I were just sure, Sam, about the fairies, but I'm not. You see, in my book of verses it says,

No fairy tales nor witch hath power to charm,
So gracious and so hallowed is the time.

But Sam, I shall not believe Shakespeare, if you say that they have power to charm and to come abroad."

Poor Sam looked exceedingly hazy. He did not in the least understand what she meant. He wondered vaguely what neighbor it was that she called Shakespeare; perhaps it was the new neighbor that had moved into the cottage beyond the hill.

"Dunno, 'bout the Shak—the—the Shak—talk, but," dropping his voice, "when midnight comes, all the cattle will kneel and speak; our old Spotty and Jersey will, too."

"Yes," answered Pip, "I know that old legend well," and any one could have almost told, by the sudden dancing of her eyes, that she intended watching for herself: that this was to be the "best part of her birthday and her Christmas eve."

Sam would talk no more on the subject, and Pip crept into the house, cold and full of new thoughts.

Soon the snow began to fall as swift and silent as Sam Honey's "ghosts."

"The day was dimmed with a continual flow," Sam and Pip took their seats at the windows to watch the kobolds ride the snowflakes. Sam laughed foolishly at the snow. In his mind was an idea that could never be erased, namely, that the snowflakes were bits of down floating from some remote corner of the heavens, where a withered crone was supposed to be plucking the feathers from geese innumerable.

Pip turned from the window with a smile as she saw a stout German girl driving home a flock of geese, for Sam was standing first on one foot and then on the other with delight at his pet theory being so well illustrated.

Ere long the room grew warm and drowsy; the firelight danced in long shadows over the wall. The Russian soldier snapped and bit at his own shadow, but the widow and grandmere talked on and on till Pip felt herself dozing.

"Come, Russian," she cried, pulling the dog, "We mustn't grow so drowsy on such a charmed night. Wait till the hour of midnight, my good doggie, and while grandmere is dreaming we'll run down to the barn that stands in the south field and see the cows kneel down and hear them speak."

She goes away to her chintz-covered lounge and drops her head contentedly on the pillow. The Russian soldier curls down at the foot. When she awakes the room is darkened, except for the dull, red glimmer from the charred log. Grandmere and the widow have retired long ago.

Hurriedly she rises, lights a candle from the log and holds it above her head, toward the old brass clock. A fair picture she makes, standing there in the dim light, with her eager, flushed face, and tiny bare feet peeping from beneath the white toga that enveloped her. Twenty minutes yet! Hurriedly the little dress, little blue slippers and hood are donned, and around her shoulders she twines her plaid. Pip shivers as she goes out into the cold air. The snow is not very deep, but deep enough to wet the cherished blue slippers. She heaves a little sigh of dismay at this, but hurries on. There, that horrid Russian is barking, and Pip sees him running toward some one in the road! Ah, it is a horseman, and he is stopping! Her heart gives a frightened leap as she sees the same individual hurrying towards her. He stoops down and turns Pip's face from the shadow to the light cast by the moon.

"Is it some little lost lamb?" he asks gently, still peering into the child's face.

"Why, Pip, little Pip, is it you? What are you doing here at this late hour?"

"Oh!" said Pip, with a relieving sigh, when she recognized the horseman as the kind gentleman who had stopped at Grandmere Terrest's for the glass of milk, and had afterward sent her the slippers, "I—I—came to see the fairies and to watch Spotty and Jersey kneel down, and hear them speak."

"Foolish little child; my own foolish little Pip! I must take you home without seeing them, for it is past the hour. According to what my Scotch nurse used to tell me, all these things happened at the stroke of the midnight bell." Lightly he lifted her into the saddle, and before Pip could protest they were scurrying down the road. It was all past, then! The magic hour had flown, and she was a cold, tired, foolish little Pip, going back faster to her grandmere's home than she came.

Up into Pip's brown eyes the great tears welled, but presently her cavalier leaned down and said, "Pip, disappointed child, could you bear a little good news to help wash away the bitter part of tonight? Did you know that I once had a little girl, who would have been just the age of you had I not lost her?

"She is in heaven," said Pip, in an awed tone.

Her companion did not answer for a moment, and then he said, "Pip, did Mrs. Terrest ever tell you of the young sailor who escaped from the wrecked ship, Henrietta, and who came and told her whose little girl you were?"

"Yes, sir," said Pip, wonderingly.

"I was on that same vessel," continued the horseman, "and was taken from the waves, more dead than alive, by a Dutch man-of-war. I had not the least

Boston Weekly Globe.

TUESDAY, MAY 12, 1891.

Globe Pocket Calendar.

MAY 1891

Su.	M.	T.	W.	Th.	F.	S.	Moon's Phases
					1	2	1 A.M. 1.51
3	4	5	6	7	8	9	8 A.M. 1.16
10	11	12	13	14	15	16	15 P.M. 2.04
17	18	19	20	21	22	23	23 P.M. 1.26
24	25	26	27	28	29	30	30 P.M. 1.54
31							

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Don't you touch the edge of the great gladness that is in the world, now and then, in spite of your own little single worries? Well, that's what God means; and the worry is the interruption. He never means that.

GOING TO GRASS.

The kingdom of grass is rapidly preparing for the appearance of the sceptre. The broad bosom of the earth about us is every day acquiring a verdure which the trees of the forest are making ready to rival with their uplifted leafy crowns. But there is no successful competitor in the whole realm of nature to the limitless carpet of grass now being unrolled from her marvellous looms. Grass is the matchless product of the year. The annual miracle of flower and leaf may well challenge our admiration and wonder, but this entire transformation of the world around us by the almost instantaneous spreading of a carpet of emerald appeals to feelings of which admiration is at best a mere external expression.

The velvety lawn, the turfy meadow, the shooting grass-spires in the orchard, the dense growth of green across the lengthening acres of the hay field, and the verdurous slopes of the hill pastures where four-footed creatures group and graze—these are some of the more familiar and homely pictures to be seen in the setting of the growing greenery of the present time, and they cannot be viewed by any one with human sensibilities without an effect that somehow becomes ingrained in the life and character. So all go to grass at this season and learn a delightful lesson.

CHINA AND THE WESTERN NATIONS.

The exclusion of Mr. BLAIR from the mission to China illustrates a quality in the Chinese government and people to which attention should be given by the western nations and especially by the people and government of the United States. It is now many centuries since China abandoned the policy of aggression, and except for the menacing attitude and hostile conduct of Europe and America its preparations for resistance would have been much less formidable than they now are. The rejection of Mr. Blair may be accepted as notice to us and to the world that China demands courteous if not friendly treatment as the consideration, and indeed the only consideration, for free and friendly intercourse with the people and government of the Chinese empire.

The world has outgrown the notion that the Chinese are an inferior race of people. Indeed, it is only a great people that could have maintained a government whose continuous history antedates Christianity by not less than three thousand years. It is only within the last thirty years that the Chinese government has made preparation for war, either offensive or defensive, and there is no probability that an offensive war will ever be undertaken by China. When Mr. BURLINGAME made his last visit to the United States he gave me the results, upon some points, of his intercourse with persons in authority in China. First, and perhaps most important of all, was this: That in remote times they had learned from bitter experience the evils of war, and that in later times the authorities had pursued a policy of peace, and had inculcated the doctrines of peace among the people.

He said also that recent experience had wrought a change in their policy, and that they were then preparing for any emergency that might arise. Their apprehensions related to England and to Russia. The act of England in ceding to China a neck of land, being a part of upper Burmah, and that without consideration, was designed to quiet apprehensions as to England, but the progress of Russia towards India is a menace to China. With the exception of the United States, and possibly without an exception, China is the most self-contained and the best equipped country for passive resistance of all the countries on the globe. It has a territory and resources adequate to the support of its vast population. Markets abroad and supplies from abroad may be convenient or even useful, but they are not indispensable.

The Chinese have unbounded faith in the wisdom of their institutions and in their perpetuity; and for this faith they have reasons which we can value, but cannot command for ourselves nor claim for any other country. Their knowledge of international law and their skill in diplomacy have proved equal to every emergency that has arisen in their intercourse with the Western world. They are a thoughtful people. They deliberate before they act. As they count their past by tens of centuries they look to an extended future with an unquestioning confidence. It is not only the chief nation of the East in this century, but its position will be more commanding in the future. With our front upon the Pacific ocean and with the prospect of a ship canal across the isthmus we cannot afford to indulge in any prejudices toward the Chinese or to foster a narrow diplomatic or commercial policy in our relations with the Chinese empire.

We may check, limit or prohibit immigration from China, but our policy and conduct in these proceedings should be free from the taint of prejudice. There are good reasons for limiting immigration, perhaps there are satisfactory reasons for excluding the masses of the Chinese race, but they are not the reasons that were proclaimed by the Sand Hill orators of San Francisco. It was Seneca, perhaps, who said "wherever the Roman conquers he inhabits;" and of the Chinese it may be said that wherever they inhabit they conquer. They have driven English and American merchants from their own coasts and ports, or so reduced profits that fortunes are not made as easily as they were in the first half of this century. For business purposes they are gaining possession of the islands of the East, and they seem capable of successful rivalry in every branch of industry, and in every form of trade. Wherever they go they carry with them their economical habits of living, their patience in labor, and their fidelity to employers; and this may be said of them, although these homely virtues are associated with offensive social customs and vices. The reason for their exclusion is to be found in the fact, or in the belief, that there is no form of manual labor or branch of business in Europe or America that can withstand the free and continuous competition of the Chinese.

GEORGE S. BOUTWELL.

LABORERS AS CAPITALISTS.

Labor is what creates wealth, and it is but natural with the diffusion of intelligence and the expansion of the fraternal spirit that it should desire a visible, tangible share in the result. The workman feels that he would like to be a part owner in the noble building he has personally contributed months of labor to erect and complete. It would increase his self-respect and enlarge his manhood to know that he still possessed an interest in the edifice he actually helped to build. But he is unable to own even the smallest fraction of it with his small savings, and helplessly sees it go from his hands into those of its capitalist owner.

No government that he is willing to acknowledge can dispossess that rightful owner for the purpose of dividing it up into however diminutive parts among those who contributed to its erection. Yet he may not have reflected that some of his same savings, borrowed in block sums, are nevertheless in that very structure. Labor intrusts its multitudinous savings to the banks provided for them, and capital borrows them out at a higher rate of interest to build with.

Then why not profit by so apparent a suggestion? What is to hinder labor from combining its savings, amounting to tens of millions in many States, and buying up the structures on which it has expended its energies one by one, thus deriving from them the far higher rate of income which rentals yield, and placing its little all, in countless contributions, in a solid and sure security it knows all about? In short, why should not labor combine with its comparatively minute savings, immense in the aggregate, just as capital combines with its vast individual accumulations?

In this way, as will be readily seen, labor will begin to own that which it now contributes its small savings to help construct and maintain. Thus it will divide property with capital, and effect a division and distribution, too, on the principle of justice and without the least disturbance of individual rights. It will become a capitalist in its own name and in the most legitimate and regular manner. It will no longer delay to lend to a combination of capitalists, but will itself own that which it helped to create, and derive a constant income from its own purchased possessions.

HAPPINESS-KILLERS.

The other day I was in the house of a gentleman whose life has been a marked success, and who has accumulated great wealth. "Poor" folks in passing the house would be likely to think that the people who live in it must be happy. In looking upon the family carriage most persons who have to walk would feel that here were those specially prospered. Yet in talking with the lady of the house I learned a lesson I have often learned before. This lesson was not that of thinking money of no account. I still think it of as much account as I did before. I learned only that money alone is not enough to make people happy.

In the course of our conversation the lady said something about "this poor, miserable life of ours." She revealed the fact that she got very little satisfaction out of existence. Then I began to wonder. And I wondered over two things. First, as to whether people are really as unhappy as they think they are. And, secondly, as to whether they are not a good deal more miserable than they need to be.

People are apt to talk a good deal about the unhappiness of the world, and to consider it as one of the mysterious dispensations of an inscrutable Providence. I do not propose to deny that there is enough of it to make a real problem. But I have another point in view now. I wish to raise the question as to whether we do not allow the needless destruction of a great deal of possible happiness. Other questions can be treated at some other time. That one will be enough for our present little Sunday morning sermon. So let us notice a few of the happiness-killers.

1. The notion that happiness depends on what you have or where you are. In reality, it depends on what you are. A piano that is in tune will make music anywhere, and without any regard to the carving of its frame or the quality of its cover. But if it is not in tune it will not make music even in a palace. I see children with no end of toys and books whining and miserable because they have taken the notion that they want some particular thing they cannot get. So I see grown-up children cursing life and finding fault with the universe while surrounded with enough things to supply the wants of a small village. If they would only take the trouble to get themselves in tune, perhaps they might find out where the music of life really comes from.

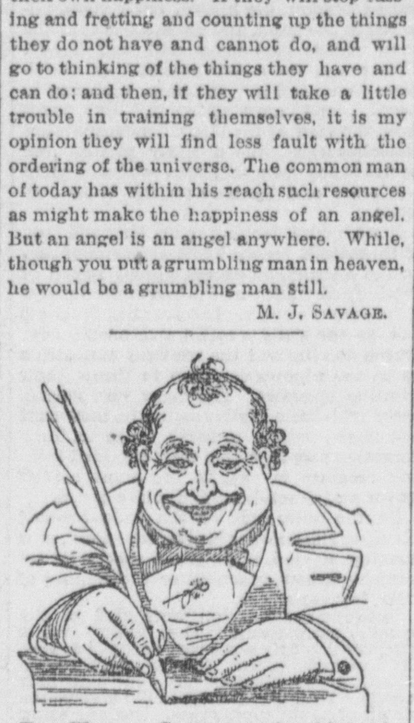
2. Another common happiness-killer is envy. A man has enough, and knows that he has enough. But Mr. Thompson, over the way, has more. So he will take no peace until his "pile" is as big as Thompson's. I have known women whose comfort was all gone because the other woman across the aisle had some particular article of dress that she could not afford. If outshining other people is the source of happiness, only one person in all the world can be really happy; because, in a race, only one can be ahead.

3. Still another great happiness-killer is the things that never happen. Probably more people suffer over misfortunes that never come to them than from almost all other causes. If the boy is out of sight, then he is going to be drowned or get his leg broken. But generally he turns up all right. If an excursion is planned, then it is surely going to rain, no matter how clear the sky. If a venture is made in business, it is going to turn out badly. If a friend is ill, he is going to die. If a son goes to college, he is going to get into the worst kind of company. A man is rich, but he gets no peace, for something is going to happen. He is going to lose his money and die poor. So people are forever crossing bridges before they come to them.

4. A great happiness killer among business men is to be found in the fact that they so rarely learn to get pleasure out of anything except business. They have no resources. So when they get money enough they do not know how to stop. Away from business they do not know what to do with themselves.

I am not now speaking of those who are suffering for the very means to live, but of the great mass of people it is true that they have no right to find fault with the world. They are generally the murderers of their own happiness. If they will stop fussing and fretting and counting up the things they do not have and cannot do, and will go to thinking of the things they have and can do; and then, if they will take a little trouble in training themselves, it is my opinion they will find less fault with the ordering of the universe. The common man of today has within his reach such resources as might make the happiness of an angel. But an angel is an angel anywhere. While, though you put a grumbling man in heaven, he would be a grumbling man still.

M. J. SAVAGE.



THE WEEKLY GLOBE contains this week, in addition to the latest and most important news from everywhere, "The Cards That Won," a complete, illustrated story by Alexander Puskin, a leading Russian novelist.

There is a valuable farming paper on "The Composition of Limestone."

The popular Howard discourses of wealth, worship and over-kindness to rich prisoners.

"Marie" tells of fashions to come for our girls.

"The Captains of Ocean Steamers" are described by one who knows them well.

Pleasing writers tell the young folks stories of heroism and adventure, and take them into Fairyland.

Special papers in the news columns are the story of President Harrison's trip to the Pacific coast, with some speeches and an account of our postmaster's troubles told by civil service reformers.

Political features are the "Struggle for the Speakership," "The Farmers' Alliance, and the Old Parties." The complications in the State governments of Connecticut and Nebraska are sketched.

It is an issue that will interest every member of the family, old and young.

Boys should read the offer of a bicycle free for 50 subscribers. With a bicycle to ride this summer, every boy will be as happy as a king.

THE REIGN OF JUDGE LYNCH.

It should not be supposed that the action of the grand jury in New Orleans in relation to the lynching of alleged Italian murderers is the result of purely American teachings in its origin, or that it is in any way a novelty in theory. One of the most extraordinary cases of execution by populace occurred in St. Louis more than 50 years ago, in the burning of a negro murderer alive. An excited mob broke open the jail, as in New Orleans, took the prisoner, who would, undoubtedly, have been convicted and executed, and, forcing him into an open lot, tied him to a tree and burnt him. Horrible as was the atrocity, a magistrate was found to extenuate if not justify it. It may appear peculiar, and, certainly, very appropriate, that the magistrate's name was LAWLESS. In his charge to the grand jury Judge LAWLESS said, in language which the New Orleans grand jury might have had in mind relative to the distinction between individual acts and those of a mob:

"If, on the other hand, the destruction of the murderer of HAMMOND was the act, as I have said, of the many, of the multitude in the ordinary sense of these words—not the act of numerable and ascertainable malefactors, but of congregated thousands, seized upon and impelled by that mysterious, metaphysical, and almost electric frenzy, which in all ages and nations has hurried on the infuriated multitude to deeds of death and destruction—then, I say, act not at all in the matter; the case then transcends your jurisdiction—it is beyond the reach of human law."

Such instruction, coming from the bench, naturally had its effect, and has had its influence in numerous instances since, not only as an almost universally unwritten law, long acted upon, but as a resulting public opinion on the minds of individual jurors. But little more than a year afterwards, in 1837, when Rev. ELIJAH P. LOVEJOY, who had denounced this same charge, was killed in the neighboring city of Alton, the grand jury compromised the matter by indicting not only the leaders of the mob, but also the defenders of the cause of the freedom of the press. That was followed a few years afterwards in San Francisco by the uprising of the famous "Vigilantes" against the rule of thieves, gamblers and murderers.

Judge LAWLESS was a native of the old country, and grew up among turbulent agitations, which may have been his educators, and he in turn taught his lessons to the people of his adopted country. As BURKE said, "You cannot indict a whole nation;" and it is about as difficult to indict a whole city.

EDITORIAL POINTS.

LEOPOLD BLOOM, the millionnaire wheat speculator of Chicago, has retired from the market for good, and gives as his reason that he has all the money he wants and proposes to take the rest of his life easy. BLOOM is a phenomenon. He is the first speculator on record who ever got enough to satisfy him.

Senator PEFFER thinks that Western lands are as good security for government loans to the farmers as are government bonds, which only the moneyed classes can utilize. It is easy enough to call Senator PEFFER a crank for this statement, but not so easy to dispose of his position by argument.

It is now said that President HARRISON intends to appoint one or two Democratic judges of the new courts of appeal. Maybe the President has learned a thing or two since he went on his travels. If so, the government can well afford to pay the cost of the junket.

An English statistician estimates the world's indebtedness at $150,000,000,000. There isn't gold enough in existence to pay 1 per cent. of it; but of course the fellows who have the gold want everybody compelled to pay in that metal because it would drive gold up to famine values. But the millions don't see it in that light.

Young Emperor WILLIAM, speaking at a banquet the other night, said: "I alone am master in this country, and nobody else." This amiable little after-dinner remark was regarded as an affront to BISMARCK, but on this side of the ocean it sounds like a much worse affront to the German people. If they are not the masters in their own country, they should lose no time in making themselves so.

It is said that when the affairs of "Old HUTCH, the ruined speculator," are straightened out he will have only about $500,000 left. Poor man!

It is coming to be recognized that EMILE ZOLA is more than a novelist; that he is, in fact, one of the world's greatest philosophers. What he says about the foolishness of the French government's suppression of labor meetings is democratic enough to have been said by THOMAS JEFFERSON.

HENRY CABOT LODGE, in the last North American Review, says there are philanthropic societies in Europe that furnish funds to help paupers and criminals to emigrate to America. This back-acting generosity which makes one country willing to turn over all its disagreeable incumbrances to its neighbors is not appreciated. America is beginning to return these unwelcome gifts to the givers.

The Democrats seem to have swept about everything in the local elections in HARRISON'S State. It is a little straw, and may not show which way the wind will blow in '92, but it is moderately interesting.

The State board of health has decided to forbid the sale of vividly-colored French canned vegetables, as many samples are alleged to contain sulphate of copper, or blue vitriol, one of the worst of metallic poisons. Vegetables, like other importations reported to be fresh from the country, now and then look altogether too green to be honest.

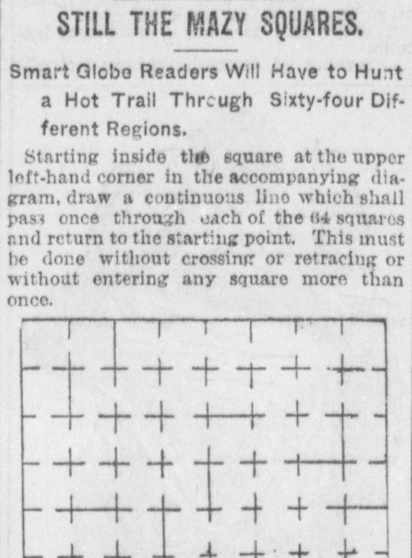
What champion of protection will advocate a tariff tax to protect the American fly from competition with the pauper flies of Japan?

The Winnebago Indians refuse to do any more farming. They have stopped raising oats and intend to raise hades.

STILL THE MAZY SQUARES.

Smart Globe Readers Will Have to Hunt a Hot Trail Through Sixty-four Different Regions.

Starting inside the square at the upper left-hand corner in the accompanying diagram, draw a continuous line which shall pass once through each of the 64 squares and return to the starting point. This must be done without crossing or retracing or without entering any square more than once.



Answers marked "Problem Department," and mailed so as to reach this office before 5 p. m. next Thursday, will be credited in next Sunday's issue. The correct answer will also be published.

POVERTY VS. GOVERNMENTS.

Birds-Eye View of the Labor Situation in Foreign Countries.

The most discontented of pessimists would hardly venture to assert that the economic conditions of labor and capital have as yet assumed that accentuated form of conflict in America to what it is in Europe.

A few striking instances of capitalist combination for the purpose of gaining advantageous terms against their employes, a few huge monopolies, even some such atrocious capitalist tactics as that miserable affair of which Mr. Loyd gave such lucid expositions last year, all this can only prove that even in America the future might assume a most cloudy aspect.

But those few exceptions will by no means demonstrate the present here to be cast in that horrible mould of which the agitating May-day demonstrations in Europe were such terrible examples.

Apart from the natural struggle which the laborer wages all over the world against the capitalist, apart from the natural tendency of the two interests to be in antagonism to each other, in Europe the workingman has another force to encounter besides that which the capitalist individually could oppose against labor combinations, and that is the strength of an organized and military government.

It was only a few years ago that trades unionism was declared an illegal action in England, and the power of established authority was exercised against any attempts of workingmen to fight for their own interests, not to speak of rights.

At the present moment it is only the force of public opinion which keeps the government of England from interposing more actively in the struggles between laborers and capitalists, and to assist more openly, what it does to a certain degree now secretly, in deciding favorably for the employer as against the employe.

In France, where the government affects to consult the interests of the majority and the advantages of the oppressed, on every occasion of a strike the military forces are called into operation against the strikers, under pretext of guarding the peace and preventing violence.

In Germany the case presents an identical aspect.

In Belgium, the only country with a perfectly organized labor movement, the government interferes as far as it dares, for the force of the workingmen is too numerous, and a decided conflict would threaten more dangerous consequences than the government could hazard.

In Russia the laborer, practically speaking, has no rights whatever. If he goes on strike the military is put at the disposal of the capitalists.

Labor combination is a crime. The soldiers, who, stationed to guard the factories which the laborers abandoned, because the wages received was not enough to supply them with the necessaries of existence, would charge, arrest or shoot, if commanded, the first assembly of workingmen who attempted to form themselves into a protesting body.

In a word, everywhere in Europe, the government is on the side of the capitalist and, directly or indirectly, against the laborer.

And the result is, the bodies who parade the streets on such occasions as May day, or any other period assigned for similar demonstrations, present a shameful spectacle of poverty and want.

A crowd of unemployed, and frequently of employed workingmen, displays men in want of clothing, women in want of the decencies of life, and children in want of food.

Such a crowd marching through the streets naturally becomes a formidable, a threatening force in the eyes of those who have everything they want, because this mass has nothing to lose.

Everything around them is antagonistic; those who regard them as spectators are in turn looked upon as natural enemies. A host of policemen swarm around them ready to draw the baton, and even the pistol, at the least provocation or appearance of provocation.

This abominable and irritating interference of the government in Europe, which frequently leads to such serious and terrible riots, which invariably ends in conflicts between armed and unarmed combatants, must end in the miserable victories of the former and the discomfiture of the latter.

ROMAN I. ZUBOF.

A Queer Distinction in California.

[E. G. Waite, in May Century.]

There were some queer distinctions in those days. One Sunday, going to the butcher's booth, I found a customer ahead of me, who inquired if he could not have a piece of liver which was hanging on a tree in plain sight.

"Don't know if you can or not," said the butcher.

"I'd like to know why? I've been trading with you all along, and never asked for liver before; but I want some variety now."

"Stand around and let me look at you. No, you can't have any liver."

"Well, why?"

"There ain't enough to go round. I have to have some rule about givin' it out, and I have decided that no miner can have a scrap of liver from me unless he wears a canvas patch on the seat of his pants."

The canvas patch was a badge of precedence as well recognized in our camp on the Trinity as the star of the Order of the Garter is in Great Britain.

The Father's Board.

If my father, whom I have boarded and cared for for years, should die, could he will his property away to the rest of the children, or to a wife if he should marry, so that I could not recover for his board and care? Please answer according to New Hampshire laws. A. B. C.

His property must be held to pay his debts before his devisees could take it. It would be well for you to make some definite arrangements with your father as to price of board, etc., and have a statement of account occasionally and take his note for amounts due.

Damaged by Live Stock.

Is a person owning a place on a private street obliged to build a fence to keep out the stock that is driven through the street, or are the owners of the stock responsible for damage done? G. W. J.

Owners of live stock are responsible for damages done by said stock after they have been notified in writing not to allow such cattle to come upon the premises.

Troublesome Neighbors.

A and B are neighbors. A has two young children, B has four much older, who make a practice of quarrelling with them. A kindly asked B to keep her children out of A's yard, but, instead she sits and watches them go through. B put up a hammock and stretched it across A's yard to a tree in it. A asked her to remove it. She would not. A removed it off the tree, and laid it out of his grounds. If B puts up the hammock again can A cut it down? How can I keep B's children out of the yard? A CONSTANT READER.

B's children are trespassers upon A's premises, and can be punished as such. B has no right to affix hammock to A's tree, and A can remove it.

Agreed to Buy.

A makes an agreement with B to buy a house in process of erection when completed. A does not fulfil agreement in not buying house. Can A be sued if he has property, or if not can A's wife be sued and her property touched, she having property left to her by will after marriage? GLOBE READER.

A can be sued; his wife is not liable unless she signed agreement.

Must Pay for What You Ordered.

Last fall I ordered some fruit trees and shrubs. In the winter, owing to circumstances, I found that I would not be able to pay for all of them, so I wrote, telling them so, and enclosed a stamp for a reply. I received no reply, so I sent a special delivery letter, but got no answer to that. Today they brought all that I ordered in the fall, but I only paid for the things that I wished for, or promised to pay for; the other things he left at my house. Can they make me pay for all? If I set them in the ground, can they make me pay for them? Or if I let them remain out of the ground, shall I have to pay? B. L.

You must pay for what you ordered.

Much Married Woman.

I was married two years ago, and lived with my wife only six months. I found out that she had a living husband, and ordered her to go back to her first husband. She has declined to leave her husband again, and holds the child on her husband's support instead of mine. What will I do with the child? Can I be married again without divorce secured? Should I leave the child to care of its mother forever? G. P.

If the woman wants the child you had better let her have it. You can marry without a divorce.

The Patent.

Please inform me if the patent office will supply me with application blank to be filled out in getting a patent, and if it is necessary to employ a lawyer to take it out. P. J. M.

I cannot say whether department furnishes blanks or not; think you can obtain them at a law stationer. You can manage your case yourself if you wish to.

Wants His Part of the Earth.

Can a man sell me a part of a lot of land without having it surveyed? After I have paid him for so many feet, can I oblige him to have it surveyed, and set my lot apart? Who has to pay for the surveying? Can he put fence, posts, slats and all entirely on my land, or how much, if any, does the law allow him to put on my land without my consent? X. X.

I should say you must do your own surveying. Fence should be on the line, posts on one side, and pickets on the other.

New Boston Music.

The White-Smith Company's music for pianists is a remarkably good collection to suit different tastes. There are two pieces by the leading composer of ballet music, Leo Delibes. They are "Valse Lente" and "Valse de la Poupee," each from the ballet "Coppelia;" each 35 cents. Among selected pieces by the best authors are the brilliant "Lustspiel Overture," Kela Bela, 75 cents; the pretty morceau de salon, "Little Chatterbox," Eilenberg, 75 cents, and a sweet "Evening Prayer," Kolling, 50 cents. Three new pieces, with good and popular qualities, are "Une Promenade de Matin," F. Bendel, 50 cents; "Coronation Grand March," E. Stanfield, 40 cents, and "Balloon Polka Galop," F. D'Orso, 50 cents. C. A. White has 4 new works that will please everyone with their melodious movement—"Parisian Gavotte," the new society dance; 35 cents. "A Night in Edinburgh," Scotch reel; 35 cents. "Mexican Mazurka," a favorite dance, 40 cents; and "La Cuba," a court dance; 40 cents. Frederic E. White, a nephew of C. A. White, has composed a set of melodious pieces for young players. They have original merit to teachers who would interest indifferent pupils. These numbers are ready—"In the Stream," boat song, "A Happy Hour," scherzo, "Little Midget Waltz," "Little Elf Polka," "Through the Rapids Galop," and "Little Soldier March," each 25 cents. They have ready for six hands the polonaise "Jubelfair," W. Kramer, a well-known work of power; 75 cents. The White-Smith Company are the largest publishers of music for orchestras. They have arrangements for any number of instruments. The following are for first and second violin, flute, bass, cornet, clarinet, cello, trombone, timpang, etc.: "Leonora," romanza characterisque, C. A. White, and Mr. White's latest sentimental song, "Thinking," 30 cents each. "Thinking," which is gaining wide favor, is arranged for two mandolins and guitar; 40 cents.

White-Smith Co.'s, new vocal music includes "Over the Bar," in D, a charming nautical song by G. Marks, composer of "Sailing," 60 cents: "The Norseman's Song," a strong work for a bass voice, by J. C. Ervini, 60 cents; "Francesca," for medium voice, by C. Pfleuger, on poem of T. W. Parsons, 40 cents; C. A. White's latest, "Thinking," with guitar accompaniment, 50 cents; and a beautiful duet, S. Glover's "The Lily and the Rose," 50 cents. The sacred quartet, "Not Dead but Sleepeth," by C. A. White, is arranged for mixed 4 voices in B flat, and for male voices in D, 50 cents. In a handsome store edition, at 20 cents, they have ready an arrangement by A. Belcher, "O Be Joyful in the Lord," a sacred anthem.

Oliver Ditson & Co. publish for teachers some exercises that they will do well to place before pupils. They are entitled, "Interlocking Octave Modulations," and embrace all major and minor keys, and are by Joseph A. Hills. We cannot commend them for practice too strongly; 40c. They begin a series that will keep pianists thoroughly posted on the best modern French compositions. They will be sought by all players of taste. The following numbers are ready: "Minuetto," C. Chaminade, 50c.; "Serenade," by the same, 50c.; "Scherzo Caprice," B. Godard, 60c., and "Cabeletta," T. Lack, 40c. Several more of C. de Janon's works for the guitar are ready. "Polonaise," 40 cents, and "How Can I Bear to Leave Thee," 25 cents. Standard solos for clarinet, with piano accompaniment, are rare, but some fine ones may be had in a new series devoted to them. The first one, and for concert use, is Le Thiere's "Romance and Polacca;" 90 cents. Oliver Ditson & Co.'s new songs include "Longings," a sweet song for mezzo-soprano or barytone, in D; 30 cents; a jolly comic song, "Across My Father's Knee," F. K. Van Tassel, 35 cents, and "Of Course," the latest and most taking topical song, by J. H. Rohde; 40 cents. Among their sacred duets there is a superior one by Henry Smart, for soprano and alto, "As Pants the Heart;" 40 cents.

Private Railway Cars.

[Florida Times-Union.]

So far this season nearly 60 private cars of railroad and other officials and men of wealth and influence have been in St. Augustine—probably a larger number than is the case with any other city in the South. Some of these cars are veritable "palaces on wheels," while others are only plainly elegant.

Last Sunday Supt. Crawford of the J., St. A. & H. R. Railway told the correspondent that he was prevented from attending Easter services owing to official duties in connection with the hauling of these private cars. "There are several of them here over Sunday," said the superintendent, "and up to today our road has hauled 54 private cars in and out of St. Augustine this season."

A LOVELL BICYCLE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The above machine, which is offered as a prize to boys who secure 50 yearly subscribers, at $1 each, has loop frame of steel tubing and 26-inch wheels; crescent rims, moulded Para gum rubber tires; direct butt-ended spokes; adjustable cone bearings to both wheels; cone bearings to crank shaft axle; detachable slotted cranks; pedals fitted with square corrugated rubbers; handle bar and saddle adjustable for height; coasters of neat design; chain adjustable; detachable wire lantern bracket; detachable cross bar. It has all the good points of the larger pattern safeties, and is built of good material, and finely finished. It is the only boy's safety with a 26-inch wheel and hollow steel-drop frame that sells at its price. Each machine supplied with tool bag, wrench and oil can.

FREE FOR 50 SUBSCRIBERS AT $1 EACH.

The Weekly Globe will give the Lovell Safety Bicycle, engraved and described above, to any Boy or Girl who will secure 50 yearly subscribers at $1. It will be delivered, free of express or freight charges, to any home in New England. Outside of New England, the express or freight charges will be paid by the sender of club.

FREE FOR 50 SUBSCRIBERS AT $1 EACH.

Every boy wishes to own a bicycle, for pleasure and health, and The Weekly Globe will help him to one that will not cost him a cent. He will only have to devote his spare hours out of school for a little while to getting yearly subscribers. He can get subscribers in his own town, in adjoining towns, or anywhere. He can get subscribers easily, and own as good a bicycle as there is in his town. Only 50 subscribers at $1 each will secure it free. Send for all the sample copies you need.

Address
THE WEEKLY GLOBE, Boston, Mass.

HOW LIONS ARE TAUGHT TRICKS

B. E. Darling, the Lion Tamer's, Experience with These Brute Monarchs.

It must be remembered first of all that for years before I began to teach lions I had been acquainted with the character of the animals. I had dealt in wild animals, had attended them, fed them, and so I was accustomed to them. I knew considerable about their nature and habits, from observation and not from the reading of books. I used to be particularly interested in the baby lions or cubs, and would endeavor to cultivate their friendship and make them fond of me.

In training the animals, the first thing I did was to go in their cage and sit there. Nothing more than that, simply sit there hour after hour.

You may ask whether I wasn't afaid to do this. No; because, as I say, I had for years been accustomed to be with wild beasts. I will not say it is a pleasant experience to go in a lion's den, but it is not so bad as you might think it would be if you know the nature of the animals you deal with.

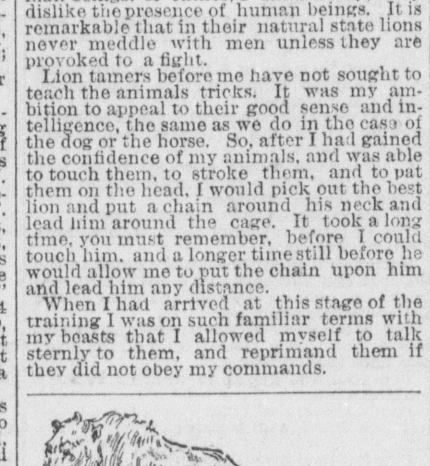
When I first went into the cage the lions would growl; now and then they would act as if they were going to bite me. When they were kind and quiet I would talk to them pleasantly, as you would talk to a vicious dog you were trying to train to like you. I would call them "good old fellows," "fine old fellows," and so on, and so they would get used to a kind tone of voice.

After awhile, some two or three months, when they were in their quiet moods, I would venture to touch them, finally to pat them gently on the head, or to stroke them on the back. When they were cross I would stand apart from them, but without showing any signs of fear. I used no force with them. Such a method might do in training some kinds of animals, but it would not do with lions.

By being in the lions' cage day after day, and spending hours at a time there, and never ill-treating them, I gained their confidence. Naturally they are afraid of human beings, or rather, I should say, they dislike the presence of human beings. It is remarkable that in their natural state lions never meddle with men unless they are provoked to a fight.

Lion tamers before me have not sought to teach the animals tricks. It was my ambition to appeal to their good sense and intelligence, the same as we do in the case of the dog or the horse. So, after I had gained the confidence of my animals, and was able to touch them, to stroke them, and to pat them on the head, I would pick out the best lion and put a chain around his neck and lead him around the cage. It took a long time, you must remember, before I could touch him, and a longer time still before he would allow me to put the chain upon him and lead him any distance.

When I had arrived at this stage of the training I was on such familiar terms with my beasts that I allowed myself to talk sternly to them, and reprimand them if they did not obey my commands.



LION RIDING THE VELOCIPEDE.

But there is this important thing to be borne in mind in the training of lions: You must continually keep your eye upon the animal, and see that you are not worrying him and making him do too much. You learn to know his disposition simply by being with him, the same as you know people by being with them and studying their dispositions. A lion easily becomes confused when he is being taught, and when he gets in that condition he is apt to be ugly and dangerous; and so one of the principal parts of the lion-tamer's art is to watch the lion, to study his disposition, and to stop before you have given him too much to do.

After the lion allowed himself to be led by a string, I would march him around an arena, run with him, play with him. Then I would put trifling obstacles in his way. First a small log, which he would learn to jump over; then gradually I would increase the size of the obstacle, using first a small box, then a larger box, and so on until finally, after many days of regular exercise, I had a jumping lion.

The same kind of training was pursued in teaching the lion to ride the bicycle, and to drive him like a horse—it was a gradual process of leading him on. After I had got him so that he would be led around the arena, it was not such a difficult matter to drive him with reins instead of leading him with a rope. The same with riding the tricycle, though that is a more difficult trick, and took a longer time to teach, but it was simply leading the animal on from one style of the performance to the other until he had mastered the art.

When I am in countries where the horse is used as an article of food, I feed my lions on horse meat. The reason for this is that coming from a warm climate the flesh of the horse, which contains considerable heat, will warm up their blood better than any other kind of food. I do not use it in countries where it is not used for human food, because the meat might be diseased. In this country I use lean beef, and the animals are given about eight pounds apiece a day.

HE MOVED THE JURY.

Pathetic Appeal for Children Who Were Purely Supposititious.

Mr. McSweeney, according to the Chicago Mail, was a thorough student of human nature and master of the art of observation. Nothing escaped his notice. While engaged upon a case he watched the jury as a cat watches a mouse, and frequently astonished his clients by ending his arguments very abruptly and submitting the matter to the jury.

"I've known many a case to be talked to death after it had been won," he said. "What is the use of wasting time and breath after the jury is converted to your way of thinking? I believe I can tell when I have my jury well in hand. At that point I stop, no matter in what shape it leaves my speech. I take it that a client employs a lawyer to win his case and not to display his oratorical abilities."

The peculiarity of the great criminal lawyer was well shown at a murder trial in San Francisco a few years ago. Mr. McSweeney appeared for the defendant. The State apparently had made out a very clear case against the prisoner. When Mr. McSweeney arose to make his address to the jury he carefully avoided any reference to the facts set forth in the evidence or the laws governing them.

He pointed out the terrible responsibility resting upon the 12 men who were sitting in judgment upon the life of one of their fellow citizens. He added that the verdict of guilty would not fall heaviest upon the prisoner, but upon his family. He asked the jury to think for a moment of the effect of an adverse verdict upon the wife and little ones of the prisoner.

Then the speaker drew a word picture which was a marvel of artistic rhetorical work. He brought before the eyes of the jurymen the home of the accused man. He showed the patient and loving wife leaving her work to cast many an anxious glance down the road to see if her husband was yet in sight, eager to be the first to catch a glimpse of his figure in the distance that a steaming supper might await him upon his arrival. He pictured three ruddy-faced little children swinging upon the old gate, waiting till papa should come home to them.

At this point the lawyer noticed that one of the jurymen—a bluff old Westerner—had considerable difficulty in swallowing a large lump which choked him, and that there was a suspicious moisture in his eye.

The speaker paused. Turning toward that juror, he held out his hands as a little child might have done to its father, and said in a tone that was scarcely audible: "Gentlemen, you must send him home to them." Shifting uneasily in his seat the juror blurted out: "Yes, by —, we'll do it, too."

McSweeney instantly sat down. The case was won. His client was acquitted. But the most interesting point in this case, perhaps, was the fact which the lawyer afterward learned—that the prisoner at the bar was an unmarried man.

Only a "Hired Girl."

[Detroit Free Press.]

I have a "hired girl" in this city who does not take offence when alluded to in such a manner. In fact, she consented that I might tell about her, and that I might call her a "hired girl." Born the daughter of a Canadian farmer, having a district school education and well versed in housework from building fires, sweeping and washing dishes to canning fruit and making bread, butter and cheese, she came to Detroit to get an education.

There isn't anything in the line of housework that she cannot do well, and she earns $4 a week and her board and lodging, with one afternoon and evening and Sunday afternoon and evening each week to herself.

She has worked in one family for over five years. She has nearly $500 in the bank, she owns a typewriting machine and can "take" as a stenographer nearly 200 words a minute. In addition she is a graduate of a business college and has attended night public school regularly during the past winter.

She has, besides all of these things mentioned, had several offers of marriage during the past two or three years, none of which was accepted. What does she purpose doing? Her secret is this: Her father, not a wealthy man, was able and desired to give one of his two daughters a thorough education.

He couldn't afford to educate both girls, so the older one, the "hired girl" referred to, told him to educate the younger one. This the father is doing, and the "hired girl" is keeping pace with her sister.

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OF

The Globe AND SAVE MONEY.

Everybody knows that the watch movements made at Waltham, Mass., and Elgin, Ill., are the best in the world, and to get a watch with a genuine Waltham or Elgin movement is an object of ambition abroad as well as here. Trading on this ambition, the country has been flooded with cheap imitations of genuine American movements, which unscrupulous dealers advertise in such a way that the purchaser thinks he is getting a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch; in fact, he merely gets one of the same style.

Over one-half of the people of the United States must buy by mail, or wait for weeks and months before they can get to a storekeeper. Not one-quarter are within reach of a store where they can make any selection, and the chances are that they do not know where to send for what they want with any certainty that they will be honestly treated.

The WEEKLY GLOBE believes that it is doing a public service when it offers genuine Waltham and Elgin watches to its subscribers at prices which put accurate timekeepers within the reach of everybody.

The WEEKLY GLOBE can furnish any style of watch made at Waltham or Elgin, but from the many different styles it has selected a few which represent exceptional value for the money invested. There are half a dozen great case companies in the country that make solid gold, gold-filled, silver and nickel-silver cases. Every one knows what a solid gold or a solid silver case is, and The Weekly Globe assures its readers that the gold-filled and nickel-silver cases are fast driving the old-fashioned "solid" cases out of the market. A gold-filled case is made by rolling two plates of solid gold upon a plate of fine composition metal. A nickel-silver case is made of a composition of nickel and other metals, and it is a solid, not a plated case.

We now come to our offers. All our watches are stem-winding and setting.

OFFER NO. 1.

A seven jewelled Waltham or Elgin movement of the latest pattern, patent pinion, compensation balance and hardened hair spring, cased as follows:

	Open face.	Hunting.
In nickel silver case	$6 90	
In gold filled 15-year case, engraved	12.95	$16.50
In 14k, 20 year case	15.30	18.30
In 14k, 20-year case engraved	18.00	21.60
In solid 14k gold case, 14 dwt		36.00
In solid coin silver (3 oz.) case	12.70	12.95

OFFER NO. 2.

A full (15) jewelled Waltham or Elgin nickel movement, patent regulator, compensation balance, safety pinion, Breguet hair spring hardened and tempered in form, 4 pairs jewels in settings, cased as follows:

	Open face.	Hunting.
In nickel silver case	$11.45	
In gold filled 15-year case, engraved	17.65	$21.15
In 14k gold filled 20-year case	20.00	23.50
In 14k gold filled 20-year case engraved	22.40	25.90
In solid 14k gold case, 40 dwt		39.90
In solid coin silver (3 oz.) case	17.40	17.65

OFFER NO. 3.

A full (15) jewelled movement, from one of the great factories at Waltham or Elgin, adjusted at the factory to heat, cold and position, full nickel compensation balance, patent safety pinion, Breguet hair spring, hardened and tempered in form. Upon this movement time and money have been literally squandered to bring it to perfection. This movement comes cased as follows:

	Open face.	Hunting.
In nickel silver case	$15.00	
In gold filled 15-year case, engraved	21.15	$24.70
In gold filled 20-year case	23.50	27.10
In gold filled 20-year case, engraved	25.90	29.50
In solid 14k. gold case, 40 dwt	....	43.00
In solid coin silver (3-oz.) case	20.90	21.15

LADIES' WATCHES.

Offer No. 4.

A handsome movement, ladies' size, 7 jewels compensation balance and safety pinion, from one of the great factories at Waltham or Elgin, cased as follows:

	Hunting.
In gold-filled case, guaranteed 15 years, engraved	$15.30
In 14k. gold-filled 20-year case	15.90
In 14k. gold-filled 20-year case, engraved	18.00
In solid gold, 14k., 17½ to 19 dwt. case, engraved	24.00

Offer No. 5.

A magnificent 13-jewelled movement (3 prs. in settings), with compensation balance and all other improvements, cased as follows:

	Hunting.
In gold-filled 15-year case, engraved	$13.90
In 14k. gold-filled 20-year case	20.60
In 14k. gold-filled 20-year case, engraved	22.70
In solid gold, 14k., 17½ to 19 dwt. case, engraved	26.00

The demand for watch chains has made it easier to supply than to refuse it. After the examination of a large number of styles and qualities the following chains have been selected: They are all of genuine rolled gold, and they are made by rolling solid plates of gold around a piece of wire, which is then drawn out to the size wanted for the chain. The genuine rolled plate wears for years, but the market is flooded with cheap imitations in electroplate and fire gilt that must be avoided.

No. 1 is a men's chain, with twisted open links, known as a "trace chain." It has a beautiful bar and an attachment for a charm, sent by mail for $1.50.

No. 2 is a men's chain with links twisted closely together, known as a 'curb chain.' It also has an attachment for a charm, and is a very showy chain indeed. Sent by mail for $2.50.

No. 3 is a ladies' fob-chain, with close links and pendant in the shape of a berry made of gold beads. Sent by mail for $1.95.

No. 4 is like No. 3, with pendant in the shape of a cube made of golden lace work. Sent by mail for $1.85.

No. 5 is a ladies' fob-chain made of woven wire, with pendant in the shape of an open fan. Sent by mail for $2.35.

POINTS TO REMEMBER.

(1) In ordering, give number of offer and state whether you wish open-face or hunting case, men's or ladies' size; also state price. Order chains on a separate slip.

(2) This offer is open only to subscribers. Any subscriber to THE WEEKLY GLOBE may buy all the watches he wishes for himself or his friends.

(3) No subscription is included in the price paid.

(4) Every watch sent out will be in perfect order. If it is damaged in the mails, send it back within 24 hours and it will be repaired free of charge.

(5) It will take from 3 to 10 days to fill each order.

(6) Every Watch and Chain delivered at your Post Office free on receipt of price.

Send all orders to
THE WEEKLY GLOBE,
BOSTON, MASS.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

President Harrison Continues to be Royally Received.

Disastrous Forest Fires in Michigan—Crop Reports—"Cold Snaps."

Short-Term Societies in Hard Luck—Brief Notes.

President Harrison and party continue their tour of the Pacific States, and are thoroughly well received in all places, especially in Oregon, if, indeed, there can be any distinction made in a progress where every city seems anxious to outdo the other in paying respect to the chief magistrate. In the course of his tour the President has developed a talent for speech-making out of the ordinary, and he generally has something good to say. At Portland, Ore., on Wednesday, the crowd in the Exposition building numbered nearly 10,000. He said:

"Oregon is interesting in its history. The establishment of authority of the United States over this region was an important event in our national history. The possession of Columbia and of Puget sound was essential to the completeness and roundness of our empire. We have here in this belt of States, reaching from the gulf of California to the straits of Puget sound, a magnificent possession which we could not have dispensed with at all.

"I believe that you may anticipate a large increased commerce, looking out as you do towards the regions across the Pacific. It would be natural that this important centre should draw from them and exchange with them great and increasing commerce. I am in entire sympathy with the suggestion of the mayor that it is important that this commerce should be carried in American ships. I believe it the duty of the national government to take such steps as will restore the American merchant marine. Why shall we not have our share in the great commerce of the world? The Nicaragua canal should be completed. Our harbors should have adequate defence. We should have upon the sea a navy of first-class ships.

Proud of Oregon? Yes, you may well be proud of Oregon; but, my countrymen, above all, crowning all, greater than all, is our American citizenship. That we have formed a government of the people; that we have one flag and speak with one voice to all nations on the earth. I hope that the narrow sentiment, that regards authority of the United States or its officers as alien or strange, has once and forever been extinguished in this land of ours."

The Veterans and the Flag.

At Medford, Ore., the local Grand Army men were drawn up in line at the station, and greeted their old comrade with cheers. The President was introduced to the throng by the mayor of Medford, and said: "I would have you think of me as a comrade. I recall those army scenes, which are fresh in your minds as well; the scenes of privation, suffering and battle, and I am glad to see that the old flag you took to the field and brought home in honor is still held in honor among you. It symbolizes the government of the States under one constitution, for while you are all Oregonians, as I am an Indianian, and each has his pride in State institutions and all that properly pertains to our State government, we have a larger and greater pride in the fact that we are citizens of a nation, of a union of States having a common constitution. It is this flag that represents us on the sea and in foreign countries; it is under this flag that our navies sail and our armies march."

The President and party entered the State of Washington, Wednesday, in a driving rainstorm, which greatly interfered with the arrangements for his reception at various stations along the road. At Tacoma the train was met by the Governor of the State, the mayor of Tacoma and a committee of citizens. Addresses of welcome were made by Gov. Ferry and the mayor of the city, to which President Harrison briefly responded.

The President's Benediction on Idaho.

BOISE CITY, Ida., May 9.—President Harrison, in replying to the address of welcome in this city yesterday, said:

It is my great pleasure to stand for a little while today in the political capital of this fresh and new State.

I had great satisfaction in taking an official part in admitting Idaho to the Union of States.

I believed that it was possessed of a population and resources, and capable of a development that fairly entitled her to take her place among the States of the American Union.

Your great mineral resources, now being rapidly developed, have already brought you great wealth.

Undoubtedly these are to continue to be a source of enrichment and prosperity to your State, but I do not forget that we must look at last for that paramount and enduring prosperity and increase which our States should have, to a development of their agricultural resources.

I am glad to see that this banner of liberty, this flag of our fathers, this flag that these, my comrades here present defended with honor and brought home with victory from the bloody strife of the civil war, is held in honor and estimation among you. (Great applause.)

Every man should take off his hat when the starry flag moves by.

It symbolizes a free republic, it symbolizes a nation, not an aggregation of States, but one compact, solid government in all its relation to the nations of the earth. (Applause.)

Let us always hold it in honor.

I am glad to see that it floats, not only over your political capitol, but over the schoolhouses of your State.

The children should be taught in the primary schools to know its story and to love it.

To these young children, entering by the beneficent and early provision of your State into the advantages of that great characteristic American institution, the common school, I give my greeting.

These comrades of the Grand Army of the Republic, survivors of the great war, upon whom the years are making their impression, have, no doubt, borne an honorable part among your fellow-citizens in the development of the resources of this, their adopted State.

My comrades, the story of what you have done is undying, and I doubt not that the satisfaction of having had some small part in redeeming this nation and preserving its integrity will fill your hearts with gladness.

Even under adverse conditions of life a grateful nation honors you.

Every community should give you its respect, and I can only add today a comrade's greeting and a hearty God bless you all.

NEW ORLEANS LYNCHING.

The Grand Jury Reports That the Jury Were Bribed.

The New Orleans grand jury has made its report. It refers to the suspicion that the jury in the Hennessy case had been "fixed," and gives a detailed report of the methods pursued, charging that O'Malley and his detective agency were especially responsible. The jury says: "From the beginning of our investigation there is continuous evidence brought to our attention of the pernicious combinations of what is known as the D. C. O'Malley detective agency. One of the ablest criminal lawyers at the bar is the attorney for the agency. Such a combination between a detective and a prominent criminal lawyer is unheard of before in the civilized world, and when we contemplate its possibilities for evil, we stand aghast. This detective agency has at its command a board of perjurers, blackmailers, suborners and jury tamperers, and has for some time been an element of discord in this community and a stumbling block to the administration of justice.

The jury finds that a secret organization, styled "Mafia," existed in New Orleans. The larger number of the society is composed of Italians and Sicilians, who left their native land, in most instances, under assumed names to avoid conviction and punishment for crimes there committed, and others were escaped convicts and bandits, outlawed in their own land.

The report says it seems certain that at least three of the Hennessy jurors were influenced by money. Some of their associates have testified that but for the persistent efforts of those jurymen the verdict would have been very different from that rendered.

In conclusion, dealing with the lynchings at the parish prison, the grand jury say: The condition of affairs in this community as to a certain class of violators of the law had reached such a state that the law itself was well-nigh powerless to deal with them, so far-reaching was their power and influence in the trial of the criminal cases. Good citizens were profoundly impressed by the repeated and signal failures of justice. Eight of the men lynched were, beyond question, American citizens, and another had "declared his intention" in this court, which act carries with it the renunciation of allegiance to his native country.

The magnitude of the lynching makes it a difficult task to fix the guilt upon any number of the participants; in fact, the act seemed to involve the entire people of the parish and city of New Orleans, so profuse their sympathy and extended their connection with the affair. In view of these considerations the thorough examination of the subject has failed to disclose the necessary facts to justify this grand jury in presenting indictments.

LOOKING TO THE CONSEQUENCES.

New Orleans Affair Likely to Hamper Uncle Sam in Making Treaties.

WASHINGTON, May 8.—Senator Cullom of Illinois believes that the report of the New Orleans grand jury on the lynching of the Mafia Italians is an outrage and should be rebuked.

It is not at all unlikely that the whole subject will be considered by Congress next winter, and discussed at length, especially in its relation to our treaty obligations. Since the lynching, members of Congress have felt that the inability of the Federal government to interfere with the judicial process of the several States may lead to complications when treaties are to be negotiated in the future.

Speaking about the affair Senator Cullom said today to THE GLOBE correspondent:

"While, of course, I have no sympathy with the Mafia or its methods, or any combination which has for its object murder or violence, the report of the grand jury is a travesty on law. The jury has yielded to popular clamor and allowed public excitement to be its justification.

"The pretence that the leaders of the mob were not known is nonsense. Every one who took an active part in the affair was known, and his identification with the tragedy was complete. These men could have been indicted without any difficulty had the jury been really anxious to have brought them to justice.

"Without going into the merits of the case, the fact that the grand jury failed to indict creates a wrong impression abroad."

STOLE AWAY.

Vessel Detained by the United States Escapes with Officer on Board.

The steamship Etata, in San Diego harbor, Cal., was taken possession of by United States officers on Tuesday charged with violation of the neutrality laws, in having on board arms and ammunition for the Chilian insurgents. The following day the Etata put to see, carrying the marshal with her. He was, however, set ashore later.

A party of insurgents left Iquique early in April to convoy the South American Company steamer Etata to the nearest American port for the purpose of buying provisions, as well as to get arms which had already been bought by agents of the insurgents in New York and shipped to San Francisco to be placed on some coasting vessel and transferred to the Itata at some rendezvous to be arranged later.

The transport and the man-of-war Esmeralda sailed northward in company as far as Cape San Lucas, where, it being deemed unwise for the man-of-war to proceed further, transfer was made of the cargo and a portion of the crew of the Esmeralda to the hold of the Itata with their cutlasses and muskets, and after the captain of the warship had himself gone aboard the Itata, the vessels parted, it being understood that the Esmeralda would wait off San Lucas for the return of the transport.

Before leaving the man-of-war rations were becoming pretty short; in fact, none of the marines on the battle ships at the front had sufficient food, and supplies which the Itata bought here were to be distributed around as far as they would go.

Deputy Marshal Spencer, who was on board the Etata when she sailed from San Diego, Cal., Wednesday, was put off at Ballast point and returned to the city that night. He says the Etata was a privateer in the service of the Chilian rebels. After being put on board in charge of the steamer he looked around, he says, and saw nothing suspicious. At 12.20 a. m., he retired to his stateroom, and awoke at 5 o'clock to find the vessel steaming out to sea. The captain and several alleged passengers came into the room, armed, soon after and the captain said, "I have contraband goods on board, and this is life or death with me." Two of the crew, armed with revolvers and rifles, were placed at the door and Spencer was warned not to go out of the cabin. Later, when he was permitted to go on deck, he found four guns mounted and the vessel manned by 100 armed and uniformed Chilians. Spencer was put ashore in a boat from a pilot boat.

United States steamer Charleston sailed for San Diego Friday in pursuit of the Chilean ship Etata. Secretary Tracy telegraphed special orders, and the Charleston left Mare island and anchored off San Francisco. Instead of taking her usual anchorage, she went behind Goat island, out of sight.

FOREST FIRES.

Much Damage Done—The End Is Not Yet—Rain Needed.

CHICAGO, May 8.—Despatches from many points in upper Michigan and the northern part of the lower peninsula, report disastrous forest fires. Some of the finest patches of timber in the State are burning, and several places report much damage to farm property. In a large section of the lower peninsula the farmers are unable to do any spring work, because of dense smoke. Rain is badly needed.

ASHLAND, Wis., May 9.—This city is enveloped in dense smoke from surrounding forest fires. At Washburn a large force of men is at work, and the town is in great danger. Several lives are reported lost at Marengo. The woods along the Omaha road are a mass of flames. The Northwestern road lost several hundred cords of wood at Ashland, and the Ashland Iron and Steel Company lost over 50,000 cords at High bridge.

MARQUETTE, Mich., May 9.—Forest fires are raging in several parts of the peninsula.

Near Chassell, a railroad bridge over the Sturgeon river was partially destroyed, and the Sturgeon River Company, the Thomas Nestor estate and the Diamond Match Company have lost large amounts of pine.

Fires are also reported northwest of Escanaba and Chocolate river and south of Morgan. The air is filled with smoke and the lake is so shrouded in smoke that all fog whistles are being sounded.

DETROIT, Mich., May 9.—The centre of the State and the upper peninsula are burning. Towns are in great danger, railroad bridges and telegraph lines are burned, and millions of acres are in flames. The forest fires are raging west of Tawas. Among other places burned is the Sand Lake House, well known to lumbermen. Considerable cedar and pine is burning. The swamps are dry. The air is full of smoke.

One of Philadelphia's Banks Closed.

PHILADELPHIA, May 8.—Another of Philadelphia's national banks closed its doors this morning by order of the comptroller of the currency. After doing business for an hour and a half this morning the Spring Garden National Bank, at 12th and Spring Garden sts., closed its doors.

The news of the closing of the bank spread rapidly and a large crowd soon collected, but admittance was denied to all. This step has been forced principally by the large withdrawal of deposits during the financial stringency which commenced last September and the continued dulness of business since.

The Penn Safe Deposit and Trust Company, which has its office in the Spring Garden National Bank building, has made an assignment.

Chief of the Coast Survey Dead.

Prof. Julius E. Hilgard, who died at his home in Washington, Friday, served the government during the whole of his working life as an officer of the United States coast survey, of which he was the superintendent from 1881 to 1884. He was born at Zweibrucken, Bavaria, Jan. 7, 1825, and 10 years later came to this country. The labor of Prof. Hilgard's life was prodigious, extending in point of time over nearly 40 years.

Surgeon-General John Milhau.

Gen. John J. Milhau died Friday in New York. He was born in France in 1828, and in 1830 the family came to New York to live. In 1850 he was graduated from the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York, and in 1851 he was appointed assistant surgeon in the United States army. When the civil war broke out he espoused the Northern cause, and from 1861 to 1862 was medical inspector in the Army of the Potomac; medical director of the 3d Army Corps in 1862; medical director of hospitals at Frederick, Md., and from 1863 to 1864 was medical director of the 5th Army Corps. On Sept. 8, 1866, he was made brevet brigadier general for meritorious services at Hart's island. He resigned his position as surgeon in the army Oct. 1, 1876, and came to New York.

Hard Times for Short Term Orders.

NEW YORK, May 8.—Insurance Commissioner Harvey of New Jersey, after a consultation with Gov. Abbett, visited Camden yesterday afternoon. One of his first calls was upon Prosecutor Jenkins. He informed this official that the authorities had decided to take vigorous action against the organizers and agents of the "get-rich-quick" orders that had been swindling people under their New Jersey charters. He did not, however, wish to interfere with any proceedings instituted by or coming under the jurisdiction of the local authorities. Commissioner Harvey ordered writs of capias to be issued against the officers and local secretaries and agents of the orders, charging them with violating the insurance and banking laws of the State. These writs are in the nature of a civil suit for the recovery of the $50 penalty for violating the insurance laws. Some 40 arrests will be made.

Cold Snaps in May.

The cold snap has done immense injury to vegetation in different sections of the country. Early vegetables and fruits in the western part of New York State have suffered severely, and in some sections peaches have been injured greatly. Similar reports come from portions of Virginia and New Jersey. Snow enough to give the boys a chance at sport fell Wednesday in the Blue Mountain region of Pennsylvania.

The heavy frosts, together with the low temperature, have damaged the prospects for fruit crops in the vicinity of Lebanon, Ind. Strawberries and grapes are blasted and perhaps cherries, while fears are entertained for wheat which is now jointing.

WABASH, Ind., May 8.—The heavy frost of last night killed the entire strawberry crop, and other early fruits are badly injured, especially cherries, pears and grapes. Wheat on the bottom land is hurt somewhat.

Ice one-half inch thick formed in several places in Michigan and Indiana Monday night. The extent to which fruit and other crops have been injured it is hard to estimate, but it is believed to have been very great.

There were two snow-showers, of several minutes' duration each, in New York city Wednesday, while the thermometer indicated a temperature of 43°. The incident is considered a very remarkable one.

The Cotton Crop Figured Out.

WASHINGTON, May 9.—The cotton crop report of the Department of Agriculture for May relates to the progress of planting. The proportion of the proposed breadth already planted on May 1 was 77.5 per cent., which is less than the average of a series of years. Many correspondents report planting one or two weeks later. It is especially late in North Carolina and Tennessee, fully one-third of the area yet to be seeded north of the Gulf States. From Georgia west to Texas the State averages vary only 2 or 3 per cent. The figures are as follows: Virginia, 40 per cent.; North Carolina, 63; South Carolina, 78; Georgia, 80; Florida, 92; Alabama, 80; Mississippi, 77; Texas, 79; Arkansas, 76; Tennessee, 71.

The delay is due in all sections of the cotton belt to excessive rainfall in February and March, which made early ploughing impracticable, and to a very general deficiency in April, rendering the soil dry and cloddy, and hindering germination. The seed bed, as a rule, has been imperfectly prepared, and is in relatively poor condition. Reports intimate, as a result of the unfavorable spring, that a reduction of acreage may be expected. This may depend somewhat on the opportunity for completing the area during this month, and the prospective profits of a large breadth of cotton.

"Mountains of Water."

SANTA FE, N. M., May 8.—"Mountains of water" is the way the court officers, who have just returned from Tierra Amoriallas, put it in speaking of what they saw on the way. They say that half has not been told of the flood that must soon sweep down the Rio Grande. At Cumbrees Hill, Col., the snow stands up beside the Denver & Rio Grande section house six feet deep, and thence it extends for miles, covering the whole range as far as Toltec Gorge, and ranging in depth from four to five feet. All streams are running bank full. The Chama, Rio Brascos, Wolf creek and tributary rivers are rushing streams.

Notes.

Trinity church, Boston, of which Bishop-elect Brooks is rector, has, it is rumored, extended a call to Canon Farrar of St. Margaret's, Westminster, England.

The Pittsburg Post is authority for the statement that the affairs of the Westinghouse Electric Company have been definitely and satisfactorily settled.

Officers of the American Medical Association are: Dr. H. O. Marcy of Boston, president; Dr. Willis P. King of Kansas City, Mo., first vice-president; Dr. William B. Atkinson of Philadelphia, secretary. Detroit, Mich., was agreed upon as the place for the next meeting. The Medical Journal will continue to be published from Chicago.

The Eastern headquarters of the World's Columbian Exposition has just been opened in the Stewart building, corner of Broadway and Chambers st., New York city. Until the opening of the exposition at Chicago the office will be at the service of the merchant, manufacturer, producer, press and public of the Eastern States. Alex D. Anderson is the special commissioner in charge, and Delmore Elwell the secretary.

The following unsolved diplomatic problems are now on the docket of the State Department, and promise to give Secretary Blaine a busy summer: The Italian and Behring sea complications, the Canadian reciprocity and Newfoundland fisheries negotiations, the Chilian troubles, the Spanish agreement, the Venezuelan treaty, the Haytian coaling station, the refusal of China to receive our minister, the trouble over the failure of a consul at Victoria to toast the Queen, and quite a number of minor matters, including the claim of the Barrundia family.

Warren M. Barnes of Litchfield, N. H., reported Friday the discovery in the cattle of that town of what Dr. Pillsbury of Merrimack pronounces tuberculosis.

Capt. C. H. Thompson of the schooner E. H. Thompson brought into Boston Friday Capt. F. A. Doare and crew of the schooner Wyeth G. Sargent, whom he had picked up at sea. On March 31, while on the outward voyage from Nuevitas, Cuba, Capt. Thompson descried an open boat with eight men in it. He immediately hove to and picked them up. The Sargent was wrecked three days previously in the near vicinity. They were on a voyage from Da Lazura, Mex., to New York. They had been in the boat three days, and their supplies were fast disappearing when succor arrived.

James W. Eager's four-story building on Walton st., Syracuse, N. Y., was burned with its contents Thursday evening. Loss $120,000; insurance one-half.

Joseph Barondess, the leader of the striking cloakmakers of New York, who was convicted of extortion, has been sentenced to State prison for one year and nine months.

The striking carpenters in St. Louis appear to be gaining their fight, many of the master builders already having yielded, and a complete victory is expected within a short time.

An explosion in Ocean mine, near Clarksburg, W. Va., Thursday, resulted in the death of four miners and serious injury to several others. A fire followed the explosion, which is still burning.

J. K. Brantley, cashier of the St. Louis, Iron Mountain & Southern railroad at Little Rock, Ark., is short in his accounts to the extent of $20,000, and has turned over $16,000 worth of real estate as a partial offset.

Two passenger trains on the Pan Handle road collided Thursday near Dennison, O., killing Baggage Master Daniel Longnecker of one of the trains and injuring Express Messenger Marvin and several postal clerks. Both engines and three or four cars were demolished.

The United Bookbinders of North America, K. of L., met in convention in New York Thursday, and discussed the eight-hour question, which was finally referred to the national executive council. At the election which followed, F. M. Quinn of Boston was elected district master workman, and Mr. Espey of Washington representative to the general assembly.

Prof. H. C. Headden of Denver, Col., who is analyzing the viscera taken from the remains of the late Josephine B. Barnaby, has announced that poison had been discovered in large quantities in one of the kidneys. He found, he said, considering the amount of the viscera analyzed, enough of the drug to prove beyond a doubt that Mrs. Barnaby had died from its effects. Dr. Graves has been virtually arrested, and was travelling to Denver on Saturday.

Mr. Charles Pratt, the well-known oil magnate and vice-president of the Standard Oil Company, died suddenly Tuesday, at the company's offices, at 26 Broadway, New York.

Gen. Manuel Castro, who died in Castroville, Cal., Saturday, was the man who ordered Fremont to leave the country when the explorer came down near Monterey with his force of frontiersmen, all fully armed. Juan Castro was sent against Fremont at once. He intrenched himself in the Gabilan Mountains, but fled before a fight occurred. Manuel joined the Flores revolt at Los Angeles, and when Com. Stockton whipped the Mexicans he fled to Mexico. After a short service as governor of Lower California, he returned to his old home where he had lived since. He never became an American citizen, and always hated the Americans.

The livery and boarding stable of Charles W. Durand, on Broad st., Bridgeport, Conn., was totally destroyed by fire Saturday morning, together with 29 horses, a large number of carriages, wagons, sleighs, harnesses, robes, hay and grain. Loss, $15,000.

Tuesday night a party of 10 young persons, returning from a dance near Chester, O., tried to cross a mill pond in a boat to save distance. The boat sank, six persons escaped, and the following-named four were drowned: Miss Bertha McKain, Miss Lutie Ridenour, Charles Frank and Smith McDale.

The new Music Hall provided by Andrew Carnegie at 57th st. and 7th av., New York, was formally opened Tuesday evening. The dedicatory address was delivered by Bishop Henry C. Potter. About 4000 people attended the opening.

The Washington Post says that the Behring sea matter has again assumed a diplomatic phase, and that communications between the United States and British government relating to it are again passing. It is thought that there may be a closed season this year in the Behring sea seal fishery business.

The Senate committee on trade relations with Canada met in Buffalo, N. Y., Tuesday. Evidence was taken upon malting, coal, lumber, live stock and marine insurance interests. The general opinion of those testifying was that free intercourse in trade between the two countries would be beneficial to the people on both sides of the border.

A severe case of leprosy has been reported in New York city.

Venezuela is seeking reciprocal trade relations with the United States.

A disastrous fire broke out in Pittsburg, Penn., Tuesday night, and when got within supposed control it had destroyed $750,000 worth of property.

The Senate committee on trade relations with Canada, at Buffalo, N. Y., Wednesday, heard evidence on the wrecking laws of the two countries. The testimony showed the necessity of changes in these laws.

John Davis, charged with killing his father, Samuel Davis, on the night of March 9, at Dover, N. H., has been committed for trial.

The schooner Atlanta of Saginaw, Mich., foundered about 20 miles from White Fish Point, in Lake Superior, Monday night, and five of her crew of seven men were lost. She was bound from Buffalo to Duluth with coal in tow of the Wilhelm.

Two cases of smallpox were discovered in a Mexican shanty at Corpus Christi, Tex., Tuesday, and the officials sought to remove the patients to the pesthouse. A large number of Mexicans armed themselves and swore the men should not be removed. The militia were ordered out and surrounded the house. The Mexicans were still obdurate. The command to load was given, and a moment later they would have been fired upon had they not dispersed. Great excitement prevailed.

A disgraceful row occurred in the church of the Ascension at Hamilton, Ont., on Friday evening, over the introduction of a surpliced choir from Christ church cathedral. The anti-ritualist party objected to such proceedings and turned off the gas, leaving the church in darkness. Temporary lights having been secured, the water was turned off from the organ, rendering it useless. The service proceeded, however, although interrupted by cat calls and secular songs. The police were called in, but no arrests were made. The clergy and choir, on going to partake of refreshments provided for them after the service, found they had been strewn over the floor.

David W. Pierce, the young man from Boston, who defrauded New York tailors and swindled the proprietor of the Creighton Hotel out of $70, has been again arraigned for stealing a $250 pin some time ago from Mrs. Dore, keeper of a boarding-house on 39th st.

On Friday the manufacturing potters of Trenton, N. J., announced the end of the lockout, which has existed at the seven sanitary ware potteries of Trenton for 21 weeks.

Wednesday night the seniors of Phillips-Exeter Academy at Exeter, N. H., put their class colors on the academy spire. Thursday night the members of the middle class attempted to remove them and substitute their own colors. The seniors resisted, and were aided by the juniors. The "middlers," re-enforced by the "preps," made a determined assault, and in a few minutes 300 students were engaged in a general melee, in which fists were freely used and a number of windows broken.

A serious fire broke out Wednesday night at Newton Creek, Long Island, N. Y. The loss is estimated at $500,000.

Earnest efforts are making by New York gentlemen to open the doors of the Metropolitan Museum of Art on Sundays.

The 29th international convention of the Young Men's Christian Association opened in Kansas City, Mo., Wednesday.

Early Wednesday morning fire destroyed the shops of the American Wheel Company in Sydney, O., causing a loss of $100,000, on which there is less than $60,000 insurance.

The annual convention of the National Association of Stove Manufacturers opened at Philadelphia, Wednesday. A large number of delegates were present from all parts of the country.

Thomas B. Pope, the landscape painter of Newburg, N. Y., was struck and instantly killed Wednesday evening at Fishkill Landing, by the Chicago limited express, southbound, on the Hudson River railroad.

A dangerous crank, named Charles J. Dickson, has been arrested in New York at the request of Jay Gould. Dickson went Monday to the house of Dr. Munn, Mr. Gould's physician, and announced that he was the vice-president of an order called the Christ Followers, and that he had a mission to kill Jay Gould. If, however, the millionnaire would give him $60,000, and make certain arrangements for the distribution of his property to charity, he would refrain from assassination. He will be examined as to his sanity.

Gov. Hill has signed the bill making free the foot passage on the Brooklyn bridge.

A Sydney, O., despatch says: At 1 o'clock yesterday morning fire destroyed the shops of the American Wheel Company, causing a loss of $100,000, on which there is less than $60,000 insurance.

Albert Burk, florist and saloon-keeper of Syracuse, N. Y., has suddenly left Syracuse for Canada, leaving liabilities of $40,000 to $50,000, with assets of $20,000. He left in company with a woman not his wife.

Ludington and Dora Conroy, professional crooks, were arrested yesterday by Bridgeport, Conn., detectives in an old hut in Fairfield woods, charged with being instrumental in many burglaries committed in Norwalk and adjoining towns during the past few months.

It is the belief in Vancouver, B. C., that the recall of the American consul, Ewing, who refused to stand and sing "God Save the Queen," at a recent dinner, will be demanded.

Mrs. James G. Blaine, Jr., is reported to be afraid that in case she is granted a divorce from her husband, Mrs. James G. Blaine, the wife of the secretary of state, will try to gain possession of her 3-year-old boy.

The annual report of the Mexican Central Railroad Company shows the gross earnings of the road and its branches to have been $14,490,711. Operating expenses and taxes, $10,731,754. A 5 per cent. dividend was declared.

The 59th annual convention of the Alpha Delta Phi College Fraternity opened in Baltimore yesterday. In the evening addresses were made by President Gilman of Johns Hopkins University, Clarence A. Seward, Ellis H. Roberts and others.

Frederick Hoffenreich, a bank clerk, who had been missing for several days from his home, 1639 1st av., New York, was found dead in bed yesterday morning in a room he had taken at the Putnam House. He had taken arsenic, and then shot himself. He had a wife and two young children.

Victor S. Fletcher of 23 Union Square, New York, was arrested yesterday, charged with selling to Beresford Fox of Boston a violin represented to be a genuine Stradivarius, but which was afterward discovered to be of French manufacture and worth only $250. Fox gave $2740 for the instrument. Fletcher was released on a bond of $3000.

Parties from Yorkshire, Eng., named Wilkinson are negotiating for the purchase of the Hartford silk mills property at Tariffville, Conn.

A fire in the steel works at Breaker island, Troy, N. Y., last night caused a loss of $400,000. Seven Westinghouse engines were destroyed. Nearly 1000 people will be deprived of work.

The agricultural implement firms of Massey & Co. of Toronto and the Harris Company of Brantford, Ont., are on the eve of amalgamating, with the view of controlling the Canadian implement trade. An incorporation certificate will be asked for in June, and the capital will amount to $50,000,000.

Friday the six months expired during which time the law in Connecticut requires all ballot-boxes to be sealed, with all the votes cast for the State officers at the general election.

Bush fires raged last week along the line of the Canadian Pacific railway near Kingston, Ont. Miles of forests between Kaladar and Arden were ablaze. The people of Mountain Grove were greatly alarmed, and moved their stuff to the opposite side of the railway tracks. It is thought that the fire was started by a tramp.

A woman died last week in Milwaukee of trichinosis, making seven victims of the family who have died from eating diseased pork. Two others are still suffering from the disease.

The American Bible Society will observe its 75th anniversary May 13 and 14, in New York.

S. L. Clemens (Mark Twain) will start for Europe with his family June 6, and will reside abroad for several years.

A statement prepared at the Treasury Department shows that there was a net decrease of $763,631 in circulation May 1, as compared with April 1.

Malcolm H. Bell, an English actor, has brought suit against Richard Mansfield of "Beau Brummel" fame to recover $1350 damages. Bell claims that Mansfield agreed on Sept. 22, 1890, to engage him for 30 weeks, at a salary of $45 a week, to play the part of Lord Manly in "Beau Brummel."

John W. Mackay, the California millionnaire, was an unwilling witness before Commissioner Shields in New York last week in the suit brought by John Anderson, a resident of that city, to recover $100,000 for alleged breach of contract in connection with the sale of the Commercial Telegraph Company to him by Edward S. Stokes.

The tornado which was reported from Paducah, Ky., Sunday night, also passed through Eddyville, in Lyons county, and through Graves county. At Eddyville, T. A. Metcalfe, superintendent of a large stove works, was fatally hurt by flying debris.

A despatch from St. Johns, N. F., says: "A steamer has arrived here from Fortune Bay, bringing eight prisoners, who are charged with being ringleaders in the recent troubles. Other captures are expected. Matters are getting quieter, and the government expects to suppress all the troubles."

The first arrest for violation of the new emigration law in New York has been made in the persons of Daniel G. and Richard Henderson, the New York agents of the Anchor Line Steamship Company, who allowed Francesco Rosso, an emigrant who arrived from Italy on April 20, to escape. The men were held in $300 for the grand jury.

Strong efforts are making by speculators at Standing Rock, N. D., to close negotiations with Sitting Bull's two widows for the purchase of the cabin for exhibition purposes. It will probably require a snug sum to buy it. The old building is utterly valueless for any other purpose, and has been deserted since the memorable battle in which the old sage was killed.

The 21st international conference of the Y. M. C. A. of North America adjourned last evening, after a five days' session in St. Joseph, Mo. Over 300 delegates have been in attendance. The next executive committee elected is as follows: George T. Coxhead, St. Louis, secretary and treasurer; D. A. Budge, Montreal; H. J. McCoy, San Francisco; H. O. Williams, Richmond, Va.; George A. Warburton, New York; E. L. Hayford, Chicago; R. A. Jordan, Bangor, Me.

The famine in Madras continues. It is feared the monsoon will fail, in which event the distress will be intensified.

Pretty little Annie Glassner, who lives at 7 North Carolina st., Baltimore, has a pin lodged in her throat, which the doctors, so far, have been unable to remove. The pin has been lodged there more than two weeks. Her sufferings have been terrible.

A dinner was given in honor of the venerable Gen. George S. Greene at the Century Club in New York, Thursday, the occasion being his 90th birthday. Three generations of the Greene family were present—the general, his sons, George S. Greene, Jr., chief engineer of the dock department, and Capt. Francis V. Greene, and S. Dana Greene, son of the general's oldest son, now deceased.

The brig Edith, while lying at anchor off quarantine, Hawkin's point, near Baltimore, was run into and sunk by the schooner Henry S. Little, Friday morning. No lives were lost. The vessel had a cargo of 3579 bags of sugar, which was valued at $40,000; insured. The Edith was valued at $25,000; partially insured.

Charles R. Flint, consul-general of Costa Rica at New York, has received the following cable from Ezequiel Gutierrez, secretary of state of Costa Rica: "There is no revolution in Costa Rica. Perfect peace and order prevail here."

Dr. Will R. Lee, a graduate of last year's class of the medical department of New York College, and later a medical missionary in Siam, has been appointed one of the royal physicians by the King of Siam.

John James Ingalls, ex-senator from Kansas, is to appear in all the leading cities of the country under the management of Maj. Pond, and will deliver three lectures in each place.

By the will of Miriam A. Osborne, who died in New York, March 14, $150,000 is left in trust to Yale College to build and furnish a recitation hall as a memorial to her husband, the late Charles J. Osborne. The income of $30,000 is left to her son, Howell Osborne, for life.

Judge Patterson of New York has granted an absolute divorce to Susie M. Phœbus from George R. Phœbus. Mrs. Phœbus' stage name is Beatrice Cameron, and she is leading lady with Richard Mansfield's company.

Mrs. Ada Devey of Oswego, N. Y., has been awarded a final verdict of $15,035 and costs against the Ætna Life Insurance Company of Hartford, of which Gov. Bulkeley is president.

Alonzo Colby, aged 60, a well-to-do farmer of Lyme, N. H., committed suicide, Thursday, by taking strychnine. Ill-health caused temporary insanity.

Gov. Stone of Mississippi has reappointed Charles A. Woods of Meridian chief justice of the Supreme Court for nine years, under the new constitution.

Snow fell at Norfolk, Conn., Thursday evening, between 8 and 10 o'clock, and at a small station just beyond Norfolk the snow was deep enough for sleighing.

Bradstreet's reports that the business failures in the United States for this week number 166, against 190 last week, and 152 this week last year. The total, Jan. 1 to date is 4429, against 4290 last year. Canada reports 31 failures, against 41 last week, and 26 this week last year. Total Jan. 1 to date 777, against 724 last year.

Chili cables state that President Balmaceda is arranging to flee from Santiago and go to London via Buenos Ayres. The proposals of mediation by France, Brazil and the United States are off, rejected by the Balmacedists, who consider the success of such mediation impossible.

Six blocks of buildings were burned in Alliston, Ont., yesterday afternoon. They contained six hotels, 45 stores, 25 residences, the post office, market buildings and the fine hall. The fire originated in the stables of Queen's hotel, and the flames spread so rapidly as to be soon beyond the control of the small fire brigade. The loss will reach $300,000.

Lord Rothschild, Sir Julian Goldsmid and Samuel Montague form the English committee to concert with Baron Hirsch and other continental Jews to raise means to assist the Russian Jews. No definite scheme of emigration has been arranged.

THE BOSTON STOCK MARKET.

Latest Quotations............3 P. M.

LAND STOCKS.	May 9 Bid.	May 9 Asked.	May 11 Bid.	May 11 Asked.
Anniston City	40	45	40	45
Aspinwall	9⅛	9¼	9⅛	9¼
Boston	5¾	6	5¾	6
Boston Water Power	2½	3⅜	2½	
Boylston	3⅛	3½	..	3⅛
Brookline	..	5¼	4½	5
Campobello	..	1⅜	..	1½
Cambridge Field	..	6¼	..	6¼
Cutler	..	1⅜	..	1⅜
East Boston	3¾	4	3¾	4
Frenchman's Bay	..	6	..	6
Franklin Park	27	..	27½	..
Gouldsboro	..	.60	..	.60
Lamoine	..	.30	..	.32
Maverick	..	2¾	..	2¾
Nahant	.75	..	.75	..
Newport	..	3	..	2⅞
Payson	1	..	1	..
Penobscot Bay	..	.65	..	.65
San Diego	..	22	20	22
Sullivan Harbor	.60	..	..	.62½
Topeka	.75	1	.75	..
West End	22⅝	22¾	22¾	23
Winter Harbor	.25	.50	.25	.50
Winthrop	1½	1¾	1½	1¾
Wollaston	..	.70	..	.70
RAILROAD STOCKS.				
Atch, Topeka & S Fe	31½	31¾	32⅛	32¼
Atlantic & Pacific	5¼	..	5¼	5½
Boston & Albany	..	204½	..	204
Boston & Lowell	175	177½	..	..
Boston & Maine*	197	199	197	198
Boston & Providence	254	..	254	..
Central Massachusetts	19	20	19¼	20
Central Mass pref	37½	39	39	40
Chi, Bur & Quincy	86	86⅜	87¼	88½
Chicago & West Mich.	..	..	..	45
Cleveland & Canton	6	..	6⅛	6½
Cleveland & Can pref	20	..	19½	20
Fitchburg common	..	21½	..	21½
Fitchburg preferred	82¾	83	82¾	83
Flint & P Marquette	..	..	21	25½
Flint & Pere Marq prf	..	..	..	82
Louis, Evans & St L	26	..	..	..
Louis, Ev & St L pref.	..	62	..	..
Mexican Central	20	20⅛	21	..
New York & New Eng	35¾	36⅛	36⅝	36⅞
New York & N E pref	..	..	..	108½
Norwich & Worcester	..	..	180	..
Old Colony	167½	168	..	168
Oregon Short Line	26	27	26	27
Portland, Saco & Ports	..	..	128	..
Rutland common	..	..	3	..
Rutland preferred	..	..	62¾	..
South California pref.	13	..	..	..
Summit Branch	5	..	5	..
Union Pacific	46½	46⅝	47½	47¾
West End common	80	81	81½	82½
West End preferred	84⅝	84¾	..	..
Wisconsin Central	19⅝	19¾	19⅝	20
Wisconsin Cen pref	46	60	50	60
Worc, Nashua & Roch	..	127	..	..
BONDS.				
Atchison 4s	78	..	78	78¼
Atchison incomes	47	47¼	48	..
Boston United Gas 5s	87	87¾	87	87½
Boston Uni Gas 2d 5s	..	74	..	73
C. B & N 1st 5s	100	100¾	100	100½
Mexican Central 4s	..	72½	..	72¼
Mexican Cen 1st inc 3s	34	36	..	35½
Mexican Cen incomes	19	20	..	..
Wisconsin Cen 1st 5s	..	92½	..	92
Wisconsin Cen inco'es	29	40	..	..
MINING STOCKS.				
Allouez	3¼	3½	3¼	3½
Arnold	..	..	.75	..
Atlantic	15	15½	15	15½
Bonanza	..	.55	..	.55
Boston & Montana	41	41¼	40½	41
Butte & Boston	15½	15¾	15	15¾
Calumet & Hecla	245	255	255	258
Catalpa	.20	.30	..	.30
Centennial	15½	16	15½	16
Central	10	..	12	..
Crescent	.10	..	.10	..
Dunkin	.65	..	.65	..
Franklin	17⅞	17⅞	17¼	17⅞
Huron	2½	3	..	2¾
Kearsarge	13¼	13¾	12½	13
Napa	..	5	..	5
National	2¾	3	2½	3
Osceola	35	35¼	34	35
Quincy	102	106	103	106
Santa Fe	.55	.60	.55	.60
Tamarack	148	150	148	150
TELEPHONE STOCKS.				
American Bell	..	203½	205½	206
Erie*	48¼	49	..	49
Mexican	..	..	..	1
New England	51¾	..	51	..
Tropical	..	.60	.50	.60
MISCELLANEOUS STOCKS.				
Eastman Car Heater	2	..	2	..
Eastman Car H pref	5	..	5	..
Edison Phono Doll	.50	..	.50	1
Lamson Store Service	17¾	18½	17½	19
National Cordage	98½	99¼	97	97¼
Pullman Palace Car*	189	192	186	190
Reece Buttonhole	..	14	..	14
UNLISTED STOCKS.				
American Cotton Oil	25⅞	26⅛	24⅝	24⅞
Bay State Gas	..	..	31½	31⅞
Detroit Electric	12½	12⅞	12⅜	12⅞
European Welding	55	60	55	60
Fort Wayne Electric*	13¼	13½	12¾	13
Illinois Steel	..	70	..	70
National Lead Trust	18⅜	18⅝	18½	18¾
Sugar certific's com	86⅜	86⅝	87	87¼
Sugar certific's pref	91	91½	..	..
Thomson-Hous Elec*	44½	45½	45	45½
Thomson-Hous E pref	25¾	26	25¾	26
do series C	9	9¼	9	9¼
do series D	7	7¼	7	7¼
Westinghouse Electric	15¼	15½	16	16⅛

*Ex-dividend.

Burial Reform.

[Life.]

Newly-made widow—He is a fashionable undertaker, but even his charges are far below what I can afford, and I want to give my husband the most expensive funeral I can, you know.

The friend—Why don't you get a plumber to bury him then?

GRIP IN GREAT BRITAIN.

Gladstone Ill; Peers, Peasants and Philosophers Suffer.

No Hope of Peace in Chili—Expulsion of the Jews.

Newfoundland's Troubles and Other Foreign News in Brief.

LONDON, May 11.—Mr. Gladstone is confined to his room by grip.

Peers and Prisoners Prostrated.

LONDON, May 9.—Twenty-six members of the House of Commons have been attacked with influenza.

Lord Knutsford has been ordered a complete rest, being threatened with influenza.

Business in the war office is hampered by the absence of officials.

In Liverpool the epidemic is spreading rapidly.

The disease has appeared in Dublin and among the prisoners in Tullamore jail.

The Archbishop of York Dead.

The Most Rev. William Connor Magee, D. D., archbishop of York, died Tuesday morning of the influenza. Dr. Magee was born in Cork in 1821, and was only appointed archbishop of York on Jan. 11, last, succeeding the Most Rev. William Thomson, D. D., who died Dec. 3, 1890. Dr. Magee, previous to his appointment as archbishop of York, was bishop of Peterborough, to which position he was appointed in 1868, on the death of Dr. Jeune, being the only Trinity College (Dublin) man ever appointed to an English See. His father was a clergyman of Cork, and he himself was educated at Trinity College, Dublin. He was frequently selected as one of the special preachers at St. Paul's and the Chapel Royal as well as Windsor before her majesty. Four sermons preached by him on "Defence and Confirmation of the Faith" attracted much attention, and were translated into several languages, while his speech in the House of Lords against the bill for disestablishment of the Irish church was regarded as a remarkable specimen of impassioned eloquence. Six years ago his health was so bad that his life was despaired of, but he then recovered.

Each of the large hospitals in London has an average of 100 cases of influenza. There are signs of a continued increase of the epidemic. Several more members of the House of Commons have been attacked. Six of the usual occupants of the treasury bench were absent Friday. Prince Christian and Count Hatzfeldt, the German ambassador, were unable to attend a dinner given at the German Hospital last evening. The Duchess of Marlboro, Justice Romer and a host of public officials are among those affected. The Earl of Powis died.

MME. BLAVATSKY DEAD.

The Priestess of Theosophy a Victim of the Grip.

That most extraordinary woman, Mme. Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, died in London recently. She was born about 1831; her father was a colonel in the Russian army, and she married early in life a Russian general and count, whose name she afterward bore. He was for a time governor of Armenia; she did not live with him long, but set out upon an independent career. Being attracted by the mysteries of the Buddhistic adepts of India, she went into the Himalayas, and became herself far advanced in the mystic and magic secrets of these Hindu philosophers. Mme. Blavatsky came to this country in 1873 or 1874, was naturalized, and took up her residence in New York city. She was prominent among the attendants at the Spirit Vale mysteries at Chittenden, Vt., which afterward proved to be mere juggleries. There she met and influenced Col. Henry S. Olcott of Hartford, who afterward became president of the theosophical society of which she was made secretary, and took up his residence in Hindustan. She herself went to Hindustan, and there was a great exposure and downfall of the Adyar mysteries a few years ago, indicating that cheap jugglery was at the bottom of it all. But Mme. Blavatsky had a singular personal influence on people that kept her still a person of consequence. In 1875, in conjunction with Col. Olcott and W. R. Judge, she founded the Theosophical Society, with which she had been ever since prominently connected. In defence of her opinion, Mme. Blavatsky in 1876 published many papers and pamphlets. In 1887 she settled in London and started a theosophical magazine called "Lucifer, the Light-Bringer," which she edited up to her death, with Mrs. Annie Besant.

CHILI'S CIVIL WAR.

Assassination—Torpedo Fighting and Bad Feeling Generally.

VALPARAISO, May 8.—Much excitement was caused here yesterday by an attempt to assassinate the leading members of the cabinet. The persons engaged in the plot sought to take the lives of the ministers by means of a bomb, which was thrown at the intended victims in the street.

President Balmaceda has rejected the demands of the delegates from the Congressional or Insurgent party, who have been trying to come to some understanding with the president, by which the civil war might be brought to a termination. The struggle must be renewed and fought out until one side or the other is utterly crushed.

A cable despatch gives details of the sinking of the insurgent steamer Blanco Encalada in Caldera bay, by the torpedo boats Almirante Lynch and Coudell. The Blanco Encalada was lying at anchor in a helpless condition, part of her machinery being on shore undergoing repairs. She was unable to move from her position, thus forming a steady target for the government vessels, which steamed around her and discharged torpedoes as they pleased. Even with this great advantage six torpedoes missed their mark and exploded harmlessly. The seventh, however, struck the ironclad, blowing her up and causing a heavy loss of life.

In an interview, Col. North, the so-called "Nitrate King," said it was absolutely untrue that he had supported either side in the Chilian conflict in a pecuniary manner, or had otherwise taken sides in the contest. He declared that he would continue to observe the most complete neutrality.

The Troubles in Newfoundland.

ST. JOHN'S, N. F., May 8.—The Legislature has received a long cable despatch from the delegates in London, stating their proposals to the British government, that the Colonial Legislature shall pass a temporary act, enforcing the modus vivendi, the arbitration award and the treaties. The delegates unanimously urge both branches of the Legislature to suspend the rules and pass immediately resolutions confirming the delegates' proposals and pledging themselves to pass the required act at once; and ask that the resolutions, if adopted, shall promptly be cabled to the delegates.

The House discussed the despatch for several hours yesterday, and finally agreed to ask the delegates for further information before coming to a decision. The delegates say that no other course is open than the one they suggest. This action will be exceedingly unpopular here if adopted.

Advices from St. John's say it is rumored there that the government of Newfoundland intends putting into effect a new restriction, aimed at the French, but which will prove a serious inconvenience to United States captains. American fishing vessels are now compelled to give a $1000 bond that they will not sell bait to St. Pierre fishermen. It is in contemplation to compel Americans in future to pay $1000 in cash, to be forfeited in case of the exportation of bait by them to the French fishermen.

Locating the Expatriated Jews.

LONDON, May 8.—The Jewish Chronicle, in its today's issue, says: We have the best authority for stating that the announcement that Baron Hirsch intends spending £3,000,000 ($15,000,000) in a gigantic scheme of Jewish emigration from Russia is without foundation at present. The baron, however, continues to occupy himself with directing the commission sent toward the end of last year to the Argentine Republic with a view to inquiring into the suitability of that country for the reception and colonization of a large number of Russian Jews. The commission has not yet completed its labors.

Baron Rothschild, Sir Julian Goldsmid and Samuel Montague have taken counsel together, with the object of diverting the stream of Russian emigration as far from England as possible.

Master in His Own House.

DUSSELDORF, May 5.—At a banquet in his honor last evening, Emperor William made a significant speech, in which, after dilating upon his desire for peace and for the protection of the rights of labor, and after expressing satisfaction at the conclusion of the commercial treaty with Austria, he said, "As to the home policy which is becoming established, I shall not deviate a hair's breadth from the course I have adopted. I alone am master in this country, and nobody else." His emphatic language in regard to the treaty with Austria, which Prince Bismarck opposes, and also in regard to home affairs, was evidently directed at Prince Bismarck.

Notes.

The Reichstag budget committee has approved of the grant of $25,000 to defray the cost of the steps to be taken in order to enable Germany to make a suitable participation in the Chicago world's fair.

The Moscow Gazette is indignant at the English and American press for ignoring Russia's connection with the Behring sea matter, and declares that any agreement made without Russia's consent will be worthless. The Gazette speaks with respectful sympathy of the American claims, and says it is time England was taught that the possession of an all-powerful fleet does not entitle her to treat every bit of open sea as her peculiar property. The Gazette proposes that America and Russia settle the question without reference to England.

Mr. William Jacques, an American gentleman from Newton, Mass., was out driving with his daughter in Florence, Italy, on Tuesday, when a mob of people pursued his carriage, attacked it, pelted it with stones, and severely injured his daughter, who interfered in his defence.

The workingmen's delegates, representing all the trades and labor circles of Fourmies, called today upon the prefect and made request that in view of the peaceful attitude of the inhabitants of Fourmies since Labor day, and in order to avoid the possibility of any further trouble, the regiment of infantry which fired upon the populace on May day should be removed to some other part of France. The prefect agreed to acquiesce with the request.

A despatch from Manipur says that the British have captured a native who is suffering from three bullet wounds. This man, the villagers declare, is the actual murderer of Chief Commissioner James W. Quinton. The British officials at Manipur are investigating the matter.

It is now asserted by the scouts sent out ahead of the cavalry detachment engaged in following up the trail of the fugitive regent of Manipur that the regent has deserted from the party headed by the commander-in-chief and the second brother of the deposed maharajah, and that he is coming towards the British lines with the object of surrendering himself.

The Belgian Federation of Labor has decided to support the coal miners' strike and rally the workingmen to their support. It is proposed to send aid to the strikers and issue a manifesto in their behalf. The miners have decided to call a general strike within a brief period, but it is not thought it will prove successful, as their Brussels confreres have no desire to be idle.

The Italian press is still indignant at the report of the New Orleans grand jury. The Popolo Romano says that it will be impossible hereafter for any civilized country to make a treaty with the United States based upon reciprocal protection of the lives of citizens of either country.

The London Times in an editorial on the Behring sea correspondence says: Secretary Blaine's important concessions make possible arbitration. The award was given long before the Sayward case was decided. Therefore it is scarcely necessary to discuss his last arguments. In the meantime the question of the close time for seals is most pressing and Mr. Blaine's delay causes daily increased surprise.

Lord James Douglass committed suicide by cutting his throat Tuesday. Lord James Douglass was a brother of the Marquis of Queensbury. He was born in 1855 and was married in 1888 to Mrs. Hennessey of Kensington Court, London.

The election in the Harboro division of Leicestershire resulted in the success of J. W. Logan, the Gladstonian Liberal candidate, by 489 majority, being the second victory this week gained by the Liberals, who also largely reduced the Conservative majority in South Dorset.

Boulanger declares that he is preparing a new plan of campaign, having abandoned the question of revision as a subject of agitation. He will henceforth work for the benefit of the masses among whom he considers he has still many partisans.

A serious accident occured at Rowhurst colliery, Henley, Staffordshire, Saturday morning. A large mass of earth becoming detached, fell and set the workings on fire. Six men were terribly burned, some of whom cannot recover.

Another attempt in London to swindle by the bogus inheritance dodge has been brought home to a man calling himself James B. Arnold, who operates from York, Penn., pretending that Mrs. E. Avory lately died in Wilmington, Del., leaving many legacies to people in London. This time the intended victim, Thomas Fiske, was assured that certain bonds, fully described, and declared to be worth $4570, were awaiting his order on payment of probate fees. He was urged to act quickly and avoid risk, as it was probable that the will would be contested. It is understood that Fiske has sent the money.

In addition to the already large number of seats in the House of Commons, made vacant by death and other causes, which gives the country at the present time much the appearance it now wears at a general election, the Conservatives will be compelled to contest two more.

W. H. Smith, first lord of the treasury, having been appointed warden of the Cinque ports, the crown lawyers have decided that he must submit to a re-election. Mr. Smith represents the Strand electoral division of London. The House, without doubt, will declare vacant the seat of Capt. Verney, who was sentenced to imprisonment. The captain sits for North Buckinghamshire. As Capt. Verney is a Gladstonian Liberal, both parties have their work cut out for them to retain their respective seats.

A French torpedo boat has been sunk off Cherbourg. The torpedo boat collided with a cruiser and sank almost immediately. There was no loss of life.

The Russian authorities have suddenly suspended the expulsion of Jews from Moscow. It is reported that there were disorders at Warsaw, which were suppressed by troops. The agitation among the Russian Poles is spreading. Official circles there put the blame upon the conciliatory policy adopted by Germany in Prussian Poland, and believe that Germany's object is to arouse envy and discontent among the Russian Poles.

The will of Mrs. David Bell of Glasgow, Scot., provides for the distribution of an estate valued at $315,965. After leaving $25,000 to relatives and local charities, the testatrix gives the entire residue to Gen. Booth, "for the precious work for our blessed Lord which he is doing through the Salvation Army."

The Russians have completed their new fort on the Afghan frontier, 58 kilometres from Herat. It has been garrisoned with 500 men and mounts four guns.

A portion of the lungs of two cows landed at Deptford last month from Baltimore has been forwarded to Washington to prove that the animals were suffering from pleuro-pneumonia, to offset the assumption of the shippers that there is no foundation in fact for the British farmers pressing for increased restrictions regarding inspection.

The election at Stowmarket in the electoral division of Northwest Suffolk, 12 miles from Ipswich, resulted in the success of Baron Sydney De Stern, Gladstone Liberal, over Edward Walter Green, Conservative, son of the late member, by 214 majority, being a Liberal gain.

The freedom of the city of London has been presented to William Lidderdale in recognition of his services during the financial crisis of November last, when it was only his action and that of the directors of the Bank of England that saved the country from a disastrous panic.

The compositors throughout Vienna have gone on strike. This state of affairs has been caused by the fact that the managers of the printing establishments have refused the demands of the compositors, who asked for nine hours' work per day, no overtime, and the abolition of the rule requiring a compositor to give notice before leaving his place of employment.

At a meeting of McCarthyites it was resolved to submit the question of the release of the Paris fund to arbitrators, one to be appointed by Mr. McCarthy and one by Mr. Parnell, with power of reference to an umpire.

The expulsion of Jews from Russia continues. Harsher measures are expected with the approach of the Whitsun holidays. Neither baptism nor appeal to foreign consul avails to secure escape.

An old gentleman living at Teddington, fifteen miles up the Thames, from London, named Park, having taken a liking to a young lady named Margaret Smith, executed a deed giving her £30,000 ($150,000) if she would consent to marry his son, but if the latter refused she was to receive only £20,000 out of the estate. He soon died. Six months afterward the son refused to marry, and the case now has found its way into the Court of Chancery.

In response to an appeal made by Mr. John Burns, the labor agitator, at the time Mr. Patrick O'Brien, member of Parliament for Monaghan, was sent to prison, a subscription was started with the view of presenting him with a money testimonial. Since Mr. O'Brien declared in favor of Mr. Parnell, there has been a meeting of the committee having the matter in charge, at which there was some talk of returning the money to the subscribers. Finally it was decided that the money should be handed to the beneficiary, with the intimation that there would not be the slightest use in his again offering himself for election to his present constituents.

The London Post comments severely upon the unsatisfactory aspect of the New Orleans dispute with reference to the relations of the Federal government with foreign nations. "We cannot," says the Post, "suppose that Mr. Blaine deliberately intends to put forth documents of purely domestic significances as the basis of negotiations with Italy."

From official sources it is learned that on April 30 a conspiracy was discovered in San Jose, Costa Rica, to overthrow President Rodriguez. The government immediately requested and received permission from the permanent council to suspend the constitution, and the conspirators were captured. Everything is now quiet. From other sources it is learned that the revolutionists attacked the barracks in San Jose, but were repulsed, five being killed.

Information from an authentic source is to the effect that Germany now is engaged in examining the question of Belgian neutrality in the event of war. German agents now are visiting Belgium for the purpose of obtaining facts and influencing public opinion.

The influenza is spreading rapidly among the chiefs of the war office. In addition to the under secretary of state for war, Sir Ralph W. Thomson, who is recovering from a severe attack, the accountant general, Mr. Ralph Knox, and the deputy accountant general, H. DeLabere, are both down with the disease. To these may be added the names of Sir Arthur Haliburton, Mr. Fleetwood Wilson and others belonging to the department.

It is said that Italy is about to submit the New Orleans affair to the judgment of European nations. Italy will thus be the initiator of an international agreement to compel the United States to find means to guarantee the protection of foreign subjects.

The returns issued by the British board of trade show that during the month of April the imports increased £3,300,000, and that the exports increased £570,000, as compared with those of the corresponding month last year.

England has annexed a strip of territory, which she hitherto protected, on the western frontier of Bechuanaland, in order to prevent a threatened "trek" of Boers and Damaras.

The chancellor of the exchequer decides that it is not feasible to establish a universal rate of penny postage to all parts of the British empire.

It is reported that the British wheat crop was under-estimated in the government estimates by 4,000,000 bushels.

COMMERCIAL MATTERS.

BOSTON MARKETS

Produce.

BOSTON, Monday, May 11.

BUTTER—There has been a good demand for butter the past week and prices have advanced as the market supply is inadequate. Receipts continue to increase, however.

Northern creamery, extra, 28@29; Western creamery, extra, 26@28; do, extra 1st, 26@27; do, 1st, 23@25; Franklin Co. (Mass.) creamery, extra, box, 27@28; do, extra dairy, 26@27; Vermont extra dairy, ..@26; do, extra New York, 25@26; New York and Vermont extra 1st, 23@24; do, 1st, 21@22; Western dairy, extra 1st, 21@22; do, 1st, 18@20; Western imitation creamery, extra, 24@25; Western ladle-packed, ex. 1st, 22@23.

CHEESE—The market is steady and old stocks are becoming reduced. Our quotations are for old stock only.

We quote: New York extra, 12@....c ℔ lb; do, 1st, 10½@11½; do, 2ds, 8@10; Vermont extra, 11¾@12; do, 1st, 10½@11½; do, 2ds, 8@10; sage, 12@12½; part skims, 6@8; skims, 3@5; Ohio flat, extra, 11@11½; do 1st, 9@10.

EGGS—The demand continues steady at firm prices.

We quote: Near-by and cape, fancy, 17c ℔ doz; Eastern extra, 16c; do, 1st, ..@15½; Vermont and New Hampshire extra, 16; Michigan extras, 16½@16; Western 1st, 15@15½.

BEANS—The market is in rather light supply and the demand has been steady the past week at unchanged prices.

We quote the current prices as follows: Choice Northern, hand picked, $....@.... per bushel; New York, small, hand picked, $2.40@2.50; do, marrow, $2.30@2.35; do, screened, $2.00@2.25; do, 2ds, $1.60@1.90; medium choice hand picked, $2.25@2.30; do, screened, $2.00@2.20; yellow eyes, extra, $2.75@2.85; do, 2ds, $2.00@2.70; red kidneys, $2.25@2.75. Foreign Beans—Pea, $2.25@2.35; Mediums, $2.00@2.20.

DOMESTIC FRUITS—We quote: Apples, Northern Spy, good to choice, $4.50@5.50 per bbl; Rox. Russets, $4.00@5.00; Golden Russets, $4.00@4.50 ℔ bbl; No 1, N. H. & Mass. Baldwins, $4.50@5.00 ℔ bbl; No. 1, Maine, do, $4.00@5.00; No. 2, Maine, $2.50@3.00; Talman Sweet, $3.00 per bbl.

Evaporated apple, fancy, 14@15c; fair to good, 13@14; sun-dried, sliced and quartered, 10@11c.

Cranberries, $8.00 @ 10.00 ℔ bbl; do, fancy, $11.00@12.00 ℔ bbl.

Strawberries—Maryland, good to choice, 10@15c per quart; Norfolk, good to choice, 10@15c; North Carolina, good to choice, 10@15c.

VEGETABLES—We quote the following current prices:

Potatoes—Hebron, $....@3.25 per bbl; Rose, $3.25 per bbl.

Sweet potatoes—Jersey, extra, $1.75@2.25.

Cabbage, $1.25@1.50 per bbl.

Onions, Bermuda, per crate, $2.35; Egyptian, per 112 lbs, $2.00@3.00.

Squash, Hubbard, $50.00@60.00 per ton.

Spinach, Norfolk, per bbl., $1.50@2.25.

Turnips—White Cape, per bbl., 75@90c; St. Andrews, 75@85c; Canadian, 80c.

Asparagus, Charleston, ℔ doz., $4.00@4.50.

Green Pease, per crate, $1.50@2.00.

HAY AND STRAW—Following are the latest quotations:

Fancy hay, $14.00@15.00 per ton; do, fair to good, $13.00@14.00; ordinary, $11.00@12.00; hay and clover, mixed, $9.00@11.00; swale, $9.00; poor to ordinary, $9.00@10.00.

Rye straw, $17.50@18.00 per ton; oat straw, $7.00@7.50 per ton.

Groceries.

COFFEE—We quote: Java pa'gs, pale, 24@24½; do, medium brown, 24½@24¾c; do, fancy brown, 24¼@25¾c; do, Timor, 23½@..c; do, Buitenzorg, ..@..c; do, Malang, ...@....c; do, Tagals, ..@23½c; do, Ankola, 26½@27....c; do, Holland bags, 23c; Mandhelings and Ayer Bangies, 26¾ @ 28c; Mocha, ..@25¾c; Rios, prime, 21c; do fair, 20¼c; do, ordinary, 18¾c; low ordinary, 17¾c; Maracaibo, 21½@22½c; do ordinary, 20½@21¾c; Bucramanger, 21¾@22¾c; Caracas, 20½@23c; Languayra, ...@20c; Costa Rica, 20¼@22¾c; Jamaica, 18½@20c; Guatemala, 21½@23¼c; Mexican, 21½@22½c; Hayti, 18½@19c.

RICE—We quote: Louisiana and Carolina, Choice, 6¼@6½c; Prime, 5¾; Good, 5¼@5½; Fair, ..@..; Rangoon (duty paid), 4¾@5; Java, 5¼@..; Japan, 5¾; Patna, 5¼.

FRUITS AND NUTS—Following are the current quotations: Raisins, London layers, new, $2.25@2.50; Muscatel, new, $2.50@3.00; Sultana, 22@23; Eleme, ...; Valencia, new, 7½@7¾; do, Ondara, 7@8. Currants, $5.00 @ 5.50. Citron, Leghorn, 17@20. Dates—Persian, new, 3½@5½; do, fard, new, 7@9. Figs—Layers, 12@20; do, keg, 7½@9. Prunes, French, case, 10½@15; do, Turk, new, 7@8c; do, bag, 5 @ 6c. Lemons—Palermo, $4.00@6.00; Messina, $4.00@6.00. Oranges—Jamaica bxs, $....@....; Sicily, $3.00 @ 4.00; Florida, $2.50@5.00. Bananas—Baracoa, yellow, $1.00@1.15; do, Red, 75@85c; Port Limon, $1.50@1.75; Jamaica, No. 1, $1.75; 8 hands, $1.50; No. 2, 75c. Walnuts, Naples, 14@15c; Castinas, 6½@8c; Pecans, 13@15c; Filberts, 9@10c; Almonds, 16@17c; Peanuts, hand-picked, 5@5½c; do, Fms, 2½@4c; Shellbarks, $1.50@2.00.

REFINED SUGAR—We quote: Cut-loaf, 5⅜c; crushed, 5⅜c; pulverized, 5⅛c; cubes, 5⅛c; powdered, 5c; granulated, 4⅝@4 7-16c; Diamond A, 4⅜c; Standard Confectioners' A, 4 7-16c; soft whites, 3 15-16@4⅛c; Extra C, 3¾c.

Flour and Grain.

FLOUR—Following are the current prices for carload lots of flour:

Fine flour, $2.90@3.25; Superfine, $3.25@4.00; Common extras, $3.95@4.20; Choice extras, $4.05@4.30; Minnesota bakers, $5.00@5.35; patents, $....@....; Michigan roller, $5.35@5.60; New York, do, $5.35@5.50; Ohio and Indiana, $5.35@5.50; do, do, straight, $5.50@5.75; do, do, patent, $5.60@5.90; St. Louis and Illinois clear, $5.35@5.50; do, straight, $5.50@5.75; do, do, patent, $5.60@6.00; Spring wheat patents; $5.90@6.25 ℔ bbl.

CORN—We quote: High mixed, 81½@..c ℔ bush; Steamer yellow, 80@81c ℔ bush; Steamer mixed, 79c ℔ bush; ordinary, 78c ℔ bush.

OATS—No. 1 and Fancy, clipped, 68 @ ..c ℔ bush; standard, do, ..@67c; No. 2, white, 65c ℔ bush; No. 3, do, 64c ℔ bush; rejected white, ..@..c; No 2, mixed, 64c.

Fish.

FISH—Following are the current prices for the week past:

Mackerel—Extra bloater mess, $33.00@34.00; No. 1, do, $30.00@31.00; No. 1 shore, $24.00@25.00; No. 1 Bay, $22.00@23.00; No. 2 Bay, $....@21.00; No. 3, large, $17.00@17.50; No. 3, small, $12.00@12.50; No. 3, medium, $14.50@15.00; No. 2, large, $21.00@22.00; No. 1 large, $23.00@24.00.

Codfish—Dry Bank, large, $....@6.50; do, do, medium, $5.50@....; Pickled Bank, $....@6.25; Georges, $....@6.25; Shore, $....@6.00; Hake, $....@3.00; Haddock, $....@4.75; Pollock, pickl'd $....@3.00; do, slack salted, $3.50; Boneless Hake, 5½@..c ℔ lb; Boneless Haddock, ...@7c; Boneless Cod, 8@9c.

Herring—Nova Scotia Splits, large, $7.00; do, medium, $4.75; Labrador, $7.00; Round Shore, large, $5.00; domestic Alewives, $5.00.

Miscellaneous.

HIDES AND SKINS—Following are the current prices: Brighton steers, native packer, 8½@9c; New England steers, green, 5½ @ ..; do, cow, 4@4¼c; do, do, bulls, 3½; Salted steers, ...@7½; cows, 6@6¼; bulls, ..@5½. Calfskins—deacons, 25@35c; 5@7 lbs, 70@75; 7@9 lbs, 85 @ 90; 9@12 lbs, ...c@$1.05; 12@18 lbs, $1.15 @1.20; Texas, dry-salted, ..@8; Tex flint rough, 10 @ 11; Texas kips, 10@..; Buenos Ayres hides, 13¾; Rio Grande, ..@12½; Montevideo, 13¾@..; Cordova, 14¾@..; Rio Grande kips, ..@12½; Sierra Leone, 12½@..; Bissao & Gambia, 9; Zanzibar hides, 9@..; Tamative, 8@ ..; Majungas, ..@ 8½; Dry Chinas, 10½@12.

SALT—Quotations: Liverpool, in bond, ℔ hhd, $1.00@1.15; do, duty paid, $1.40@1.55; Bostonian, $1.35@1.50; Liverpool, c. f., 85c@$1.00; Cadiz, in bond, $1.87½; Trapani, in bond, $2.00; Turks Island, hhd., $2.25@2.40.

STARCH—We quote Potato starch at 4⅝@4¾c; Corn, 3¼@3⅜c, Wheat, 5¼@6c.

SEEDS—Quotations: Clover, West, 7¾@8 ℔ lb; do, North, 8¼@8½; do, white, 14@16; do, Alsike, 15@17; do, Lucerne, ..@17; Redtop, West, ℔ sack, $1.75@2.00; do, Jersey, $1.90@2.10; Rhode Island Bent, ℔ bush, $....@1.65; Hungarian, 90@95; Golden Millet, $1.05@1.15; Common do, 95@$1; Orchard, $1.65@1.75; Blue Grass, $2.50@3.00; Timothy, West, $1.50@1.65; do, North, $1.85@2.00; American Flaxseed, $2.00@2.25.

TALLOW—Following are the quotations: Tallow, prime, 5 @ 5⅛; Country, 4½ @ 5; Bone, ..@4¾; house grease, 4 @ 4½; grease, tanners, 2¼@2¾; do, chip, 2½@2¾; do, naphtha, 1½@2; do, hard, 2@5.

TOBACCO—We quote: Havana wrappers, $5.00@7.00; do, fine fillers, $1.10@1.25; do, good fillers, 80@95c; Yara 1 and 11 cuts, 70@85; fair, 60@75; Kentucky lugs, 3½@5c; do, leaf, 6½@10½c; Havana s'd wr's, 40@60; do, 2ds, 20@35; do, binders, 12@18; do, seed fill, 5@8; Conn and Mass fill, 8@10; do, binders, 12@17; do, 2ds, 18@25; do, fair wrappers, 25@30; do, fine wrappers, 35@45; Penn wrappers, 20@40; do, fillers, 10@20; Sumatra wraps, $2.00@3.25.

WOOL—The receipts of wool the past week were 4979 bales domestic and 1678 bales foreign, against 5283 bales domestic and 828 bales foreign last week, and 5054 bales domestic and 5014 bales foreign for the corresponding week in 1890.

WATERTOWN CATTLE MARKET.

Arrivals of live stock at Brighton and Watertown for the week past:

Cattle, 1906; sheep, 5559; shotes, ...; veals, 2559; hogs, 24,648; horses, 789.

Western cattle, 1566; Eastern and Northern cattle, 340.

Western sheep and lambs, 4180; Eastern sheep and lambs, 1379.

Prices of western beeves ranged from $4.50@5.75 per 100 lbs., live weight. Northern cattle sold at $5.50@8.00.

PRICES OF HIDES, TALLOW, SKINS, &C.

	Cents ℔ lb.		Each.
Brighton hides	3½@7¼	Sheepskins	$1.25@1.75
Brighton tall'w	3 @4	Lambskins	$1.00@1.25
Country hides	6 @7	Dairyskins	25@40c
Country tall'w	2½@3¼	Calfskins	..@5

Pelts, 75c@$1.50.

Trade in city markets is fairly active and prices are steady.

MARGERY'S SUCCESS.

BY E. M. L. RIDDELL.

"Lemon gauze and rose and tulle," Mrs. Sayles said, reflectively. "And you, Amelia, must have a yard or two more than Margery—you are so much larger! I declare it is a blessing to be small and slight when one has so little money for clothing! But, girls, I think I can afford to get the material for you if you can do the making yourselves."

"Oh, anybody can make a simple skirt," said Amelia, a stylish young lady with sleepy, dark eyes and a cream-and-strawberry complexion.

"I can try, mamma," said Margery, a slim little maid with cheeks like peach blossoms, and long braided hair, which was "brown in the shadow and gold in the sun."

"Oh, you will never succeed, Meg," the elder sister observed, with languid contempt. "You are not clever enough, and one must have some talent even to make the simplest garment."

"She is not very complimentary to you, Meg, is she?" Cousin Edgar ventured, with a diverted smile behind his morning paper.

Cousin Edgar was not precisely their cousin. He was a very remote relative of the family, and he had just come back from Australia, whither he had gone some years before, when Margery was a blithe miss in pinafores. But if she seemed to him no longer a child, she still remained the sweet little friend whose sparkling letters had brightened many a gloomy hour in the strange land. He was very fond of bonny Margery, certainly, but all the same the elder sister had a profound conviction he had not yet revealed what he best liked and desired. He had liked Margery, of course, but she was not clever. She had no talent for anything; she was quite an insignificant little thing altogether, and Cousin Edgar would be likely to bestow his choicest affections upon somebody more brilliant and mature. And Miss Amelia did not doubt that somebody had already been selected, even if he had not announced his preference.

"Oh, Meg does not mind what is uncomplimentary," she said, with her characteristic air of languid scorn. "She has not a bit of spirit; she is different from me in everything."

"Do you think you can really manage the tulle, Margery?" the mother inquired, anxiously. "Your sister can help you, I suppose, or instruct you what must be done."

"I shall try to manage without her help, mamma," Meg said, with a dubious shake of her long, rich braids, and with a look of what was not unlike amused dismay. Perhaps with her deficiency of ability, Margery was perverse enough to apprehend that the help might be a hindrance, or that the instruction might not be of supreme advantage to the tulle skirt.

"Well, there is nothing like trying," Mrs. Sayles said, sententiously.

"And trying avails where boasting fails," Cousin Edgar mentally rhymed behind his newspaper, and with a peculiar smile, which Miss Amelia perceived and was pleased to interpret as a hint of his faith in the superiority of her own gifted self.

"Meg has a fashion of boasting," she remarked, grandly but with a simper, "and of course I am willing to let her try whatever she likes without my assistance. But she will surely make the skirt a distressing failure."

Margery said nothing, but her large eyes flashed an answer of mute resentment through a swift rush of girlish tears.

"Never mind, Meg, the little affair is not absolutely indispensable to the great party; and beside, you have plenty of dresses, and you are charming in whatever you wear," whispered Cousin Edgar, bending toward her until his crinkling yellow beard brushed the shining head.

"But I am not afraid I shall spoil the tulle," Margery protested, as Cousin Edgar put down his paper, arose from his chair, and, humming a merry measure from some popular melody, sauntered from the room.

"You are not such a child, Meg, that you need encourage such familiarity from Cousin Edgar. I am sure you do not know what he must think of you," Amelia remarked, as the outer door closed behind him.

"Why, Amelia, how absurd and cross you can be!" the mother interposed rebukingly.

But Margery did not seem to heed the concluding sentence. Perhaps she was already pre-occupied with her plans for the skirt which she was to have, and which she was not destined to spoil, all discouraging predictions notwithstanding.

In the seclusion of her even dainty chamber she cut and stitched with industrious determination, until the completed garment was as perfect as artistic eyes and dexterous fingers and conscientious painstaking could make it.

"And now I will dress just as I mean to dress for the party, and then I will go down and show myself to mamma and Amelia," she thought, as, with pardonable pride, she surveyed the exquisite consummation of her amateur endeavors.

Smiling and flushed with the satisfaction of her innocent triumph, she arrayed herself and tripped blithely down to where the two ladies were sitting.

"Have I not done well?" she inquired, with a not unnatural exultation.

"You have done nothing for which you should be so ridiculously jubilant," Miss Amelia declared, crossly and rudely. "Of course that sort of material can always be sewed together somehow. But the dress has such a distressingly unfinished appearance, I should say; there are so many creases and ridges all about the waist and shoulders, are there not, mamma? and the draping is neither correct nor stylish. I should never dare exhibit myself wearing it if I were you."

All the glad radiance vanished from the sweet face. Margery was so tired from her unwonted task, and she really had such a modest distrust of her own skill. All the light and color vanished from her bonny face, the sparkling eyes brimmed with tears, and a disappointed little cry came from the quivering, pink mouth.

But at the grieved cry, two voices, the one chiding and the other waggish, sounded in unison.

"She has done her work excellently well," the mother said. "And my judgment is worth something, I should think. You know I did dressmaking for a living before I married your father."

"I am inclined to believe, Amelia, that your own experiment has ended disastrously," said Cousin Edgar, who had been standing an unguessed auditor just without the open door of the pretty sitting-room.

"Oh, I decided not to get the lemon gauze," Amelia languidly responded, and with some just perceptible confusion. "I intend to save money for my charity fund; and, after all, I do not think I care very much about the party, and I shall stay at home, I think."

But, despite the assertion, Amelia did not forego the party.

"I should not like Meg to go without me," she said to her mother. "Meg latterly has a fashion of making herself too forward toward Edgar, and she requires so much watching and checking. I shall send her home early, mamma; and then I shall have Edgar all to myself," she mentally added.

But her little arrangement was not to be a success.

Cousin Edgar did not care to remain if Margery were sent home. He did not care for dancing and for people whom he did not know. He preferred to take Margery home himself.

"I preferred a cosy little chat with you, Meg," he said to her, as they entered the familiar sitting room and he led her to an easy chair in the window niche, lighted by the warm, spring moonshine.

But the easy chair was just then occupied by a capricious and showy work-basket all emerald satin, and tinsel and plaitings of lace.

"Amelia must have quite forgotten her work-basket; and she is always so particular about keeping her work to her own room, too," said Margery, extending a hand to take the article from his rather awkward hold.

But she was too late; at that instant his clumsy man's fingers slipped, and the basket fell, with the contents scattered at his feet.

And with the fall a paper parcel rolled open, to disclose in the gaslight an incomplete overdress of lemon gauze.

"And Amelia said she did not get it," Margery murmured in simple astonishment.

"She disliked to admit that she wasn't clever enough for the task," cousin Edgar laughed, as they viewed what to his inexperienced man's eyes seemed one glaring, gigantic and irreparable fiasco in lemon gauze.

"I do not wonder she was so cross and critical," Margery said. "We must not tease her about it, Cousin Edgar."

"Why do you always call me cousin?" he asked, with a look which stirred the bonny cheeks to a wavering crimson. "I am scarcely that, you know; and beside, I have a reasonable expectation of being something nearer sometime."

"I know, and I am glad for Amelia's sake," she returned gently, but somehow the crimson blush had paled to pink again.

"For Amelia's sake!" he echoed. "That Amelia boasts a particular claim to all the talent of the family I am aware, but I certainly have not been conscious that she supposes she has an exclusive and individual right to all the relatives also," he finished, waggishly.

"But I thought you were so fond of her?" Margery faltered.

"My charming little Meg, I am fond of nobody but you," he answered, as he put an arm about her and kissed her bonny face. "And you are so near and dear to me that I wish to keep you all mine forever—my love, my wife."

When Miss Amelia at length returned from the party, she stared angrily as she beheld the two together. Cousin Edgar contentedly settled in the easy chair, and Margery shyly nestled on the ottoman beside him. But the stare changed to an expression of mortification as she perceived the unlucky lemon gauze which had been deposited on a convenient table.

"Never mind, Amelia, you must have another new dress directly," said Cousin Edgar, noting the startled glance and changed expression. "My little Meg must have you for a bridesmaid, you know, and I mean to present something more elegant than gauze to her maids of honor."

Miss Amelia attempted something congratulatory, but she accomplished only an incoherent stammer.

"I could not congratulate them, mamma," she said afterward to her mother; "I was too much amazed. I am sure I cannot understand why I should always make mistakes and failures in everything. Of course Meg is not at all clever, but she always manages to have just what she wants."

DISAGREEABLE AND DANGEROUS.

A Young Man Takes to Statistics and Makes a Nuisance of Himself, Excepting to Base Ball Cranks.

[Chicago Tribune.]

Now, there's a young North Side fellow who used to be a general favorite. But he took to statistics and the encyclopædia, and he's been a nuisance ever since.

A Sunday evening not long ago found six or eight young people at a Dearborn av. residence. They couldn't play cards. They didn't feel like singing hymns. So they forgot to light the gas, sat around the grate fire and talked.

"A young man who had just returned from a trip around the world, told among other things, of a clever thief who gained entrance to the treasure chamber of an Indian rajah.

"The thief," said the traveller, "then turned his attention to an immense chest full to the brim with silver coins. He filled a sack until he could just stagger under its weight, and even then he had to make five trips before the chest was empty. There was just $1,000,000, and——"

"The weight of $1,000,000 in silver coin," broke in a voice from the dusk, "is 58,920.9 pounds, avoirdupois."

A young railroad engineer recounted the marvels of the new railroad up Pike's Peak.

"This wonderful piece of engineering," he said, "is the highest railroad in the United States. It is"——

"The highest railroad in this country," said the voice, "is the Denver & South Park, a branch of the Union Pacific at Alpine Tunnel, 11,596 feet above the sea level."

The conversation turned to the celebration of birthday anniversaries.

"What a pretty custom it is," said a pretty girl. "And it is so old, too. I was reading the other day that it dates back to the times of the early Saxons. I think"——

"In the 40th chapter of Genesis, 20th verse," said the voice, "you will find the following: 'And it came to pass the third day, which was Pharaoh's birthday, that he made a feast to all his servants.'"

A young man who is making a name for himself in the electrical world discoursed on his favorite theme.

"I have been experimenting on the incandescent lamp," he said, "and have succeeded in making one that burned 8000 hours, and—"

"The longest time on record," broke in the voice, "is 10,608 hours and 13½ minutes."

Then they talked of novels.

"I don't think it's fair," said the hostess, a pronounced blonde, "that all the authors should make their heroines brunettes nowadays. It isn't——"

"Last year," interrupted the voice, "out of 562 heroines 372 were blondes."

Then they talked of going home—and went.

IT IS A WISE MAN

That Both Knows Who He Is and Can Prove that He Is Himself.

[Detroit Free Press.]

A citizen of Detroit, who has resided here for nearly 20 years, and who has for the past dozen years run a small carpenter shop on his own hook, got a check on one of the banks the other day and stepped in to have it cashed.

"Have to be identified, sir," replied the cashier, as he handed back the paper.

"But I am John Blank, the carpenter."

"Possibly you are, but you'll have to bring some one who knows you."

"I'll bring 20 in 5 minutes!" exclaimed the man as he walked out.

Standing on the steps of the bank, he scanned the faces of the passers-by, and, to his own great surprise, it was 10 minutes before he saw the phiz of a friend. The two entered the bank, and the latter said to the cashier:

"I know this man to be John Blank."

"But, who are you?"

"I'm Stephen Dash."

"Never heard of you. He must bring some one whom I know is responsible."

"See here! This is all nonsense!" exclaimed the owner of the check, who was in a hurry.

"Perhaps so," was the cool reply. "Mr. Dash, do you positively know this man to be John Blank?"

"Of course I do."

"Have you ever had a legal paper with his signature?"

"No-o."

"Ever pay him an account or collect one by that name?"

"I guess not."

"Could you safely make affidavit that that is his real name?"

"I—I—don't believe I could. I've just heard him called John Blank."

Mr. Blank brought in three other men, each one of whom started in with the greatest confidence, but came out of the little end of the horn when asked the usual questions. At length he remembered a man to whom he sold a piece of property four years ago, and he walked half a mile to bring him to the bank.

"You identify him as John Blank, do you?" queried the teller.

"Well, he signed that name to the deed."

"Would you make oath that he is the same person?"

"Um! Um! I think he is."

"But will you sign a bond to make this $200 good if he isn't?"

"Oh, no! Now that I look at him more closely I begin to see a difference."

"What?" shouted Blank. "Haven't I lived within stone's throw of you for 10 years?"

"Y-e-s," was the hesitating reply.

"Didn't I build your barn for you?"

"I—I guess you did."

"Haven't you seen me almost every day for years and years?"

"Well, I've seen you or somebody who looks very much like you. I think you are John Blank, but of course I can't swear to it."

The money was paid and the teller afterward said:

"He was the right party, of course, but had I carried out our rule to the letter I doubt if he could have found a man among all his neighbors to swear to his identity. I don't believe we have 10 men in Detroit who can prove their legal identity without taking an hour's time to do it. One man knows another as Smith, Jones or Green, but that isn't legal knowledge, and it would bother some of our leading merchants to furnish legal proofs to establish the fact that they are the persons they claim to be."

The Capitol Dome, Washington.

[St. Louis Republic.]

The Capitol dome at Washington is the only considerable dome of iron in the world. It is a vast hollow sphere weighing 8,000,300 pounds. How much is that?

More than 4000 tons, or almost the weight of 70,000 full-grown persons, or about equal to 1000 ladened coal cars of four tons each, which, if strung out one behind the other, would occupy a mile and a half of track. On the very top of the dome the allegorical figure "America," weighing 13,985 pounds, lifts its proud head high in the air. The pressure of this dome and figure upon the piers and pillars is 14,477 pounds to the square foot.

It would, however, require a pressure of 755,286 pounds to the square foot to crush the supports of the dome. The cost of this immense dome was a little short of $1,000,000.

Kind-Hearted Man.

[Harper's Bazar.]

"My husband is the dearest, most considerate man in the world."

"How does he show it?"

"He knows I hate tobacco smoke in the house, and so he goes to the club every night after supper and smokes there."

Much Worse Off.

[Harper's Bazar.]

Raggles—Don't beg there. Them folks is wuss off than we are.

Beery Ben—They don't show it.

Raggles—Oh, I know 'em. They're tryin' to cut a dash on $2400 a year and five children to feed.

Wise Forethought.

[Chicago Tribune.]

Millie—I don't mind marrying you Clarence, but I hate the idea of giving up my $15-a-week job at the store.

Clarence—Then don't give it up, dearest. I'll give up mine. I'm getting only $10.

ART IN SCENE SETTING.

Wonders of it Shown in a New York Theatre.

Elaborate Spectacles in "Cleopatra" Conjured On and Off the Stage.

The Nile Rolled Together and Stood on End in a Corner—Making a Storm.

[New York Sun.]

Nothing that occurs behind the scenes of a theatre during a performance so astonishes and entertains the person able to secure a peep at the mysterious region behind the footlights as the masterly manner in which the scenery is handled and set.

A study of the doings of the machinists and scene hands on the stage of the Broadway Theatre one night recently, when the curtain was down and the regiment of diligent aids of the stage manager were manipulating the scenery of "Cleopatra," strikingly illustrated the advance in the art of stage setting. Stage Manager Willard was upon the stage at 7 o'clock, and his corps of 34 assistants scurried about nimbly as squirrels to set the first scene, which represents the arrival of the Egyptian Queen at Tarsus in her royal barge.

Some of the stage hands climbed to the lofty flies just under the roof of the theatre; others ran to the wings and began to swiftly and almost noiselessly set the scenes while the audience was beginning to assemble.

The most interesting feature of this scene is the deft management of the barge by the manager's aids. The barge is a giant vessel, built and furnished after the historical description of Cleopatra's craft. It has a sail of purple silk quaintly embroidered, and a canopy of golden gauze decked with spangles.

At the prow, when all was in readiness, stood a shapely negro girl bearing an ancient boathook. She wore flowing robes that revealed the contour of her figure. Young negro men, in the showy accoutrements of Egyptian slaves, stood beside the couch upon which Miss Davenport reclined, holding tall feathered fans over her.

Dancing girls in gowns of white, and gauze veiling covered with spangles, were grouped before her. Tiny cupids held the gauze canopy over her head. At the sides of the barge sat negro oarsmen with ancient oars in their hands.

"Ready!" cried Stage Manager Willard, and the craft, with its sightly crew, glided slowly out into the view of the audience as if it were propelled by the oars of the Egyptian boatmen. There was a burst of applause when the audience caught its first glimpse of the gorgeous vessel. "Ha!" said the stage manager, "see what an effect can be secured with wooden wheels. The whole thing would be spoiled but for those wheels there under the keel of the barge. They make it move just as if it were really afloat upon the Nile." Stalwart stage hands, whose forms were concealed behind the barge, propelled it by putting their strong shoulders to the wheel.

The instant the curtain was down the stage manager clapped his hands, and the demolition of the pretty picture began with a speed that almost took the visitor's breath away. The crew of the barge leaped from its deck to the stage; the placid waters of the Nile slid back into the wings or soared up into the flies.

Other scenery slipped into place. Lots of it came down from the roof upon pulley-ropes. Tall Egyptian columns were brought down in this style, and stage hands ran out upon the stage with painted frames that were all folded up like a lot of store window shutters. They were hinged together, and the stage hands unfolded them swiftly and spread them over the stage.

In less than two minutes they had assumed the definite design of a stone foundation. The Egyptian columns were meantime set and propped up with tall jacks that were locked to the flooring of the stage with iron bolts. A painted roof that had descended from the flies was set upon the columns quick as a wink.

It looked like the wildest kind of confusion, while the men, dashing hither and thither, hurried the scenery to its position. It lasted about eight minutes, and then the stage manager took his visitor to the prompt box and pointed to the completed stage picture. It was the palace of Rameses, with its ornate roof and a perspective of tall columns, and a sky view beyond. Miss Davenport makes this scene sensational for the spectators by the introduction of the asp.

The palace of Rameses disappeared even more swiftly than it came. This roof and columns went flying skyward. The sky followed. The props were unbolted from the side scenes, and in less than two minutes the stage was cleared for the third scene.

When the palace had sailed off to the roof of the theatre the stage hands sprang to the task of setting the third act with the "Terrace of Memphis." This particular bit of scenery introduces an interesting stage novelty in the form of a cyclorama of the Nile. A huge roll of canvas on end on the right of the stage reached clear to the flies. A semi-circular groove of wood that spanned the stage from the proscenium arch hung on the flies. The upper edge of the canvas and the roll fitted into this groove. Two stage workmen seized the canvas and pulled it toward the left of the stage. The cyclorama unrolled quickly, and in half a minute it was in place, showing a perspective of the Nile from the housetops of Memphis, with the blue sky overhead. Bits of iron pelted down like rain as the canvas made its speedy passage across the stage. "What's that?" cried the visitor, as he darted out of the way of the metal shower.

"Oh," said the stage manager, "these are the clips that hold the canvas and keep it from wrinkling or sagging out of shape when it is rolled up. They fall when it is unrolled, and are gathered up and used again when the scene is unrolled. It's a new wrinkle in stage mechanism."

Canopies descended from the flies directly after the cyclorama was set. Folding frames that represented the parapets of the Memphis roofs were run into place and bolted to the floor. Tiger and lion skins were spread upon the roofs, and a comfortable couch was built up for the queen. All this was done very much quicker than it can be described. "Now I'll show you a pretty stage effect," said the stage manager.

"Workmen began to fasten wooden strips to the floor behind the scenery. Tiny incandescent lamps were screwed to the strips of wood; other strips holding more tiny lights were hung in the flies. There were several hundreds of these lights, all told. Some had globes of blue glass, others were green. The scene looked rather huddled together when all the lights were located and fastened in place. Silver spangles dangled from the blue canvas sky.

"Watch, now," said the stage manager, "and you'll see how perspective is produced by electricity." He pulled a lever on a switchboard near the prompt box, and instantly all the hundreds of little lights were aglow. Simultaneously the cyclorama seemed to recede from view, and a perfect perspective grew out of the former huddled aspect of the crowded stage. The mingling of the green and blue colors accomplished the illusion of distance as if by magic.

The silver spangles, swayed by the breeze from the wings, twinkled like bright stars, the effect before the footlights being the illusion that the stars themselves were clusters of incandescent lights. Miss Davenport came from her dressing-room and threw herself upon a couch on one of the roofs, and citizens of Memphis filled the rest of the stage in attitudes of luxurious leisure.

The curtain rose and revealed a picture so attractive that the spectators applauded spontaneously. Suddenly the audience heard the distant echoes of the singing of women upon the banks of the Nile. The stage manager walked to the rear of the stage just before the distant music was heard, and ordered a trap to be opened.

"There are the maidens, he said, cheerily, pointing to a group of women down in the cellar of the theatre, chanting some ancient song. "That's another bit of stage trickery," he added. "We put our songstresses down in the cellar when we want the effect of music coming from a distance."

When the curtain fell at the end of the act the scene that had taken just 12 minutes to set was struck within three minutes. The last thing done was to unscrew each of the tiny colored incandescent lamps and drop it into a basket, to be screwed into place again in the property room on the following night.

This must be done at every performance, to guard against breakage of the lamps. It required the labors of the full force of 34 men to clear the stage quickly enough for the fourth stage picture. It was the "Palace of Actium." Most of it glided down from flies after the stage manager had shouted, "Look out for your heads, now." The stage hands placed tables and chairs upon the stage, and spread more tiger and lion skins before them.

Four ornamental posts, decorated with gold, were carried from the property room, and a lot of men crowded around and flung handsome cloths about, while others placed more folded scenery around the ornate posts. They stepped aside in less than five minutes and revealed Antony's nuptial couch complete. It was richly canopied.

The folding scenery had become broad steps ascending to it. Tiger skins were spread at the foot, and laurel wreaths were scattered on the steps themselves. The open porch beyond the couch commanded a view of Antony's Roman fleet at anchor. Just outside of the porch stood a tall pile of fagots that is lighted to signal to the Roman fleet that war has been declared. The fagots contain a tin box lined with asbestos and filled with alcohol.

It blazes brightly when Antony fires it with a torch. Only about three minutes were required to clear the stage after the act and make way for the "Temple of Isis." This is the famous storm scene that was invented by Artist Henry E. Hoyt. It is a startling bit of stage realism. Cleopatra stands in the temple, with her people around her, and suddenly calls upon the god of storms to answer her demand that he shall show his power and confound her enemies. The scene shows a grove of trees beyond the temple. In answer to Cleopatra's prayer the storm rises slowly.

The wind moans sorrowfully and increases in power. The trees sway before its fierce gusts. Night descends, rain begins to fall, and the tempest suddenly breaks out in unrestrained fury. Thunder reverberates, then crashes in deafening peals, and the whole is lighted up with a glare of lightning, revealing a scene of desolation, with trees rooted up and dwellings in ruins.

The storm was manufactured thus: In the wings near the footlights on the right of the stage was a long tin tube, with a funnel-shaped mouth, through which air was propelled by turning a wheel. This produced a sound exactly like the moaning of the wind before a storm. It is called a wind machine. A thunder drum lay on the stage behind the machine.

This particular thunder drum is a strong wooden frame about three feet square and half a foot high, with a sheepskin tightly drawn over the top. It gives forth a reverberating sound like distant thunder when struck with a big drumstick. A man in the garb of an Egyptian sat in the prompt box with a rain box in his lap. The rain box was a round tin box filled with shot.

Aloft on the flies was a sheet-iron sluice, down which a cannon ball was rolled to produce the crashes of thunder. Near it was another rain box, working on pivots, and tilted to and fro by a rope that dangled from the flies at the extreme right-hand corner of the stage. A stage hand brought what is known in stage parlance as a 20-gun battery from the property room and set it in the rear right-hand corner of the stage.

This battery is a row of gun-cotton cartridges connected by a train of powder. A fireman in uniform stood near by keeping a watchful eye on everything that happened. A big electric lamp was set in the wings, alongside the wind machine, and everything was in readiness for the storm event. A transparent scene of muslin had been set some time before behind the temple. It was what is called a "lightning cloud drop." Stage Manager Willard turned an orange light upon the scene, and the curtain, when up, showed the temple in the soft afternoon light.

The orange light was turned to red gradually to produce the effect of daylight dying into sunset. Then the wind machine was started to produce the soughing wind preceding the storm. The thunder drum was beat and the rain boxes were worked. The trees in the distance were swayed by men who worked them on wooden pivots. Magnesia lamps were flashed behind the lightning cloud drop, and produced a vivid illusion of lightning in the distance.

A black curtain was rolled down behind the temple, and the whole stage was abruptly darkened for the climax of tempest. Everything that happened in the way of scenic effect after that was done by electric signals. Stage Manager Willard touched a button, and a flash of electric light lit up the flies for an instant. Each flash meant that some new detail was to be added to the mimic uproar of the mighty tempest.

The magnesia light was flashed more brilliantly. The cannon ball went crashing down the sheet-iron sluice with ear-straining reverberations. Rain seemed to pour in a flood. "Answer!" cried Miss Davenport, as her form, clad in a flowing white robe, was revealed, with hands lifted to the storm god. The stage manager simultaneously pressed an electric button. There was a flash of blue electric light in the flies.

A light was applied to the battery of 20 guns and the cannon ball was flung with a terrific crash upon the sheet iron. A moment later it seemed on the stage as if the theatre had really blown up. The battery was discharged in a swift succession of deafening explosions. Sparks of powder flew in a shower against the brick wall of the theatre.

The black curtain was suddenly lifted, and revealed a perspective of trees beaten down and dwellings dismantled. The big electric lamp beside the wind machine was alternately lighted and extinguished, producing momentary flashes of light of blinding intensity that added effectiveness to the blaze of the big magnesia light.

The electricity and the magnesia created a degree of realism that bewildered and dumfounded the spectators. So tremendous was the tumult upon the stage in the pregnant 60 seconds of the storm, that not a sound could be heard from the auditorium by the persons upon the stage.

As the curtain descended, however, a great wave of sound swept back over the footlights, and everybody on the stage smiled. It was the tribute of the audience to the superb spectacle.

CLINGING TO THE STRAP.

Odd Phases of New York Life—A Catastrophe Impending Over the Gentleman Squeezing in the Rear.

[New York Tribune.]

A small man with a clam-shaped mouth and precipitous shoulders hung to a strap on a Sixth av. elevated train, and whenever it stopped and started he wobbled about and trod on six or eight feet, and after apologizing several times, he remarked:

"I don't kick about hanging to a strap. It's done me a good turn."

"How so?" inquired the next strapper with some interest.

"Well, I was in Chicago last month," replied the man with the clam-shaped mouth, shifting the strap to the other hand, "and I had a rough time. Hadn't been there 24 hours when a detective mistook me for a red-headed burglar from Iowa and ran me in. When they brought me up in court I says, 'Jedge, I ain't a burglar. I never was in Ioway; I'm a New Yorker.'

"'Kin you prove it,' says he.

"'I can,' says I.

"'Witnesses?'

"'Hands,' says I.

"'Hands?' says he, looking surprised.

"'Yes, hands,' I says, showin' up my palms; 'look at the callus on 'em.'

"'What of it?'

"'Jedge,' says I, solemnly, 'I haven't been in this town but 24 hours. I don't know a soul in Chicago but you and the duffer that ran me in. I was born in New York, I live on 69th st., four doors from the Boulevard, and that callus comes from hanging to straps on the elevated railroad.'

"The jedge looked at me hard for about three minutes, and then he says quickly: 'Officer, let this New York man go. If what he says is true I reckon there ain't no law in Illinois that'll make him more miserable than he is.'"

It requires considerable philosophy to hang to a strap in an elevated train morning and evening, day after day, as most New Yorkers do. Possibly the following rules and maxims may be useful:

When seats and straps are all occupied passengers without them will not need either.

Passengers not allowed to put their heads and arms out of the windows unless there is no room for their extremities within the car.

Passengers are warned not to ride on the air brake. If there is no room anywhere else, the company earnestly advises trying the next train.

If, while holding to a strap, you step on the feet of a passenger who is seated, do not apologize. The sitter is glad enough to have the seat to take the discomforts with it.

The engineer will increase speed going around corners, his object being to frighten old ladies and upset careless strappers.

You are not expected to give up your strap to a lady.

When the guard says: "Plenty of room in the centre of the car, gents," stroll up and occupy it. He knows better than you; it must be there.

Never quarrel over a strap. Yield gracefully, and if you can't stand alone going around curves, there are laps all about you to fall into.

Conquer the habit of giving up your seat to the women. If you do not you will be a strapper for life.

"I am afraid," he murmured apologetically, as he squeezed 300 pounds of American citizen into an already overcrowded elevated car and mopped his brow, "I'm afraid my shape ain't suited to this crowd."

"Perfect fit," remarked one man. "Come in and sit down on a strap."

"You see," continued the huge newcomer, glancing affectionately at a square yard of waistcoat, "I was raised up to Sodus in this State, and I had a ten-acre lot to swell in. The only trains up there that's jammed like this is cattle trains. The people somehow or other are foolish enough to think men and women are of some account, and they ought to have plenty of room."

"Absurd idea," said the man in bottle-colored trousers. "Here in New York we prefer a crowd; we like to push, squeeze and swear."

There was a silence while the pressure in the car increased at 14th st., and when the train turned the corner below 8th st. the rod from which the straps depend fairly bent with the swaying of the ponderous form from Sodus. He clung to the strap and mopped his brow with alternate hands—grew fidgety and purple, and finally he said:

"I've got to stand this sort of thing to Cortlandt st., I suppose. I can't turn around to see who's nestlin' in the small of my back, but I'd like to state that this strap is bustin' and when it does and I fall, the man that's puttin' that pressure on my back will be the first one squashed."

A Matter of Necessity.

[Harper's Bazar.]

"I don't see how you make your patients obey you, doctor. A man who is fond of high living never will diet."

"He can't help himself, madame. When he has paid my bill he has to reduce his living."

ON OCEAN STEAMERS.

The Kind of Men That Command Great Ships.

Feeding Fiery Monsters in the Stoke Hole—Picturesque but Hot.

Shipping the Crew of an Ocean Liner—On Watch in Hard Weather.

[Lieut. J. D. J. Kelley in May Scribner's.]

Clear-headed, brainy, driving men are these master mariners, and bearing patiently a responsibility that needs an iron will and a courage faltering at nothing. There is no royal road to their station, nor can willing hands make them what they must be. They cannot crawl through cabin windows, nor, for that matter, come flying in a pier-head jump through the gangway with one leg forward and the other aft.

They have to fight their way over the bows and struggle out of the ruck and smother in the fo'ks'le by sturdy buffeting and hard knocks, by the persistent edging of stout shoulders backed by strong hearts and steady brains. If it is in them they will make their way in the end surely, and may set the course and stump to windward as they please, while others haul the weather-earrings and drink their grog protestingly.

No; master mariners are made, not born, and, unlike many of their brothers in the government service, have to rise by energy, pluck, merit—why enumerate them?—by a hundred qualities the world is better for owning. In the stoke-hole, however, one leaves behind the formal and mathematical, and sees the picturesque with all its dirt unvarnished, with all its din and clangor unsubdued. Under the splintering silver of the electric lamps cones of light illuminate great spaces garishly and leave others in unbroken masses of shadow.

Through bulkhead doors the red and gold of the furnaces checker the reeking floor, and the tremulous roar of the caged fires dominates the sibilant splutter of the steam. Figures nearly naked, gritty and black with coal, and pasty with ashes and soaked with sweat, come and go in the blazing light and in the half gloom, and seem like nightmares from fantastic tales of demonology.

When the furnace doors are opened thirsty tongues of fire gush out, blue spirals of gas spin and reel over the bubbling mass of fuel, and great sheets of flame suck half-burnt carbon over the quivering fire wall into the flues. With averted heads and smoking bodies the stokers shoot their slice bars through the melting hillocks, and twist and turn them until they undulate like serpents.

The iron tools blister their hands, the roaring furnaces sear their bodies; their chests heave like those of spent swimmers, their eyes tingle in parched sockets—but work they must, there is no escape, no holiday in this maddening limbo. Steam must be kept up, or perhaps a cruel record must be lowered.

Facing the furnaces, the hollow upscooping of the stoker's shovel echoes stridently on the iron floor, and these speed-makers pile coal on coal until the fire fairly riots, and, half blinded, they stagger backward for a cooling respite. But it is only a moment at the best, for their taskmasters watch and drive them, and the tale of furnaces must do its stint.

The noise and uproar are deafening; coal-trimmers trundle their barrows unceasingly from bunker to stoke hole, or, if the ship's motion be too great for the wheels, carry it in baskets, and during the four long hours there is no rest for those who labor here.

First-class ships muster from 12 to 15 men in each watch, and all of these are shipped as seamen. Of course the majority are such only in name, though there is always a definite number of sailors among them. Indeed, to fly the blue flag at least 10 of the crew, in addition to the captain, must be enrolled in the naval reserve, and to be an A B there one must hand, reef and steer deftly.

These are the people who in port stand by the ship; that is, those who take, as required by law, their discharges in Liverpool on the return voyage and continue to work on board at fixed wages per day while the ship refits and loads. All hands, from the skipper to the scullion's mate, must ship at the beginning of each run—must "sign articles" as it is called—before a board of trade shipping master.

As the law has always regarded Jack as "particularly in need of its protection, because he is particularly exposed to the wiles of sharpers," great stress is laid in these articles upon his treatment, and therefore they exhibit in detail the character of the voyage, the wages, the quantity and quality of the food, and a dozen other particulars which evidence the safeguards thrown about these "wards of the admiralty" by a quasi-paternal government.

Jack knows all this, and be sure he stands up most boldly and assertively, at times with a great deal of unnecessary swagger and bounce, for all the articles—"his articles"—allow him.

The boatswain selects the ship's company, and the sea-birds flutter on board, usually a few hours before the vessel hauls into the stream. They fly light, these Western ocean sailors, and their kits are such as beggars would laugh at, even in Ratcliffe highway.

Generally they are in debt to the Sailors' Home—they pay 17 bob a week for their grub and lodging—and many of them just touch their advance money, as a guarantee of receipt, and then see most of it disappear, for goods fairly furnished, into the superintendent's monk-bag.

But they are philosophers in their sad way, and are apt, if they find themselves safely on board with a couple of shillings in their 'baccy pouches, with a pan, an extra shirt, a pannikin, a box of matches and a bar of soap, to feel that the anchor cannot be tripped too soon as they are equipped for an adventure anywhere, even to the "Hinjies, heast or west," as their doleful ditty announces.

Leaving out of question the responsibility of the watch, try and measure the physical misery when gales are howling, and spray is flying, and icy seas are shooting over the weather bulwarks, and the ship is slamming along, wallowing in the hollows, or wriggling on zenith-seeking billows.

It may be at night, when you cannot see a ship's length ahead, and around you, threatening disaster and death, are a dozen vessels; it may be when the ice is moving and the towering bergs lie in your pathway. Then those dreadful middle watches, when, after a hard tour of duty, you are roused out of a comfortable bed and jumped, half awakened into the chill and misery of the gale-blown night with every nerve and muscle strained to the breaking point.

No, it is, believe me, the hardest kind of hard work, and it so saps the body and warps the temper, and makes the best old before their day, that no self-respecting mother will let her daughter marry a man who knows an oar from a fence-rail, if he has learned their differences—watch-keeping.

INFINITE LITTLENESS.

Minute Grains of Dust Mounted in Fancy Figures by Human Hand.

[Illustrated American.]

There is a naturalist whose hobby consists in collecting the fine dust with which the wings of moths and butterflies are covered and forming it into the most artistic and picturesque designs.

He mounts each single grain of dust separately, so as to make bouquets of flowers, fern leaves and butterflies hovering round. This he does in a space occupied by the eighth of an inch.

In another design he has a vase of passion flowers made of upward of 500 grains of dust; and again he has represented a pot of fuchsias; and again he has represented a pot of fuchsias, with butterflies and birds, in three-sixteenths of a square inch.

This marvellous mounting in miniature will be more readily understood when it is mentioned that there are so many single grains of dust on a butterfly's wing that no man has succeeded in counting them.

This same naturalist mounted a couple of hundred of the tiniest eggs of the smallest insects so as to make a perfect geometrical design, yet the whole did not cover the space of a quarter of an inch in diameter; while another ardent naturalist selected and arranged 3600 young oysters within a circle a little less than three-eighths of an inch in diameter.

Hands in Repose.

[New York Weekly.]

One of the most common signs of want of good breeding is a sort of uncomfortable consciousness of the hands, an obvious ignorance of what to do with them, and a painful awkwardness in their adjustment. The hands of a gentleman seem perfectly at home without being occupied; they are habituated to elegant repose, or if they spontaneously move it is attractively.

Some of Queen Elizabeth's courtiers made playing with the sword hilt an accomplishment, and the most efficient weapon of the Spanish coquette is her fan.

An "S" Supper.

[Pittsburg Dispatch.]

An "S" supper, given by the Ladies' Aid Society of the Southside Presbyterian church last evening, was a unique and enjoyable affair and well patronized. The "supper schedule" was "sumptuous, superb, satisfying," and consisted of substantials—slimly sliced sandwiches, stylishly shaped; selected sea fruit, somewhat seasoned; Sidney Smith's salad; salmagundi; soldiers' substantial solace, served seething; scrumptious sour slaw, splendid salmon salad.

Sundries—Sharply spiced, slender sweet pickles; sour, stinging, stimulative sauce. Seraphic sweetcakes—Silver, spiced, sponge, suitable. Sweetmeats—Small, succulent, saccharine slices; soft, smooth, slippery shaker.

Sips—Seductive, steaming, soul-satisfying stimulant. Sentiment souvenirs, suitably selected. Supper, six-seven — seventeen sweet sisters sedulously serving.

THE PUNISHMENT OF ARCHIBALD.

Not Only Was He Taught to Know His Place, but He Was Put in it for All Time—Nisi.

[Madeline S. Bridges in Puck.]

Scene—A pretty boudoir. Time, 8.30 p. m. Present, Gladys and Nonie.

Gladys (listening intently)—Was that the door-bell, Nonie?

Nonie (with indifference)—Don't know, really.

Gladys—Please do stop drumming with your pencil for a moment.

Nonie—What in the world makes you so fidgety? Are you expecting Archiba—

Gladys—Be kind enough, Nonie, not to mention that name. The very *sound* of it is hateful to me!

Nonie—Well, of all things! Have you two quarrelled again?

Gladys (laughing angrily—Oh, dear, no! Why should we quarrel?

Nonie (thoughtfully—That's what I never could find out.

Gladys—But Archibald has shown himself—very, very different—from what I had supposed him to be.

Nonie (aside)—He always does.

Gladys—However, it is of no importance. No doubt he has his good points—every one has—but his faults. Well, never mind. The less said on the subject of Archibald the better.

Nonie—I haven't said anything.

Gladys—No—and you needn't. All is over between me and Archibald, forever. I am disgusted with him; sorry we ever met, and more than glad that we have parted; more than glad! If Archibald had been—but it's all right. Yes; from this time, Nonie, I have done with Archibald!

Nonie—And you don't even like the sound of his name!

Gladys—I like nothing pertaining to him. And if he should call; if he *should* call, I simply wouldn't see him!

Nonie (quietly)—Maybe you wouldn't!

Gladys (reproachfully)—Nonie, you are very unkind.

ENTER MAID.

Maid (smilingly)—It's Mr. Steddicump, Miss Gladys.

Gladys (gasping)—Oh, Dora!

Nonie—All right, Dora; thanks. Tell him um—ah—er—directly. (Exit maid.)

Gladys (clutching at her heart)—Oh, Nonie! What *shall* I do?

Nonie (with sympathy)—Don't worry, Glad; I'll just go down, and tell him you're engaged—

Gladys—Don't you think I'd better—see him—*a minute?*

Nonie (firmly)—No, I don't.

Gladys—I wish him to *know* how very much displeased I am.

Nonie (cheerfully)—Oh, I can tell him *that!*

Gladys—But I'd rather—rather—tell him—myself.

Nonie (pointedly)—Oh, you would?

Gladys—Because you might not be severe enough. (With gathering energy.) He needs to be put in his place—and—I know I can do it. I'll just go down for five or ten minutes.

Nonie—And then I'd better come in, hadn't I? He might stay and bother you. It's awful when you don't like a person.

Gladys (faintly)—Ye-es—

Nonie—Very well; in five or ten minutes.

Gladys—Yes, in 10 or 20 minutes; or—ah—Nonie, when I want you I'll go to the piano and play something.

Nonie—Oh, I'm to wait for *that*, am I?

Gladys (at the mirror)—But I *look dreadful!* I'm so pale.

Nonie—Well—rub it off a little.

Gladys—How unkind!

Three hours elapse. Re-enter Gladys, smiling, radiant.

Gladys—Why, you child; I thought you'd be asleep by this time!

Nonie (calmly)—I've been waiting to hear the piano.

Gladys—The piano?

Nonie—Yes, so I could appear on the scene, you know.

Gladys—The scene? (wonderingly.) Oh! (understandingly.) *Oh!* Well, dear, we've had a long, long talk—

Nonie—Just three hours long, exactly. I hope you put him in his place! You've had time enough. I don't dislike and despise Archibald half as much as you do; but I'm sure it wouldn't take *me* three hours to—

Gladys—Oh, Nonie darling! Kiss me this minute! I *have* put him in his place—we're engaged.

PETTING.

Women Love It and They Might Get More of It if They Would.

[Ione L. Jones in New York Mercury.]

The majority of women love to be petted, but not one in 50 is the happy recipient of petting, nevertheless.

I was much interested in a group of young women at Block island one summer.

I boarded at the same hotel with them and we were on quite friendly terms before the season was over. One young married woman was brimful of self-help. When her handsome husband came up from the city on Saturdays I took particular pains to watch them. It was as I had expected. He seldom waited upon her; she seemed always to prefer helping herself. If he brought a shawl she immediately took it from him and vigorously swung it about her shoulders. If she wanted a chair she rushed and procured one. She would not give the man an opportunity to show the gallantry that I feel sure he possessed. "Little goose," thought I, "God helps those who help themselves," but men don't. Strange to say, I learned afterwards that no woman loved petting more than this same little wife, but for some unaccountable reason she could not resist the everlasting impulse to take care of herself.

A sweet girl, tall, slender and blue-eyed, was continually being waited upon.

Over the rocks she was invariably helped by some kindly hand. Had she not been sure of the hand I am certain she would not have gone over the rocks. If her handkerchief fluttered to the ground the young gentlemen present were in danger of bumping heads in their mad desire to restore it to its fair owner, and I declare, in the absence of escorts, the ladies would stoop and lift it from the sand as a matter of course. Out fishing, the very sea dogs themselves vied with each other for the sweet opportunity of baiting her hook. All her life she had unconsciously demanded petting and devotion.

She was a lovely character, gentle, refined and sensible, but you could not be with her five minutes without feeling she was born to be waited upon.

She has been married three years. Her husband is still her lover, and pets her to her heart's content.

Those women who complain of a lack of devotion on the part of their husbands did not commence right. They should have trained their lovers.

Young ladies, my advice to you is—be not only willing to accept the helping hand, but quietly demand it.

A little appealing helplessness goes a great way with a man.

It really doesn't pay to be too smart.

Hints for the Married.

[New York Weekly.]

The husband and wife should study each other's weak points, for the same reason that skaters look out for air-holes in the ice, in order to keep clear of them. Unfortunately, however, they often use their knowledge of such tender spots for a different purpose; sparing no pains to give them a rub on every possible occasion.

Hence domestic difficulties innumerable. Women have immense power over men, and they know it; but, alas! they do not always exercise their influence wisely. The wife and mother should be the primary orb of the domestic system, the centre of attraction to all the members of the family group; for when wives are "repellant bodies," away go husbands and fathers and sons, flying off to seek elsewhere the peace and pleasure denied them at home.

Men should remember that many of our highest privileges are founded on compromises and concessions. It is so in the world political, and the policy that makes a nation prosperous and happy is not bad as a home policy. Therefore, O Benedict, if thou wouldst acquire the right to ask a friend to dinner without notice, neglect not to respond favorably when the partner of thy joys and sorrows hints at a new bonnet or a new dress.

It is a faithful saying that the "wife's want is the husband's opportunity," and the converse of the proverb is equally true. It is one of the misfortunes of unregulated families that both wife and husband insist upon having the last word. Nothing can be more fatal.

Nice Was No Name for It.

[New York Press.]

"You seem to be having a nice time of it here," said the irate parent to the young man whom he caught kissing his daughter in the hall.

"Nice?" said the young man, smacking his lips, "why that's no name for it!"

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER

Just as Funny in New York as in Detroit.

Mr. Bowser is Just an Average Husband, Like the Men You Know.

If He Doesn't Live in the Same House with You, Look Next Door.

[M. Quad in New York World.]

In introducing Mr. Bowser to the readers of the World, and more particularly to New Yorkers, I want to put him in a right light at the very outset. He is simply an average husband, having and displaying no more pomposity, erudition and the desire to lay it all on his wife than 49 husbands out of every 50. He finds fault, but that is expected of a husband; it's his privilege, assumed, not granted. He is selfish to an extent, but find me a husband who isn't. If things go wrong he blames Mrs. Bowser. Why shouldn't he? Her pains and aches are nothing; his are everything, and the household must "stand around" accordingly. Ever know a husband who was different?

Mrs. Bowser has opinions, but they are of no weight compared with his. Mrs. Bowser can make $2 buy as much as his three, but he won't admit it. Mrs. Bowser has trouble with her cook, but he'd get along as slick as grease—of course! For three days he will wear an old shirt all torn up the back and say nothing about it. On the fourth day, if he should happen to find one loose stitch somewhere, he'd declare that his was the worst-run house in all America. Mr. Bowser has streaks of fat and streaks of lean—like all the rest. He will walk over a chair upset on the floor one day and kick about a thimble on the next. Take him, therefore, as he runs. If he doesn't live in the same house with you, perhaps he does next door or around the corner.

"Look here, said Mr. Bowser, as he came home the other evening, "didn't I see a woman going out of the basement with a basket on her arms as I came up?"

"You probably did," replied Mrs. Bowser. "She was a poor woman who had burned her hand and couldn't work with it, and I felt sorry for her."

"That's you—you to a dot! Never even saw her hand to know that her story was true!"

"But I did. It was a bad burn."

"And she gave you her street and number?"

"Yes."

"And you went there to see if it was all right?"

"No; I took her word for it."

"Took her word! Well, you are a soft mash! I'll bet $100 to a cent that she was the biggest kind of a fraud! She's probably grinning now, as she thinks how nicely she soft-soaped you!"

"I think she was deserving of what I did for her," quietly replied Mrs. Bowser.

"Oh, yes—of course! Mrs. Bowser, let me give you a little advice. You were born in the country and"—

"Weren't you?"

"No, ma'am!"

"Weren't you born exactly one mile east of Podunk?"

"No! That is to say, I was born there, but I was reared—"

"In Podunk itself—a hamlet of 13 houses and a cider mill!"

"Mrs. Bowser," he continued, after a moment, crossing his hands under his coat-tails and balancing himself heel and toe, "I want to define my position in this matter. You were born and brought up in the country. You have never had a chance to study human nature as I have. The average face is the index of the average mind, but you haven't learned to read facial expression."

"Have you?" she asked, as he halted for breath.

"Certainly. Indeed, it came natural to me. I can detect an unworthy person at a glance. I can almost tell what he is thinking of. From the mere glance I got at that woman's face I would wager my shoes against a toothpick that she is a chronic beggar and a wretched fraud."

"I can't believe it," replied Mrs. Bowser.

"Indeed! What you can or cannot believe is of very little importance to a nation of 60,000,000 people, Mrs. Bowser. I say she was unworthy, and that settles it. However, I do not blame you so very much, as she probably told a very plausible story, but let this be the last time. I am just as charitable as the next man, and perhaps more so, but I want to know who I'm giving to."

"I can't help but believe she was just what she represented herself," protested Mrs. Bowser.

"That matter was definitely settled, Mrs. Bowser—definitely settled, understand—when I declared her unworthy. I will some day give you some instructions as to reading human nature, and until I do give to no more mendicants. You simply encourage fraud, vice, ignorance and crime. There's no telling but what your action in this case will land just one woman behind prison bars tomorrow."

"I don't see how it could," she replied.

"Probably not. There's a great many things you haven't seen, can't see and never will see, Mrs. Bowser. When I am away, give all such people the cold shoulder; when I am home refer them to me. In that way no mistakes can possibly arise."

About 8 o'clock that evening the gate-bell rang, and pretty soon the cook came in and reported that there was a man outside who wanted money to pay for a night's lodging.

"Ah! Got the house located down fine, haven't they!" sarcastically exclaimed Mr. Bowser, who was reading his newspaper.

"Tell him we have nothing to give," said Mrs. Bowser to the cook.

"Tell him nothing of the kind," added Mr. Bowser. "On the contrary, send him right in here. Here's a chance for you, Mrs. Bowser, to take a first lesson in reading human nature. See how quick I will turn him wrong side out! Move that chair out for him to sit down on."

A moment later the man was shown in. He was a tough-looking specimen of manhood, and looked as if he had tramped twice around the globe. There was rum in his breath and shavings in his hair, and had he even appeared by daylight Mrs. Bowser would have shut the door on his toes.

"Well, sir?" sharply queried Mr. Bowser.

"It's a case of heart disease, sir, and I can't work," whined the man.

"Run out your tongue."

It appeared and vanished.

"Let me feel of your pulse."

He extended the hand.

"My man," said Mr. Bowser, "you have told me the truth. Your heart is very much affected. I also see by your face that you are an honest, truthful man. Here's a dollar for you. Good night."

"And you call him deserving?" gasped Mrs. Bowser, after the tramp had slid out with an expression of the greatest amazement on his face.

"Certainly I do. Saw it the instant he entered the room. It's just as he says about his heart, and I ought to have given him twice what I did."

"If he isn't a tramp and a fraud, then I don't know one," firmly replied Mrs. Bowser.

"Of course you don't, that's what I've been trying to tell you. I'd trust that man to carry my wallet all day. Little down at the heel, but thoroughly honest and conscientious. Hello! What's that?"

"Please, sir, but here's a policeman who wants to speak with you at the gate," said the cook from the hall door.

"Policeman? That's funny. Where's my hat?"

Mrs. Bowser followed him out. There stood an officer, and there stood the man Mr. Bowser had just given $1 to.

"Caught him carrying these things off, sir," said the officer, as he pointed to a pail, an umbrella, the cook's shawl, several knives and a platter, which the scamp had picked up in the kitchen as the cook's back was turned."

"You—did!" gasped Mr. Bowser.

"Yes, sir. He's a bad man, sir, a regular thief. I've sent him over the road three times myself."

"Is it possible! What have you got to say to all this, my man?"

"That you are about the ripest old pumpkin I ever shook for seeds!" answered the man, in a hilarious voice.

When the officer had taken him away and they had returned to the sitting-room, Mrs. Bowser looked at her liege lord and queried:

"Well?"

"Well what," he snapped.

"It seems you were mistaken."

"It doesn't seem anything of the sort! In his great mental excitement over receiving such a large sum of money the man absently picked up those things, and if not seized by the officer would have brought them back and apologized. I'll see to it tomorrow that the officer's over-zealousness gets a set-back. I got the earache standing out there, and I think I'll go to bed."

Nellie Bly on the "13" Superstition.

[May Belford's.]

I am not superstitious: I never was. But I know a girl who carries the left hind foot of a rabbit in her pocket, trims her hair by the light of the moon, who won't change a garment put on wrong side out, who throws salt over her left shoulder, who won't cut her nails on Sunday, who believes in odd numbers, who never misses a chance to touch a hunchback, who won't cross a funeral unless she is in a hurry, who is in despair if she sees the new moon over her left shoulder, who believes the first one to move from the marriage altar will die first, who thinks a dropped knife or fork or a cracking fire brings company, who believes a broken mirror brings seven years of bad luck, who wears a ring on her left thumb; and that girl is—Nellie Bly.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

His Salvation.

[Puck.]

My sweetheart perfect? No, indeed,
That's very plain to see;
For if she was she wouldn't love
Poor miserable me.

By the Sea.

[Clinton Scollard, in May Lippincott's.]

I lean my ear. Could I but understand
What the sea whispers to the listening land,
Not e'en the brooding Sphinx could more than I
To man unfold of life and destiny.

Love's Equation.

[Duffield Osborne in Harper's Bazar.]

"I were but little happy if I could say how much."
—(Much Ado About Nothing.

Scant beauty hers whose beauties tongue can name
And cold his love whose lips can word its flame—
Sweetheart, thy charms shall never measured be
Save by that love to which they temper me;
And all the passion reigning o'er my heart
I know but as thy beauty's counterpart.

Forewarned.

[F. S. M., in Judge.]

'Twas just before their wedding day.
They drove about the country lanes,
And starting on the homeward way
She held her hands out for the reins.

He gave them up without a word
In answer to her whisper low,
And wondered if he rightly heard,
"It's time I learned to drive, you know."

The Bowdoin Glimpse.

[Bowdoin Orient.]

She's only a maiden of fashion;
A butterfly pretty, that's all;
Enslaved in a bondage of pleasure,
And held in society's thrall.
Now, but a plaything—oh that she might
Ennobling impulses impart!
She'll give us a glimpse of her bosom,
But, oh for a glimpse of her heart.

Permanency.

[Richard E. Burton in Harper's Weekly.]

A lover carved upon a bed of stone
His lady's name, and set thereto a rhyme;
And on the rock were marks beside his own,
Scratched by a glacier in primeval time.

And yet the passion that his spirit stirred,
The while he cut her fond and fleeting name,
Methinks was more eternal than the word
The ice age spoke—time's snow against love's flame!

The Dead Friend.

[A. Mary F. Robinson.]

The house was empty, where you came no more;
I sat in awe and dread;
When lo! I heard a hand that shook the door,
And knew it was the Dead.

One moment—ah!—the anguish took my side,
The fainting of the will.
"God of the living, leave me not!" I cried,
And all my flesh grew chill.

One moment; then I opened wide my heart
And open flung the door;
"What matter whence thou comest, what thou art?—
Come to me?" .... Never more.

Reverie.

[Harvard Lampoon.]

I wonder, sometimes, as I sit
And think—for thinking is my way,
How would the world have looked to me
If Lucia had not said me nay?

Would she be sitting here, I wonder,
And I, perchance, be standing there?
Would she be asking for a bonnet,
And I be looking at her hair?

Would she be thinking of the ball room,
And I be longing for the club?
Would all her thoughts be set on music,
And mine on smoke?—ah, there's the rub!

'Tis better thus—a happy bachelor;
And better than a wife, a friend;
Alone, with half as much to worry,
And more than twice as much to spend.

Serenade for May.

[Kathrine Grosjean, in Judge.]

I think of thee when soft winds blow
And birds return and gulls sail low;
When clouds begin to pulse and glow
And yield their spotless breasts of snow
To Love and wear his roses.
To Love and wear his roses.
To Love and wear his roses.

I think of thee when, wrapt in gleams,
The earth smiles faintly in her dreams,
And, lying thus, enchanted seems,
And lolls and smiles 'mid wavering beams,
In love with Love's reposes.
In love with Love's reposes.
In love with Love's reposes.

'Tis now, oh, Love, I think of thee.
When thinkest thou of me?
When thinkest thou of me?

A Faring Song.

[A. A. in Portland Transcript.]

O tired little mariner,
Yeo-ho! Yeo-ho!
Unto the strand of Slumberland
A-sailing we must go.
This is the time when children fare
Away from home;
So we'll seek the good ship Rocking-chair,
Afar to roam.
O yeo-ho!

O sleepy little voyager,
Yeo-ho! Yeo-ho!
The pleasant breeze of drowsiness
Beginning is to blow;
And now the isles of Mid-nod are
All safely past;
And now over Dreamland's harbor-bar
We steer at last.
O yeo-ho!

A Pansy.

[Eric Gambrell in New Orleans Picayune.]

A little flower, faded and old,
With purple leaves and a heart of gold;
Wrapt in a kerchief white as snow,
I found it today
All withered away,
Where I placed it for keeping years ago.

A story lives in this pansy's dust,
A story pathetic with youthful trust;
And I would I could live it over again.
For it speaks to me—
Out of memory—
Of a love that was sweet, but was all in vain.

The pansy has faded, as did my dream,
In the years that have passed, and yet I seem,
Through all of life's hurrying din,
To have kept its grace
In the filmy lace
Of the kerchief I wrapped it in.

The Instructor.

[Ella Wheeler Wilcox in New York World.]

Not till we meet with Love in all his beauty,
In all his solemn majesty and worth,
Can we translate the meaning of life's duty,
Which God oft writes in cipher at our birth.

Not till Love comes in all his strength and terror
Can we read others' hearts; nor till then know
A wide compassion for all human error,
Or sound the quivering depths of mortal woe.

Not till we sail with him o'er stormy oceans
Have we seen tempests; hidden in his hand
He holds the keys to all great emotions;
Till he unlocks them, none can understand.

Not till we walk with him on lofty mountains
Can we quite measure heights. And, oh, sad truth!
When once we drink from his immortal fountains,
We bid farewell to the light heart of youth.

Thereafter our most perfect day will borrow
A dimming shadow from some dreaded night,
So great grows joy it merges into sorrow,
And evermore pain tinctures our delight.

A Heady Maid.

[Louise Morgan Sill in May Century.]

Do men wive hypocrites from very choice
Or very blindness? He who would a mate
To cling about his flattered neck, and voice
In purring tones her sweet, obedient fate,
—Though all the while she work her will withal—
Can none of me, who hate such warm deceit,
I'll say plain yea and nay; if th' occasion call,
A round, firm nay, with tone in no wise sweet,
But savored rather bitter, if there fell
Necessity. . . . My grandame says, should he
Speak out his yea as round and firm as well,
What would the outcome be? 'Twould plainly be
—Poor dame! she's worn with marriage many a day—
That I should hate him till his yea grew nay.

A HEADY MAID IN LOVE.

Did I say hypocrites? I meant it not.
How were a maid a hypocrite who's led
By love to use mild patience in the stead
Of disputatious word and anger hot?
Besides, it were not womanly; 'twould mar
The grace of dignity, a woman's crown.
'Twere but a child who needs must scream and frown
For what he cannot grasp. . . ! . Sweet grandame, far
Behind lies all that thoughtless time of mine,
And everything is altered. I of all
Most changed. The earth hath taught an alien lore
That grants the sun and moon a bright strange shine;
And something lost is held in gain's sweet thrall—
Though one I know, myself I know no more.

ARE MEN GAY DECEIVERS?

—BY—

Frank Leslie

It is a stock phrase under certain unfortunate circumstances to say that a girl has "been deceived" by some man, or to call an immoral man "a gay deceiver."

Now, the question in my mind is whether this is, in the majority of cases, a correct judgment, or whether one might not better say the woman deceived herself and blinded her own eyes?

The fact is, that most women are far more clear-sighted than most men, and even those of the sex who might be called deficient in intelligence are endowed with a keen, if vague, instinct which cries "Ware danger!" even though it is quite unable to describe the precise nature or position of the menaced trouble.

But a woman, no matter of what degree, so soon as she falls in love blinds herself, or, rather, she sets up her own ideal of the beloved object between herself and the reality, and if the said reality will only keep reasonably quiet and not persist in destroying or stepping out from behind his shelter all will go well.

The trouble is that few men have enough tact to be really deceitful; few have finesse enough to enter into a woman's mind and perceive the position into which she has assigned to her hero of the moment and adapt themselves to it.

They try to do it, but they don't often succeed; and by way of a glittering generality one may say that men mean to be deceitful and are really transparent, and that women, while apparently most deliciously transparent, are actually subtly deceitful.

Of course, like other generalities, this rule has particular exceptions; and there are men who really do deceive and women who cannot do so.

I must say that for myself I do not like either of these classes; they are out of nature, and require special study.

The really deceitful man has a strong feminine cast of character, and this of the womanish and not womanly nature.

He is a self-deceiver like her, but not because, like her, he wishes to believe others better than they really are, but because he is determined to believe them as bad as he wishes them to be.

He

Adopts a Code of Morals

or immorals, and by various forms of casuistry persuades himself that this is not only justifiable for himself, but the actual code of others, no matter what they may profess.

If he is clever he can argue from this standpoint that black is white, and left is right, and crooked straight, with so much clear conviction and candor that he may often end in persuading even a woman to believe him and adjust her own beliefs to his.

But this sort of man is fortunately rare; the more usual form is the man who knows very well his right hand from his left, and is perfectly sure that the moon is not made of green cheese, but who wishes to make some woman believe that it is; it is rather interesting to watch the manœuvres of this class of deceivers; the casual mention of the fact to be established, let us say of the cheesy quality of the moon; the apparent surprise and indulgent amusement when the pupil indignantly contradicts the proposition; the gentle arguments, the mock deference and respectfor the feminine view so diffusively and vaguely set forth; the raillery and playful irony, often more effectual than any other weapon, the compliments so skilfully introduced, and the thoughtful pause, as if considering the true value of the pearls of wisdom let fall from the pretty lips, at which he gazes so admiringly.

Then comes the personal appeal: "If anybody could convince me, it certainly would be you, and your arguments are so strong and so well put that I am half inclined to accept them in spite of my own reason; and yet I can't but see that there is a very, very cheesy look to the moon, and so many people older and perhaps wiser than either of us have believed it.

"Don't you think perhaps you are a little prejudiced? I wish we could think alike upon this, as upon so many other matters. Now don't you see," this and this?

Probably at this point of the game the woman who is in love begins to finger the handkerchief with which she presently will blind her own eyes; she listens more to the compliments and the personal appeal than to the arguments; she begins to take note

The Hyacinthine Locks,

the careful mustache, the white teeth and handsome hand of her companion—but shall I tell you where she does not look?

It is into his eyes; for, although I have seen a great many men trying to deceive, I have never seen one who could bring his eyes into full subjection.

He may open them wide and stare you boldly in the face; he may raise them to your own with elaborate candor; he may gaze upward at the ceiling or outward at the sky or downward in pensive consideration, but I never yet saw an eye absolutely successful in deceit; and I believe that if Marguerite had looked Mephistopheles full in the eye, and meant to read the truth there, he would not have the power to conceal it; and if he could not, less expert "gay deceivers" need not try to.

But if the woman is not in love she is very much tempted at about this time to laugh aloud and say: "What a clever special pleader you are!

"You ought to be a lawyer; but, all the same, you don't believe a word you're saying, and neither do I.

"We both know perfectly well that the moon is not made of green cheese, and never was and never will be. Why pretend it is?"

I say the woman may be tempted to make this little speech, but if she is a wise woman she will resist the indulgence, for she knows perfectly well that to mortify a man's amour propre is to lose that man's allegiance, whatever that may be.

Every man is born with the belief that he is intellectually the superior of every woman, and if he is a good, full-blooded specimen of his sex he carries that belief to his grave; and it is very commendable that he should do so, for one likes to see old landmarks respected.

Now, of course, if the woman sees through the man's sophistry, and laughs at his attempt to deceive her, it is flinging confetti, or even mud pellets at the landmarks; it is disturbing tradition and suggesting that she actually knows as much and is quite as clever as her traditional lord and master.

Therefore the clear-headed woman never laughs at the man's attempt to deceive unless she is ready to be rid of him, and even then it is not a good plan, for no wise

Woman Wishes to Sow Dragon's Teeth

in her own path; no, as a general thing she gently deceives him, but not herself; she listens to his arguments, she looks sweetly considerate over his propositions, however absurd; she appears to be on the point of yielding while fixed like a rock in her own position.

When tired of the situation, she ends it by murmuring, with pretty deference: "There's a great deal in what say, and I never looked at the question from your point of view; of course you have studied these matters a great deal more than I, and you have a much wider opportunity of observation—but—well, I must think it over; and certainly I shall look at the moon with different eyes from what I ever did before."

But sometimes, alas! one only wishes the man could and would be more deceitful than he tries to be.

Most men, when in a candid mood, confess that there are depths in the masculine nature which few, perhaps no women can fathom; that they are of coarser fibre and more earthly material than women are, and that no woman ever enters into their temptations or realizes their possibilities.

All this may be so; if they say so of themselves one is bound to believe it, for, surely, no man can be suspected of deceit in this direction.

But, if these depths do exist, one would wish them to be securely and constantly concealed. The oubliettes in the Imperial Palace were so well disguised that the innocent guests walked over them quite unconsciously, and if some sinister rumor of their existence came to unwilling ears, it could at least be dismissed with the verdict—not proven.

But if people insist upon glass windows over their oubliettes, and call upon you, as you gayly tread parlor-floors, to gaze into the unclean depths below, one wishes that such people were wise enough to at least try to be deceitful.

Again, a man is ignoble; he is dishonest in his affairs, he is cowardly, he is disloyal, he is purse proud; or perhaps he has rheumatism, or colic, or some other distressing complaint not necessarily apparent.

Well, let him cover up both his mental and bodily diseases and deficiencies while in society, and refrain from obtruding sentiments, theories or symptoms with which the

Companion of the Moment

cannot agree or alleviate.

But if he is not wise enough to do this, he may perhaps never suspect that he ought to have done so, for one of the most charming and most dangerous traits in a woman's nature is her power of sympathy and her dread of giving pain.

She feels for the man who is making himself ridiculous as he would be quite incapable of feeling for himself, and she gently guards him from perceiving his own folly, even while she is dimly conscious that no human power could make him see it.

I have seen a very clever woman listening with serene patience and apparent interest to a deluded individual who was explaining the wonderful system he would adopt if he were secretary of the treasury, and winding himself up in such a spider's web of words that he finally turned very red and moist, and stammered into silence, with a suspicious glance at the gentle face beside him, upon which, however, not a trace of a smile could be observed as the candid voice replied; "I don't wonder you despair of making me understand. I never could get hold of politics, and am glad all these matters are in your hands rather than mine."

Do you call this woman deceitful? Well, so do I—admirably, generously, charmingly deceitful; and if that man went away comforted in his soul rather than humiliated and stung, was it not well for him, and also for her?

Sometimes, of course, this sympathetic quality in the woman degenerates into weakness; and I have seen nice women behave in anything but a nice manner simply because they did not wish to mortify their male companions by showing that they felt shocked at their language and manners.

In fact, I think women seldom enjoy or wish to indulge for their own pleasure in objectionable pursuits; they simply allow themselves to be led by their companionship, and will, out of real goodness and delicacy, pretend to be bad and coarse.

But to return to our first point, of what deceit a good woman will cultivate when she is in love; it is one of the most painful, or rather, pathetic sights in life to see some lovely, piquant, little Titania trying to impress both the world and herself with the idea that Nick Bottom is a hero, and the ass's head is the true model of an Adonis.

How wistfully she watches him in society; how she hovers around his conversations, darting in now and again with some word or hint or little laugh or gesture, that seems to interpret his platitudes or errors into capital jests and hidden bits of wisdom.

How she finishes out his sentences, and suggests to his dull brain something to say next! How lovingly she listens to the dullest and most prolix harangues; how she puts a noble construction upon his most ignoble deeds, and tells everybody how prudent he was in not making that investment or helping this impostor, or subscribing to the other plan, when all the world knows he was saved from loss in these directions by the pig-headedness that never allows him to do what anybody asks him to.

Dear deceitful little Titanias! What a multitude of them there are, and how I love them, even while they always remind me of an old Dutch tomb whereon are sculptured two delicate little angels tugging away at the soul of a comfortable old alderman who declines to budge an inch.

[Copyright 1891.]

MILLINERS' "LEAVINGS."

What Becomes of Passe Finery, Ribbons of Spring, Birds, Etc.

Doubtless many readers of THE GLOBE have often wondered what becomes of "dead stock" in the hands of milliners. With the constant and rapid changes in the fashions, it would appear that there must be a great depreciation in value of such goods in a very few months, precluding the possibility of carrying anything over to the next season, except a few of the most staple articles, such as ribbons and feathers.

Between one Easter season and another, for instance, a complete revolution may have taken place in the shapes, sizes and colors of hats and bonnets, as well as in the materials of which they are constructed.

In addition to this, an entirely new style of trimming is wanted; not only different colors and designs, but essentially different materials. The change from the birds, feathers and velvets of the winter season to the flowers, "small fruits" and ribbons of spring is most marked, and those same birds and feathers and velvets which are laid aside will have no sale the following winter, as by that time something quite different will be wanted.

A short conversation with a prominent Franklin st. wholesaler of this line of goods a few days ago elicited the following information concerning the destiny of this passe finery:

"Well," said the dealer, in answer to the reporter's query, "that's rather a difficult question to answer in one sentence. To begin with, of course every one knows that the profit on the goods we do sell while they are in style is big. That is true of all goods which go out of style quickly. The profits on the early sales are expected to cover any loss which may occur on goods remaining unsold.

"Of course we don't carry over much in our line, and at the end of the season we cull out everything that can be made over. After a course at the dyehouse and the factory, these may be sent out as new goods.

"But it is comparatively a small percentage of the stock in hand at the end of the season which can be used in this way. The bulk of it we sell for what we can get. Of course the fashionable dealers don't want it at any price.

"It is popularly supposed that such goods can be sold to the country trade, but such is not the case nowadays, though it was once. Most of the milliners in the small towns and villages are women, and they know what's what every time."

TONIC FOR WOMAN'S MUSCLE.

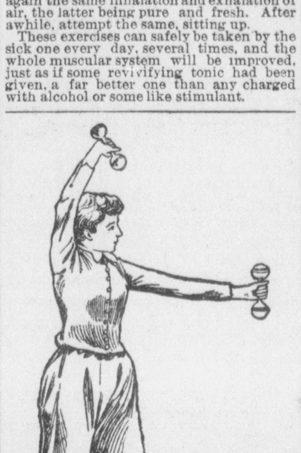
When Beauty is Not Born It Can be Made—No Need of Drugs or Cosmetics for Those Who Practice Light Gymnastic Exercises.

LIGHT gymnastics embrace the use of dumbbells, barbells, Indian clubs, wands, hoops and exercises without anything whatever in the hands, writes Ellen Le Garde in the Ladies' Home Journal. Marching, deep-breathing movement, poising, stretching and equilibrium exercises, all of which have, in a great measure, grown out of the Delsarte system, also come under the general term, light gymnastics.

The beneficial results of all these are many and varied. Hardly any one is too weak for gymnastics. Gentle massage will start the muscles and send the blood into healthy circulation. Then the patient should help herself. One of the advantages of light gymnastics is that the sick and convalescent can make what appear to be trifling efforts, and by them, in time, be restored to active health.

If too feeble to be practically able to make but little exertion, try what are known as deep-breathing movements. Lie flat upon the back, take as long and as deep breaths as possible, and while the mouth is closed, slowly throw the arms up in front and then at the sides. Rest for 10 minutes. Try again the same inhalation and exhalation of air, the latter being pure and fresh. After awhile, attempt the same, sitting up.

These exercises can safely be taken by the sick one every day, several times, and the whole muscular system will be improved, just as if some revivifying tonic had been given, a far better one than any charged with alcohol or some like stimulant.



BEAUTY CAN BE MADE IN THIS WAY.

From this step to the use of light apparatus in the dumb-bells is a short one. But the mistake is too often made in trying to be too muscular, and using bells of too great a weight. Attempt nothing above your strength at the start; it is even better at first to go under it than over it. Above all things be methodical and regular in these exercises. Irregularity in anything—habits, expenditure, diet—brings its uncomfortable reward. Exercise must be constant and systematic to be effective.

If a beginner, purchase wooden dumbbells of a pound each in weight.

Stand with the heels together, body erect and head up. Place the bells on the shoulders, and push up that in the right hand to a count of 8 or 12; then the left, then both together at the same time.

Place the bells on the chest. Push the right-hand bell out in front 8 times, the left-hand afterwards, then both.

Push the bell in the right hand out from the chest to the right, the left the same, and next both.

Put bells under the armpits. Curl them out alternately and both at the same time.

With bells on the shoulders, roll out as in the movement above described.

Strike the bells quickly over the head and under the right leg, then the left leg, then again behind the back.

With the right-hand bell extended from the right side at right angles with the body, strike it, as if it were an anvil, eight times with the bell in the left hand as a hammer. Do this in the same manner to the left and in front, holding the bell that acts in lieu of an anvil on the right and left knees.

These are but simple movements. A teacher in the gymnasium will give you dozens more. But just after the morning bath, in a cool room, before the corset is put on, if tried for five or ten minutes daily, will end in sending a glow through the body and bringing a rich tint to the cheeks.

Beauty is not always born; it can be made. Not with cosmetics; try light gymnastic exercises and you will prove to your own satisfaction that a light step, a bright eye, a clear, good colored skin without the faintest hint of rouge or powder, makes a woman truly beautiful as well as "healthy, wealthy and wise."

Apropos of this last assertion, that a woman can grow wiser, yes, actually knows more, from regular gymnastic exercise is an established fact.

The greatest practical result of both light and heavy gymnastics is the fact that the mind grows in proportion to the muscle. The muscles need a will, and a strong one, to control them. The moving to exact time and to music demded by these exercises when taken in the classes of the gymnasium has its effect on the brain, and is as important as the resulting physical gain. Dr. W. G. Anderson, the specialist, states that those women who by reason of undeveloped will power cannot compel this servant to obey them in works they must perform, are greatly benefited by light gymnastic exercises; and that those women who are sensible enough to adopt the methods that make men the stronger, the healthier sex, who expect to be known as the mothers of healthy children, and, above all, women who wish to aid in the realization of the ideal human being, whether mentally, morally or physically, are able to be all that they would be by gymnastic exercise.

It is a constant source of complaint that American women are not graceful. And the dancing-school has been, until recent years, the refuge for the awkward and unbalanced-muscled young or old woman. But much more valuable is the gymnasium in its education of the feet and of the poise and carriage of the body.

To this end, fancy-step movements are given, and grace and ease of self results. Then, too, dexterity is a quality the phlegmatic slow-by-nature girl and woman needs to get on in this busy work-a-day world, where she who moves the quickest and thinks the fastest, keeping her mind clear and steady on what she has in hand, puts to rout the moral of that ancient fable of the hare and tortoise, in reaching the goal long before her slower and more deliberate neighbor.

Newspaper Row at Night.

[R. H. Davis in May Scribner's.]

Newspaper row in New York bounds the side of the square with the workshops of the great dailies. They rise, one above the other, in the humorous hope that the public will believe the length of their subscription lists is in proportion to the height of their towers. They are aggressively active and wide awake in the silence of night about them. The lights from the hundreds of windows glow like furnaces, and the quick and impatient beating of the groaning presses sounds like the roar of the sea. "There she is—the great engine—she never sleeps. She has her ambassadors in every quarter of the world, her couriers on every road. Her officers march along with armies, and her envoys enter into the statesmen's cabinet." But the ambassadors she sends to the courts today are a very different sort of ambassadors from those of whom Mr. Warrington spoke, and they are probably not quite so useful.

Amen.

[Indianapolis Journal.]

She said when she reached the age of 10,
"I am really too old to kiss the men!"
And so she said until twenty, and then—
And then—

She never made such an assertion again.

BROWN HAIRED GIRL

In Ashes-of-Lilac Gown and Pink Flower Hat.

Girls with Deep Blue Eyes Wearing the Corn-Flower Fabrics.

Something Sweet in Fashion's Treasure for Every Girl.

NEW YORK, May 9.—When the shops are ablaze with such tempting splendor, it is hard indeed for one to choose calmly, without getting one's head turned a trifle and one's purse thinned a good bit by the beguiling things that are displayed this season everywhere.

One can be forgiven, however, for losing one's head over those dainty organdie muslins that Dame Fashion has at last seen fit to call up out of the realms of our grandmothers, for they are the most exquisitely beautiful things that can be made into gowns, and I do not understand how they could have remained so long in obscurity.

Such sweet, pretty gowns and frocks as they make for the sweltering summer days! it is enough to make one cool merely to look at them, and then such airy designs as they come in! Let me tell you about one that I saw in a 5th av. establishment.

"ONE OF THOSE SWEET AND GAUDY MUSLINS."

It was for a young bride-elect, and was of cream white, with wild brier roses running riot all over its delicate surface. The little roses and buds and leaves were so perfect that it seemed as if one might pick them, and one sniffed unconsciously as if the wild, sweet perfume must cling about them. The frock was made in a very simple manner. There were a great many airy little ruffles about it, and the gathered waist and full sleeves were very cool looking.

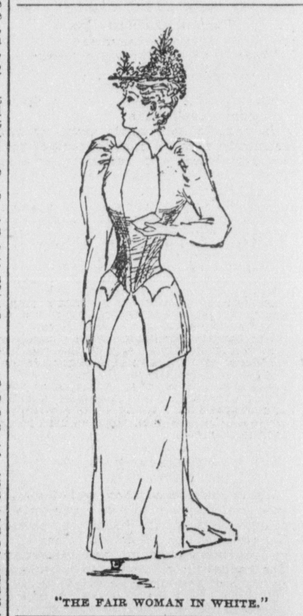
A large white lace-straw hat completed the toilet, trimmed lavishly with wild brier roses and tied under the chin and around the throat with old lace strings that hung down the back in long ends.

Among the new wool fabrics there is nothing prettier than the thin wool crepons. They come in all the fashionable shades, and hang so softly and gracefully, and are so light and sensible and serviceable withal, that they have won a place for themselves, and prominent in nearly every fashionable wardrobe can be found one or two of them.

SHE IS IN GRACEFUL WOOL CREPON.

There is a fantastic fancy for making them with black lace for trimming. It is a style that one has to get used to before one can really admire it, but after one is fully initiated to its oddity it is lovely.

Not since the wonderful days when the beautiful Eugenie was in her glory has lace found such favor. We ought to be very happy, too, for it is a singularly graceful garniture, especially about the bottoms of skirts, where it flows and swirls in a particularly pretty manner.



"THE FAIR WOMAN IN WHITE."

An ashes-of-lilac wool crepon had a deep flounce of chantilly of exquisite pattern about the skirt and bottom of the basque. It was a gown peculiarly becoming to the deep-eyed, brown-haired girl for whom it was made, and whose excellent taste led her to purchase a pink flower hat to wear with it.

Among the colors that are especially popular this spring is corn-flower blue. It is used a great deal on the other side, particularly in French productions. It is its own excuse for being so popular.

It is such a pretty blue—such a blue blue—and when bright-skinned women with deep blue eyes wear it, it is strikingly becoming, as I realized keenly the other day upon seeing such a blue-eyed woman in a corn-flower China silk. There was a modest little figure in white scattered here and there over the silk, and a piping of white edged the ruffles and gathered basques, giving the whole a peculiarly clean and pure appearace, and making the woman who wore it look very fresh and sweet with her bright cheeks and fair skin and sapphire eyes.

A COQUETTISH GIRL.

She wore white gloves and a black lace hat, completely smothered in very natural looking corn flowers, that tilted and tilted coquettishly at every step.

White is ordained to hold high carnival the coming summer. Already it is asserting itself.

A fair woman got out of her carriage and swept along the promenade toward me the other day in the soft spring sunshine. She was tall and blonde and beautiful, and her waist was long, oh! very long, and made to appear even longer than it really was by the hip pieces of her coat being set on so far below her slim belt.

With her natural slenderness and sweeping length of trained skirt she was the impersonation of exquisite grace. Her gown was rather unusual. It was of pure white broadcloth, severely plain in cut, consisting of a trained habit skirt and a long Louis XIV. coat, without trimming of any sort. A hat of crowded yellow buttercups crowned her fair head, and lent the one dash of color to her dainty costume.

She looked like a thing of light and purity with the sunshine glinting on the stray tendrils of her golden hair, as it strayed rebelliously out from beneath the buttercups on her white forehead and about her small pink ears, and I am afraid I looked after her a long time.

Among the many coquettish styles for trimming bodices there is none more piquant in effect than the full frill set on about the shoulders, falling to a point at the middle of the back and reaching below the waist in front.

When made of silk it is especially chic, as it stands up with a saucy stiffness that is extremely becoming to slight figures.

A white and yellow striped French flannel was trimmed after this manner, with yellow silk, the bottom of the skirt having a similar frill, which gave it a very smart finish.

MARIE.

THEY ARE ALL PRETTY.

Gowns That Lady Harberton Recommends—Rational Dress League of London Also Wishes You to Wear Them.

The Rational Dress Society of London has evolved and formulated two gowns as the result of its deliberations.

One is called the "Syrian," and is affected by Lady Harberton, the leading spirit in this new movement. It has a divided skirt, which turns up on the inside and fastens around each knee, like the skirts worn in the Berkeley Lyceum woman's gymnasium, a loose snirt and open coat, and may be worn with gaiters or laced boots, and this is how the Viscountess Harberton looks in it. The other—the Japanese—differs from it in that the skirt is not confined, but flies out in plaits, and in a pale gray skirt and black velvet Eton jacket her daughter presents an appearance something like our second cut.

The new Turkish tea gown, all in fawn color, with a pale yellow skirt and golden brown jacket, with a sash also of pale yellow, shared honors at the great London fair, given under the auspices of the Rational Dress League, with the neat, tidy little rainy weather dress, with boots and jacket.

No one can deny that these gowns are rational and sensible; no one would blame burdened women if she cast off her shackles; no law could reach her, no judge condemn; but the probabilities are that the dress will never become popular except among the enthusiasts, because the woman herself would not be comfortable in it.

Woman may, and doubtless will be, in the near future, known and noted among the thought rulers of the world, but her mightiest sovereignty lies ever in her most feminine and purely womanly attributes. The

rustle of her garments, the faint, sweet scent of her perfumes, the soft melody of her voice wins more allegiance than learned briefs and treatises could win.

If a woman is a great lawyer or doctor or divine, she is doubly great if her mighty achievements are accomplished without the sacrifice of a single dainty woman's grace of dress or deportment.—[The Sun.

The Dinner Hour.

[London Globe.]

In the 14th century the King of France dined at 8 a. m. and retired to rest at 8 p. m. In the time of Philip the Good an old verse said: "Rise at 5, dine at 9, sup at 5, go to bed at 9, and thou shalt live to be ninety-and-nine." In the reigns of Henry IV. and Louis XIV. the dinner hour was 11 a. m. Louis XV. changed the dinner hour to 2 o'clock.

Two o'clock remained the usual dinner hour in France up to the time of the Revolution, after which 6 o'clock became the fashionable time. In England the upper class breakfasted at 7 in the reign of Henry VIII., and dined at 10 a. m.

In Elizabeth's reign the dinner hour was 11 a. m., and supper was served about 5 o'clock. In Germany the fashionable hour for dinner up to the time of the French Revolution was 12 o'clock; afterward it was fixed at 1 o'clock.

STEAM-MADE BEAUTY.

Simple Hints for Improving the Complexion.

Why Some Faces Are Pretty, and Why Some Are Quite the Contrary.

Some Explicit Rules That Every Woman Will Appreciate.

WHEN writing of the complexion a brief account of the structure and functions of the skin will not be amiss. As almost everybody knows, the skin consists of two portions, the epidermis, a superficial layer which is constantly being shed by the dermis, or true skin, which lies undermost.

The former, on the upper surface, exhibits papillæ—minute conical elevations ranged in orderly rows and composed of elastic tissue which changes form under the influence of cold or heat, producing what is called "goose skin."

The dermis contains, besides arteries, nerves and veins, numberless small glands which find their way to the free surface of the epidermis by means of tubes.

Through these tubes the processes of transpiration and perspiration are carried on. Great danger attends these processes should their functions be interfered with by either internal check or the application of artificial varnish laid over the surface of the epidermis.

Within the true skin the hairs also have their roots, connected with which are innumerable sebaceous glands, which supply the hair with a kind of natural pomatum.

The cuticle is moulded on the papillæ of the true skin, and consists of flattened scales united together and superimposed in layers. The upper layers are more flattened, transparent and dry than the lower.

The external scales are continually falling off, and their place being taken by the lower ones, which, as they come to the surface, harden, perish, and are also shed.

The variety of colors in the hue of the complexion, which causes one person to be brunette and the other blonde, is due to the pigment cells in the epidermis, in which colored granules are deposited. As the cells come to the surface and wither, the color in them becomes paler.

The health and beauty of the skin depend almost entirely on its transpiratory pores being clean and free from all extraneous matter, for if these pores be not kept free the functions of the skin are deranged, and very unhappy results will appear in the way of "blackheads," red blotches, and even serious disfigurements, caused by the evil action of certain chemicals used in cosmetics.

Enough for the skin per se. The question dear

To Every Feminine Heart

is what will preserve and improve the complexion?

Well, to begin with, every morning a bath, with a weekly, or perhaps less often steam or Turkish bath, after the face has been steamed, wash it thoroughly in rain water. Rain water is said by those who ought to know to be the open sesame to a good complexion.

The beautiful Ninon de l'Enclos, who at 80 years of age was still capable of inspiring the tender passion, never used any other cosmetic than rain water. It is said that it was provided for her daily, perfumed, and done up in sealed jars.

The same wonderful elixir is said to have been provided for Diana of Poitiers, a noted beauty of the French court in its most chivalrous days.

Dew was also said to have a wonderfully beautifying effect on the complexion. Probably the cause of this can be explained by the fact that spring or river waters are charged with lime, magnesia and other substances from which soft water, such as rain and dew, are free.

Lime forms with the fatty matter of soap, a stearate of lime than which nothing is more fatal to the beauty of a complexion.

It is absolutely necessary, then, that the skin should be cleansed either in rain water or in water from which these complexional evils have been removed.

Occasionally the face may be washed with some pure soap, used as a lather, without detriment; however, the writer has tried and prefers a semi-weekly use of a paste of fuller's earth, made by mixing the earth and water in the palm of the hand and applying it to the face. It may remain on an hour or so, but better still, all night, when, of course, it must be thoroughly washed off in the morning.

Another excellent application for the face, which some may prefer to fuller's earth, is this: One quart of rose water with an ounce of simple tincture of benzoin, added to it drop by drop, stirring all the time, 20 drops of myrrh and a teaspoonful of glycerine.

A very good preservative paste to apply to the face at night and wear a mask over is: Ground barley, three ounces; strained honey, one ounce; white of one egg.

The face should be washed always at night in rain water, and ought never to be washed more than twice a day, though it may be daily steamed.

Too much cannot be said of

The Excellent Preservative

and curative properties of steaming as a freshener for the skin. The action of the steam should be helped by gentle rubbing in a contrary direction to that taken by the wrinkles, should there be any.

But local treatment in the care of the complexion is only one of three treatments. The other two are diet and hygiene. Psycho—physical culture—is very necessary, and daily exercise in the open air.

Riding and walking are especially recommended.

Avoid heated rooms, and, if possible, preserve regular hours.

Sleep with the window open an inch or two all night. Of course this is meant for winter weather; in summer open wide the casement.

The corsets ought not to be of a heavy material, and should be loosely laced, but if you will keep an eye on your figure as formed by the corset, keep a separate corset string for the eyelet holes just at the waist line, and, after fastening, you may draw these as tight as you like.

Keep the feet warm. If they get cold during the day bathe them in hot water and rub them briskly with a coarse towel

Should a little medicine be required, sulphur and milk, two teaspoonfuls to a cup of milk, is an admirable regulator.

Now, about diet; never eat between meals. Three meals a day ought to be sufficient for any one. Whether supper or dinner be the last meal, it ought to be partaken of at least three hours before retiring.

Avoid all salt and pickled food, also anything that may be greasy, such as sausage, ham, pork, pate de fois gras and other rich compounds.

Forget pastry entirely, and eat preferably blanc mange, custards, jellies and light puddings.

Partake of green vegetables, and eat plentifully of fruit. Be careful to avoid new bread, and eat sparingly of butter, but be sure even the tiniest morsel is fresh.

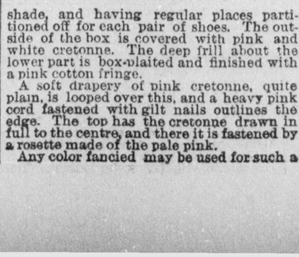
GRACE GREENHALGE.

RECEPTACLE FOR SLIPPERS.

Beautiful Antidote for an Essentially Feminine Habit.

It is essentially feminine when one steps out of one's shoes, to leave them exactly where they fall, and it is only among the very neatest of women that one finds shoes arranged in the order which they should be; so, among the other pretty things for the boudoir may be counted a receptacle for the slippers, the low shoes, and even the sturdy boots, so that none of them will look like a blot upon the dainty room.

This box, says the Ladies' Home Journal, is a plain pine one, lined throughout with a heavy muslin of a dull ecru



shade, and having regular places partitioned off for each pair of shoes. The outside of the box is covered with pink and white cretonne. The deep frill about the lower part is box-plaited and finished with a pink cotton fringe.

A soft drapery of pink cretonne, quite plain, is looped over this, and a heavy pink cord fastened with gilt nails outlines the edge. The top has the cretonne drawn in full to the centre, and there it is fastened by a rosette made of the pale pink.

Any color fancied may be used for such a box, and if one did not wish to have the material put on in the manner represented, it can, specially if it be a decided pattern, be applied quite plainly. The one described, as are the most of the illustrations in this article, was designed for a room where the color scheme is pink, white and gold.

TWO DRESSES FOR TWO PRINCESSES.

NEW YORK, May 9.—Among the many piquant and soul stirring items which so frequently crop up in the English papers and are cabled over to our American journals, the rumors as to the ultimate bestowal of the heart and hand of the heir presumptive, Prince Albert Victor, are perhaps the most startling.

For in all human probability it is on this young man's head that England's crown will rest at no very distant date; and the girl queen who will sit beside him then will

be an object of interest the world over—even more so than his royal mother was when as the fair Danish princess she journeyed across the seas to wed the youthful Prince of Wales, who history tells us had just invested in his first razor, and was called (on account of a weakly sprout of hair beside each ear) by his irreverent younger brothers, "Sideboards"—for her changes of ascending the throne have ever been but of the slimmest, and therefore, beloved though she undoubtedly be by the nation at large, she cannot be so important a figure as her daughter-in-law-elect. Who this is to be is becoming a burning question, as first one continental princess and then another is announced as the favorite.

At present there are two candidates in the field, and no doubt those who are bitten with the English love of betting are laying heavy odds as to which shall carry off the prize. First there is the Princess Victoria of Teck, generally pronounced the beauty among the unwedded European princesses, and, she, it is said, is favored by the prince himself, though his autocratic old grandmother cannot altogether disassociate her from the long standing antipathy which rumor whispers she entertains for the girl's mother, the Duchess of Teck.

The other pretendante is one of Victoria's beloved grand children, Princess Margaret of Prussia, the sister of the young Emperor, and if the Queen's wishes have any weight with her grandson, his handkerchief will be dropped at his cousin's feet.

Meantime the ladies, like maidens of humbler birth, are bringing all their fascinations to bear on the poor young man, and

in order to do this most effectually, each one has equipped herself with some new Redfern costumes, of which I herewith publish sketches.

The first is a stylish blouse of cowslip yellow silk, partly draped with black spotted chantilly, and ornamented with black velvet belt and deep cuffs, which button up on the outside seam. A full ruffle of lace forms the skirt of this blouse.

The other sketch is one of the Redfern gowns ordered by the Prussian princess. It is of light blue gray blanket cloth, overlaid with hairy stripes of tan color. The fronts of the bodice are of tan broadcloth, with large buttons of the same, sunk in rims of gold. The girdle, belt and odd necktie are of gold galloon. The material of this gown is in high favor just now, as it is very light weight and has been pronounced fashionable.

So long as la Parisienne can indulge in a new head covering, she is happy, and the new empire capote is already seen on a great many blonde, auburn and brunette locks. It is very becoming and is made of lace, shirred on two pieces of wire, which are fastened together, and trimmed with gold or jewelled trimming.

A flounce of lace is fastened round the brim, on the front and sides, and a smart panache rises from the middle and is finished off with an osprey.

The newest flowers used in millinery are verbena and wall flowers, and sweetwilliam blossoms. The brilliant colors of these look particularly well on the new fawn or beige colored straws.

A word to those girls who wear veils. Do not let them be a different color to the hat, that at once will stamp you as behind the times. All ultra fashionables are now careful to match their veils and hats to a shade. I am very glad of this, as the, I suppose I can't say barefaced, but I mean it, way in which gray and white and red veils have been worn with every colored hat has often affected me with cold shivers and caused me to retire into my den with murderous thoughts anent the woman at large.

I like to feel charitable if I can, so I am passing glad just now in the thought of the fast coming days of artistic dress.

Do you not think that all this talk about a business dress for women is great nonsense? A rational dress is wanted, sure enough, but to wish to impose a distinctive garb on a business woman seems to me absurd in the extreme. Business is no disgrace, but there are few women who would care to advertise it in the streets, the cars, or the offices. A business dress would only have the effect of stopping the onward march of the revolution in the social position of woman.

REDFERN.

One Thing He Could Understand.

[Chicago Tribune.]

Mr. Keely (closing lengthy explanation of his latest motor scheme)—Thus, you perceive, the relative power of the controlling sympathy and etheric outflow must be measured by the comparative attraction of the neutral centres and the susceptibility of the objective ganglia to influx. Have I made the matter plain, gentlemen?

Stockholder (waking up—Perfectly. How much—hum—rhino do you want this time?

Excepting Marriage.

[Philadelphia Times.]

E. F. W.—Section 10 of article 1 of the constitution of Pennsylvania declares that no person shall be put in jeopardy of life or limb twice for the same offence.

ODDITIES

A woman in Flint, Mich., advertises for a position as housekeeper and says in her advertisement that an offer of marriage will be given attention.

A Newaygo, Mich., lover gave his sweetheart $16 with which to purchase a wedding trousseau. She took the money and married another fellow.

A Georgia groom of 18 who wedded a bride of 40 paid the officiating clergyman a fee of four silver dimes. He couldn't rake together a larger sum.

A Georgia man has an egg which has the exact shape of a young chicken.

The smallest cow on record is reported from South Clarksville, Tenn., less than 3 feet in height. She has a calf three weeks old, and is giving over a gallon of milk per day. When they go to milk her they have to dig a hole in the ground to set the bucket in.

In Mecklenburg a strange custom exists, that when anybody dies the mirrors of the whole house are immediately covered with dark cloth. The feet of the corpse must be directed to the door, otherwise the belief is that soon somebody else must die in the same house.

The Japanese word for farewell means "If it must be so;" and the Chinese say, "Go away slowly."

A recent school examination in Kansas elicited the following forms of comparison: Ill, iller, illest; ill, worse, better; ill, worse, dead.

Memorial day in a Georgia town was postponed for a month because of the scarcity of flowers.

The marks upon the horns of a cow indicate her age. At two years old a wrinkle may be found forming at the base of the horn, and as the horn grows the next year the wrinkle is easily seen. This marks three years' growth. At five years a second wrinkle appears. After that one appears every year, until at the age of 11 or 12 the wrinkles are smaller and closer and less conspicuous, and some of the earliest will have been worn away.

In Bavaria a nobleman who engages in trade or mechanics, or manual labor, has to drop in his titles for the time being, but can resume them when he goes out of business.

The funeral ceremonies over the remains of the late Prince Chun, father of the reigning Emperor of China, began on Jan. 19, and are still going on.

No wild fowl will pass under the Mississippi river bridge. A wounded goose floated down the stream the other day until it came to the bridge, but would go no further. It stemmed the tide till completely exhausted, and then swam to the shore, permitting a boy to capture it.

The "sacred tooth," which is believed to be from the mouth of Buddha, is kept in a temple specially built for the purpose. The tusk in question is about an inch and a half long, showing that if Buddha's dental equipment was of this order he must have had a large open countenance.

Advertising for wives is one of the customs of some South Sea Islanders. The method is for the would-be Benedict to affix a leaf bearing his particular mark to a tree trunk, and if after the lapse of three days, he finds another leaf beside his, he goes to the family whose mark is on the second leaf and dickers for his bride.

A billion is, according to the French and American method of numeration, a thousand millions, or 1,000,000,000,000; according to the English method, a million millions, or 1,000,000,000,000,000.

The mayor of Seattle on returning a contribution for the sufferers by the fire in that city, takes modest occasion to disinterestedly remark: "Now, in conclusion, I

HOWARD'S LETTER.

We Are All Worshippers of Wealth and Position.

Rich Men Who Do Wrong Should Suffer, With Discrimination.

Some Examples of the Advantages of Having Much Money.

NEW YORK, May 9.—I see a great many unkind and ungenerous references to the police authorities of this city, based on what popular verdict calls winking at escapes of great criminals. Sometimes the police are at fault, and sometimes they are not. The only way for them to be absolutely certain that no man once in their custody escapes, is for them to proceed upon the theory that all men are rascals, and that there is no such thing as honor remaining in the breast of any man once arrested. You must remember that they frequently have in custody men who are simply charged with crime, and who, when tried, are found not guilty.

I often think of this when I go down to the city prison, the Tombs, and find men locked up, and women locked up, and children locked up, there days and weeks, and sometimes years, who, subsequently brought before a court and jury, are pronounced innocent, or rather "not guilty." But for all that, they are treated precisely as if they were guilty, and a great deal worse than murderers are treated who are waiting the execution of the sentence of the law after being pronounced guilty.

Come With Me to the Tombs.

Having passed the iron gate, the keeper rigidly scrutinizing the face, or the ticket, as the case may be, we pass into the stony square, huge stone buildings on either side and a stone pavement beneath the feet.

We come to the "male" prison—although precisely why there should be gender in a prison I never could understand; we cannot get in without passing an iron door, and then are confronted by every one of five keepers, who conduct us through corridors of stone, past cells of stone, whose iron doors are shut and locked, behind which are men to be tried, as well as men who have been tried and convicted.

They all have the same fare—bread and molasses, bread and coffee, bread and molasses, bread and coffee—day in and day out, week in and week out. It never seemed right to me that a man who is simply charged with crime should be put in prison.

There should be a house of detention, where, if he is poor, the State will support him, or the city, with such food as is proper, but where, if, on the other hand, he can afford it, he can have such food and such drink and such delicacies as he desires. Common sense ought to obtain it. You might just as well say that all men must ride in surface or elevated cars, instead of hiring coupes or coaches or owning their own conveyances.

There should be no cast-iron rule put upon men in this world.

It is barely possible that we shall all stand

Upon a Common Plane Hereafter.

But we will wait until the hereafter comes before we question the propriety and equity of our treatment there.

We have in New York a place of detention called Ludlow-st. jail. It is an ordinary brick structure, to all intents a prison. In it are found people who are charged with a certain class of offences. For instance, when William M. Tweed was arrested, having been sued by the city for $6,000,000, in default of $3,000,000 bail he was taken to Ludlow-st. jail. Mr. Tweed was rich. Other people confined there were poor. Mr. Tweed had not been before a jury; he was not convicted of any crime; indeed he was not charged with any crime. He was simply sued by the city for so much money, and, because he could not raise the bail which the court exacted of him, he was held in the custody of the sheriff. The sheriff could have taken Mr. Tweed to his own house if he wished, he could have done anything in the way of courtesy or kindness he chose, without subjecting himself to any criticism whatever, if Mr. Tweed had been an ordinary man; but, being Bill Tweed, of course no treatment that bore a show of fairness or justice or decency could be tolerated by the gang of reformers who then undertook to run the city for their own interest.

After Mr. Tweed had been there for some little time he suggested to the sheriff that there was business of importance he would like to attend to at home, and that he would willingly pay for whatever expense or trouble the sheriff was put to, provided he might go, properly guarded and carefully watched, to his house. The sheriff consented, and

Mr. Tweed Was Driven Home.

Two officers attended him in plain clothes.

He stayed home two or three hours, and was driven back to the prison, and I presume it cost him $250 for that privilege.

This incident grew into a custom, and one night, having been driven home, Mr. Tweed excused himself from the room in which the officers were sitting and asked permission to retire to a closet.

He was gone some time, but that excited no special comment, as it had been his custom to leave them for a time and seek the society of his family in the other parts of the house. As the hours sped along, however, the officers became apprehensive, and upon searching, found their bird had flown.

The circumstances of the case are doubtless familiar to you—Mr. Tweed was carried to a bark, and, it went to Spain, where he was arrested and returned, as a matter of courtesy, by the Spanish government.

Now, the officers from whom Mr. Tweed escaped on that occasion have been blackguarded and bombarded, criticised and censured by the authorities, and in the press and in the public mind, from that day to this.

They are branded as men who violated their duty, and who were bought by a criminal seeking to escape.

I think I can see precisely how that occurred.

Mr. Tweed was a very genial, jolly, good-hearted fellow, very generous with his money, and he had been in the custody of these same officers for months; he had treated them with great liberality; he had bought cigars for them and liquors, and treated them as associates and friends in his room in the jail. He had not been convicted of anything;

He Was Simply Charged

with being one of a set of men who had despoiled the city of $6,000,000.

He was being sued by the city for that sum; the verdict might be against him, and it might not; as a matter of fact it never did get any money from Tweed at all.

But that is neither here nor there.

These men, like others who had associated with Tweed, were impressed by his geniality of manner, and by his generosity. They assumed that, always having returned theretofore, he probably always would, and their discipline became less rigid and their watching less careful, and he availed himself of their laxity to run away.

Now, perhaps you think that is an argument against my theory.

I think not.

Mr. Tweed was a man whose previous conduct in life did not warrant official faith in him. It was perfectly well known that any defence he might make against the charge of malfeasance in office and misappropriation of funds would be purely technical. There was no doubt that he had amassed millions of money in a very few years, and that his sole source of income was his rather moderate salary, with which he may or may not have speculated, as he claimed he did. Therefore, while it was perfectly proper for these men to allow Mr. Tweed the privileges for which he could afford to pay, they should have taken warning by his past, and protected themselves from any future dishonor on his part.

A similar illustration may be found in the case of Mr. Eno—John C. Eno, the late president of the Second National Bank. The press printed any amount of

Vituperative Criticism

of the laxity of police watchfulness, and the absurdity with which they guarded the front door, while the back entrance to Mr. Eno's house was not looked after at all.

Well, now, what is the case?

Mr. Eno undoubtedly committed a breach of trust when, as president of the bank, he made use of its securities for his own private speculation.

An absurd technicality of the law decides that if I give to a servant $25 with which to buy specific articles, and he runs away with the money, he has committed a breach of trust, and is punishable in a very mild degree; whereas, if, entering my room, he takes that $25 without my permission, he has committed larceny, for which he can be punished in a very great degree.

And still further, if, instead of opening the door he bursts the lock, he has committed a burglary, and can be sent up for the Lord knows how long. Now then, Mr. Eno's father and friends made up the amount of money he took. Mind you, it was all in his custody, therefore, technically, he did not steal it; he simply committed a breach of trust. There was no criminal charge against him. The men who were watching the front of his house did it at their own cost and risk; they were to gain nothing. If they had met Mr. Eno on the street there was no warrant out for his arrest, and they did not dare to arrest him without a warrant. All they could do was to shadow him and annoy him and harass his family.

That Mr. Eno Ever Dreamed

of misappropriating a dollar of the bank's money no one pretended; that he did do it no one denied.

Hoping that the waves of time might obliterate the keen recollection of this affair he undoubtedly said to his friend, Father Ducey: "I have been friendly and of service to you heretofore; I am in trouble, and seriously embarrassed; help me out of the scrape." And the good father, knowing that the law did not hold Mr. Eno responsible in any criminal sense, very naturally and very properly said, doubtless: "All right; I will help you to a place of refuge and firm foundation, where you can negotiate, compromise or settle as best you can." Now, that is the whole story; but yet, as in Tweed's case, where, to be sure, he escaped from their literal custody, the officers were then, and are now, charged with being blinded by greenbacks, and rendered careless by the soothing syrup of a sufficient check.

It is too bad, I know, that men who have money are permitted to do things that men who have not money cannot do, but that obtains in every line of life and upon every plane of occupation.

You can hire a better pew in church if you have money, than you can if you have none; you can wear better clothes; you can ride in a different style of conveyance; you can occupy a handsomer house in a better location; you can do all sorts of things if you have money, which are precluded if you have none, and, although once convicted, a rich man should be treated precisely as a poor man; on the other hand, once convicted, he should be treated no worse than a poor man, simply because he has money.

And, again, until he is convicted, he owns his money, and he is

Entitled to Get All He Can Buy

for it; not to pervert justice; not to bribe officials to do that which they have no right to do; not, for instance, to hire a keeper in the Tombs, which is a criminal prison, to allow him privileges outside the gate; nothing absurd.

I don't mean to draw the line a hair's breadth beyond the mark of perfect propriety and equity, but to people who are in the custody of the sheriff and are held on civil charges, and simply because it is not deemed wise by their counsel, or they are unable for certain reasons to find bail, nothing should be denied to a rich man which it is possible for a poor man to enjoy.

We are a curious people.

We worship wealth, we follow fashion, we slavishly adhere to customs so long as they obtain, but the moment wealth is in disgrace or trouble—the moment that a man whose head has been held straight and firm and up, is compelled to bow, not necessarily with disgrace, but with misfortune, the feet that stamped loudest in his honor are quickest to kick him when he is down.

HOWARD.

TRICKS OF THE MEMORY.

Authors Sometimes Forget Their Own Works—Anecdote of Scott.

[New York Telegram.]

"Celebrated authors sometimes forget their own works," said an eminent physician the other day to a reporter. "This is usually one of the effects of disease or old age. As Walter Scott grew old he became a victim to this kind of forgetfulness. Frequently when one of his own poems was read to him he would ask who was the author. 'Ivanhoe' was dictated during a painful illness and published before its author had quit his bed.

"When Scott had become convalescent he had no recollection of the story. Toward the close of his life Linne found great pleasure in reading his own works. Forgetful that he was himself the author, he would frequently exclaim as he read: 'Beautiful!' 'Magnificent!' 'I wish I had written that!'

"Macaulay, the historian, had a friend whose memory had once been exceedingly strong. Old age made it exceedingly weak. If anything brilliant was said or read to him in the evening, he would imagine next morning that the brilliant ideas heard the night before were his own. It was his custom to write them out and show them to his friends as original matter."

The Silver Dollar "M."

[Philadelphia Record.]

There is a popular idea prevalent that the minute letter "M" to be seen at the base of the head of Liberty on the face of the present issue of silver dollars stands for "Mint," and is an evidence of the genuineness of the coin bearing it. This is a mistake. The "M" stands for Morgan, George T. Morgan, who is the originator of the design.

Upon the same side there is another "M," also the initial of the designer. This is to be found in the waving locks of the fair goddess, and is so cleverly concealed in the lines of the design that it can only be seen after a long scrutiny. A prominent mint official, in speaking of this other initial, said that he had had it shown to him scores of times, but could never find it unassisted.

Female Strategist.

[Texas Siftings.]

Mrs. Manhattan Beach (who wants a spring hat very much)—I say, hubby, I've got to have a new dress. Don't you see how shabby this one is getting?

Mr. Beach (very much frightened)—A new dress! That will never do. Money is awful scarce. If you had said you wanted a new hat I would not have objected, but a new dress is out of the question.

Mrs. Beach—All right. I suppose I'll have to be satisfied with a hat, but I can't help being a little disappointed.

The Passing of Bornrich.

[New York Weekly.]

Returned tourist—What has become of Bornrich? He was a prince of good fellows. Everybody liked him. So genial and generous.

Resident—Oh, he's got to be a regular nuisance. Here he comes now. Let's dodge into an alleyway.

Tourist—Spent all his money, eh?

Praise for Sir Hubert.

[Fliegende Blaetter.]

"Your ladyship made quite a conquest today," said the kitchenmaid.

"Did I! And with whom?" asked her mistress, graciously. "With my sweetheart. He saw you going out, and, I tell you, a lady as suits him must be a lady."

April Showers.

[Puck.]

Sharp—Renthaus is going to move again.

Flat—How do you know?

Sharp—He's using up the back steps for kindling.

Made a Sale.

[Street & Smith's Good News.]

First sales girl—Of all things! You sold something to that lady didn't you?

Second sales girl (with a slight curl of contempt)—Yes. She is probably from the country.

Weather Changes.

[New York Weekly.]

Little Isaac—Fadder, it look like rain.

Isaac, Senior—Mark dose two-tollar umprellas oop to five tollars, und sell 'em for tree und a haluf.

COMPOSITION OF LIME.

The Chemical Processes that Make Plant Food of Lime.

How Lime Should be Prepared and Applied for the Best Return.

Lime Fixes in the Soil the Nitrogen of the Atmosphere.

Carbonate of lime, or common limestone, consists of lime and carbonic acid, and when perfectly pure and dry, in the following proportions: Carbonic acid, 43.7 per cent.; lime, 56.3 per cent. Limestones, however, are seldom pure. They always contain a sensible quantity of other earthy matter, chiefly silica, alumina, and oxide of iron, with a trace of phosphate of lime, and, sometimes, of potash and soda, and often of animal and other organic matter. In limestones of the best quality, the foreign earthy matter, or impurity, does not exceed 5 per cent. of the whole, while it is often very much less.

The Burning and Slaking of Lime.

When carbonate of lime is heated to a high temperature in the open air, the carbonic acid it contains is driven off, and the lime remains in the caustic state. On a large scale this burning is conducted in lime-kilns, one ton of good limestone yielding about 1230 pounds of burned, quick or caustic lime. When this quick or caustic lime, as it is taken from the kiln, is plunged into water for a short time and then withdrawn, or when a quantity of water is poured upon it, heat is developed, the lime swells, cracks, gives off much watery vapor, and finally falls to a fine, bulky and more or less white powder.

These appearances are more or less rapid and striking, according to the quality of the lime and the time that has been allowed to elapse after the burning, before the water was applied.

All lime becomes difficult to slake when it has been for some time exposed to the air.

When the slaking is rapid, as in the rich limes, the increase of bulk is from two to two and a half times that of the original burned lime. If the water be thrown on so rapidly or in such quantity as to chill the lime or any part of it, the powder will be gritty, will contain many little lumps which refuse to slake, will also be less bulky and less minutely divided, and therefore will be less fitted either for agricultural or for building purposes. When quicklime is left in the open air, or is covered over with sods, it gradually absorbs water from the air and from the soil, and falls, though much more slowly, and with little sensible development of heat, into a similar fine powder.

In the rich limes, the increase of bulk may be three or three and one-half times; in the poorer, or such as contain much earthy matter, it may be less than twice.

When quicklime is thus slaked, it combines with the water which is added to it and becomes converted into a milder or less caustic compound, which among chemists is known by the name of hydrate of lime. This hydrate consists of lime 76 per cent., and water 24 per cent.

It is rare, however, that lime is so pure or so skilfully and perfectly slaked as to take up the whole of this proportion of water, or to increase quite as much as one-fourth part in weight. When the hydrate of lime obtained by slaking is exposed to the open air, it gradually absorbs carbonic acid from the atmosphere, and tends to return to the state of carbonate in which it existed previous to burning. By mere exposure to the air, however, it does not attain to this state within any assignable time. In damp situations the absorption of carbonic acid proceeds most slowly.

In consequence, however, of the strong tendency of caustic lime to absorb carbonic acid, a considerable quantity of the hydrate of lime first formed during spontaneous slaking, becomes changed into carbonate during the slaking of the rest. But when it has all completely fallen, the rapidity of the absorption ceases, and the fine slaked lime consists of carbonate of lime, 57.4; hydrate of lime (lime 32.4, water 10.2), 42.6; or a ton of lime left in the open air till it has completely fallen to powder, contains about 850 pounds in the state of hydrate.

If left to slake in large heaps, the lime in the interior of those heaps will not absorb so much carbonic acid until after the lapse of a very considerable time. More caustic lime (hydrate) also will be present, if it be left to slake, as is often done for agricultural purposes, in shallow pits covered with sods, to defend it from the air and the rain. After the lime has attained the state above described, which is a chemical compound of carbonate with hydrate of lime, the further absorption of carbonic acid from the air proceeds very slowly, and is only completely effected after a very long period. When slaked in the ordinary way lime fails to powder, without having absorbed any notable quantity of carbonic acid. Numerous small lumps also remain, which, though covered with a coating of hydrate, have not themselves absorbed any water. The absorption of carbonic acid by this slaked lime is at first very rapid, so that when the full effect of caustic lime upon the soil is required, it ought to be ploughed in as early as possible, but it gradually becomes more slow, a variable proportion of the compound of carbonate and hydrate above described is formed, and even when thinly scattered over a grass field an entire year may pass over without effecting the complete conversion of the whole into carbonate.

Application of Lime to the Soil.

There are, therefore, four distinct states of chemical combination, in which pure lime may be artificially applied to the land.

1. Quick-lime, in which the lime, as it comes from the kiln, is uncombined either with water or carbonic acid.

2. Slaked lime, or hydrate of lime, which by the direct application of water has been made to combine with about one-fourth of its weight of water.

3. Spontaneously slaked lime, in which one-half of the lime is combined with water and the other half with carbonic acid. In this state it is only half caustic.

4. Carbonate of lime, the state in which it occurs in nature, and to which burned lime, after long exposure to the air, more or less perfectly arrives. In this state lime possesses no caustic or alkaline properties, but is properly called mild lime.

It is the result of experience wherever agriculture has been advanced to the state of an art, that the presence of lime is useful to the soil. Not only is this fact deduced from the result of innumerable applications of this substance to lands of every quality, but it is established also by consideration of the known chemical constitution of soils which are naturally possessed of unlike degrees of fertility.

Thus sandy or silicous soils are more or less barren if lime be absent, while the addition of this substance in the form of marl, or otherwise, renders them susceptible of cultivation.

So clay soils in which no lime can be detected are often at once changed in character by a sufficient liming. Feldspar soils contain no lime, and they are barren, and the same is true of such as are immediately derived from the degradation of the serpentine rocks.

The quantity of lime which ought to be added to the soil is dependent upon so many circumstances that it is impossible to state any general rule by which in all cases the practical man can safely regulate his procedure.

To soils that contain no lime, or to which it is added for the first time, a large dose must be given. A certain minimum portion of lime is indispensable to a productive soil. If we suppose this quantity to be no greater than 0.2 per cent. of carbonate of lime, then, with a soil six inches in depth which contains no lime, we ought to mix a ton and a half, say 40 bushels, of slaked lime, and by successive yearly additions to supply the annual waste. But to mix this feeble dose of lime intimately with the soil to a depth of six inches, would obviously require an expenditure of labor which the practical farmer can rarely afford. It would be greater economy, therefore, in most cases, to add a dose several times larger, and this not only because the same amount of labor would diffuse it more generally through the whole soil, but because this larger liming would render less necessary the immediate addition of new supplies to repair the unavoidable waste.

But experience has proved that the quantity of lime which a skilful farmer will add to his land will vary with many other circumstances besides the depth of his soil, and the proportion of lime it already contains. Thus, on clay lands, more lime is necessary than on light and sandy soils. This may be partly ascribed to the physical effect of the lime in opening and loosening the stiff clay—but, independent of this action, the particles of lime are liable to be coated over and enveloped by the fine clay, and thus shut out from the access of the air. These particles, therefore, must be more numerous in such a soil, if as many of them are to be, exposed to the air as in lighter land, through which the atmospheric air continually permeates. Again, when the soil is also rich in vegetable matter lime may still be more abundantly applied.

Not only the natural depth of the soil but also the depth to which it is usually ploughed, and to which it is customary to bury the lime, will materially affect the quantity which can be safely applied. A dose of lime which would materially injure a soil into which the plough rarely descends beyond two or three inches, might be too small an application where six or eight inches are usually turned over by the plough.

When new soil, also, is to be brought up which may be supposed to contain no lime, or in which noxious substances are present, a heavier dose of lime must necessarily be laid upon the land. The more dry and shallow the soil, the lighter and more sandy, the less abundant in vegetable matter, the more naturally mild its locality, and the dryer and warmer the climate in which it is situated, the less the quantity of lime which the prudent farmer will venture to mix with it. Lime combines with the acid substances already existing in the soil, and thus promotes the decomposition of vegetable matter, which these acid substances arrest. The further decompositions which ensue are attended at every step by the production either of gaseous compounds, such as carbonic acid, and light carburetted hydrogen, which are more or less abundantly absorbed by the roots and leaves of plants, and thus help to feed them—or of acid and other compounds, soluble in water, which, entering by the roots, bear into the circulation of the plant not only organic food, but that supply of lime which healthy plants require. The changes it induces upon substances in which nitrogen is present are still more obviously useful to vegetation.

It eliminates ammonia from the compounds in which it exists already formed, and promotes its slow conversion into nitric acid, by which the nitrogen is rendered more fixed in the soil.

It disposes the nitrogen of more or less inert organic matter to assume the form of ammonia and nitric acid, in which state experience has long shown that this element is directly favorable to the growth of plants.

It influences to an unknown degree the nitrogen of the atmosphere to become fixed in larger proportion in the soil, in the form of nitric acid and ammonia, than would otherwise be the case, and this it does both by the greater amount of decay or oxidation which it brings about in a given time, and by the kinds of compounds which, under its influence, the organic matter is persuaded to form. The amount of nitrogenous food placed within reach of plants by this agency of lime will vary with the climate, with the nature of the soil, with its condition as to drainage, and with the more or less liberal and skilful manner in which it is farmed.

COOKING ON GAS RANGE.

Miss Daniels Demonstrates and Lectures on Toothsome Subjects.

An interested audience of ladies met yesterday to observe and listen to Miss Daniels' demonstration and lecture in Pierce Hall.

The subjects for the afternoon were halibut baked in tomato sauce, broiled beef steak, cheese ramakins, Eastern apple pudding, and egg sauce.

The cooking was all done on a gas range, and proved the excellences of gas as fuel.

Bread was toasted by means of a special arrangement for these ranges. This supplies a need which has been very noticeable in oil and gas stoves.

HALIBUT BAKED IN TOMATO.

A slice of halibut weighing about 4 pounds, 1 pint stewed and strained tomatos, 1 slice onion, 1 cup water, 2 tablespoonfuls butter, 3 cloves, 1 tablespoonful flour.

Put tomato, water, cloves and onion on to boil. Mix butter and flour, and stir into the sauce when it boils. Add 1 teaspoonful salt, 1/4 teaspoonful pepper. Cook 10 minutes. Strain into a bowl.

The teaspoonful of salt must be an even spoonful.

Remove the black skin from the slice of fish by dipping it in boiling water. It can then be easily removed by a sharp knife. Wipe the fish dry and clean with a towel.

The butter should round as much above the spoon as in it.

Beat flour and butter together.

A little quicker way of making the sauce is to cook butter and flour together after mixing them—like butter sauce—and add the strained tomato to it.

Season fish with salt and pepper. If possible bake on a tin sheet. If not, it can be laid on strips of clean cloth and lifted from the pan by these, preventing breaking.

Pour half the sauce in the pan and bake the fish in it, basting three times with the sauce. Bake three-quarters of an hour. When serving, pour the remainder of the sauce round it. Garnish with parsley.

Be careful in preparing fish of any kind not to let it lie in water. This will remove the juices and spoil the fish.

BROILED BEEFSTEAK.

A sirloin steak with flank end left on. In a large steak this is very juicy. Large beef is much more nutritious than that from small beef. It can be broiled either unseasoned or can be seasoned first.

If meat is salted before being cooked it must be floured to keep the juices in, as the salt brings them to the surface.

Turn your steak so that both sides shall quickly sear over. Allow eight minutes for rare steak, 12 for well done.

Steak should never be set in the oven for a moment, as it spoils it. It should be eaten as soon as cooked.

CHEESE RAMAKINS.

Four tablespoonfuls grated cheese, 1 gill of milk, yolks of 2 eggs, 2 tablespoonfuls butter, 1/2 pint of bread crumbs, 1/3 tablespoonfuls mustard, whites of 3 eggs, dash of cayenne pepper, 1/2 teaspoonfuls of salt.

Put bread and milk on to boil, stir till smooth, then add the cheese and butter, stir over the fire one minute, take off, add seasoning and yolks of eggs. Beat whites to stiff froth, and stir them carefully in. Pour into a greased baking tin, and bake 15 minutes in quick oven.

Some recipes call for dried bread crumbs, some for stale. The difference is this: Dried crumbs are those which have dried in the oven and are then rolled. The stale crumbs are those which come from the center of a loaf some days old. In this recipe use the stale crumbs. Put a bit of soda with the ingredients, and the dish will be less apt to hurt the eater.

EASTERN PLUM PUDDING.

Two and one-half cupfuls flour, 1 cup of milk, 1/2 cupful sugar, 2 tablespoonfuls butter, 2 heaping teaspoonfuls baking powder, whites of 3 eggs, about a quart of apples cut up and sliced.

Rub butter and sugar together, beat whites of eggs to stiff froth, mix the flour and baking powder, add milk to butter and sugar, stir in the flour with baking powder, add beaten whites, pour into buttered cooking dish; stick full of apples, add 1 teaspoon of vanilla; bake in moderate oven three-quarters of an hour. Sprinkle flour over the top after putting in the apples.

EGG SAUCE.

Beat the whites of 3 eggs to a stiff, dry froth, beat the yolks with a silver spoon; beat into the whites 1 cupful of powdered sugar, add teaspoonful of vanilla; add beaten yolks to whites and sugar and beat.

Always have the whites of the eggs as cold as possible before beating. In beating the whites add a bit of salt.

He Hadn't the Nerve.

[Texas Siftings.]

A gentleman in the orchestra was unable to see the stage on account of a tall hat, so he leaned over and whispered to the lady's escort:

"I wish you would tell the lady who is with you to take off her hat. I can't see the stage at all."

"My dear sir, you had better tell her that yourself, if you think it's healthy. She is my wife," was the whispered reply of the husband.

Does Love's Course Run Smooth Just Now?

[Lowell Courier.]

A coming strawberry is named from the introducer, the "Lovett." That name just expresses our sentiments towards the whole strawberry family.

SKILFUL RIDERS.

Horses and Horsemen in All Ages of the World.

Extraordinary Feats of Daring Indian Riders on the Western Plains.

Peculiarities of the Bronco—Travaux Ponies Weighted with Tepee Loads.

[Col. T. A. Dodge, in May Harper's.]

The East was the original home of horsemen, and war the early training of the horse. Though he appears first as a beast of burden, and though riding preceded driving, there is evidence to show that chariots in great numbers were used in war before cavalry became common. The use of the horse was all but limited to war.

Bullocks were the usual means of transportation, and were no doubt then, as now, in the Orient, steady and rapid travellers. The higher the warrior above the common soldiery, the more terrible his aspect, and the deadlier his aim with lance and arrow. Hence the stud's early appearance in battle. To debase him to the purposes of pleasure was never dreamed of.

We find the very best of cavalry in ancient times. The Greeks ran against a serious problem in the Persian light horse when they first trod the soil of Asia Minor. They were nothing like so good horsemen as the Asiatics until Alexander's Companion Cavalry showed them what drill could do; and the Roman was still less apt. Philip of Macedon first utilized the excellent material of the Thessalian plains, and organized a cavalry which, from its manœuvres and fighting, must have consisted of admirable horsemen.

The ancients rode without saddles or stirrups, on a blanket or pad or bareback; and in spite of this fact, or perhaps by reason of it, rode extremely well. It is wonderful what feats of military horsemanship the bareback rider could perform in the age of what we might call gymnastic equestrianism. Nothing but the knowledge of our old-time Indian enables us to credit the historical accounts of his agility and skill.

When, centuries later, saddles came into use, there grew up two schools of riding—that of the mailed warrior, whose iron armor well chimed in with his "tongues on a wall" seat in his peaked saddle; and that of the oriental, whose nose and knees all but touched.

Why the eastern rider clings to his extremely short leathers it is hard to say, unless it be to place him the higher above his horse, and therefore make him the more imposing when he stands up in his stirrups to brandish scimitar or matchlock. Yet he is a wonderful rider, this same oriental, as, indeed, is every man who from youth up is the companion of the horse.

One of the most precious relics of the past is a bronze statuette dug up at Herculaneum in 1751, and though it be a copy of the equestrian statue known to have been made of Alexander the Great by Lysippus, after the battle of the Granicus, when statues of all the brave who fell in this initial victory were made by the famous sculptor. If it is truly a copy of Lysippus' work, we can judge from it how the Macedonians managed their horses in a hand-to-hand conflict. The king is shown sitting on a blanket, firmly held in place by a breast strap and girth; without dropping the reins from his bridle hand he grasps this substitute for a saddle at the withers, and, turning full half-way to the right and looking backward, gives a swinging cut with his sword to the rear, covering as big an arc of the circle as the best swordsman who ever sat in a saddle. The statue is full of life, and natural to a degree. If not Lysippus' work, it is that of a consummate artist.

The position shows great freedom of movement on the horse, and a seat strong and elastic. That the Macedonians kept their heels well away from the horse's flanks, or rather that they did not rely on their heels to cling to him, is shown by their commonly wearing spurs, a thing the Indian usually avoids; and the same habit shows clearly in this piece of art.

When riding merely and not fighting, the Greek sat on his breech in a natural position, took a firm hold with his thighs, but let his legs from the knee down hang free. His attitude, as shown in the Panathenaic procession on the frieze of the Parthenon, was singularly graceful in style; and that it was the common one is to be seen from Xenophon's rules for keeping the seat.

He managed the reins with light and easy hands. The Indian, on the contrary, was as singularly awkward and ungainly. He sat on his crotch, leaned forward with the thigh not far from perpendicular and the leg thrust back at almost a right angle. This he could do with the plains pony, whose barrel was far from as well rounded as that of the Thessalian chunk, and he got a goodly part of his grip from his calf and heel.

The contrast between the statue of Alexander, or one of the Parthenon riders, and any one of Catlin's pictures is striking. But though the old-time Indian was the equal—probably the superior—as a mere rider, of the Greek, it is the latter whom we must select as model if we wish to preserve any semblance of beauty in equestrianism.

We have from all sources accurate and consistent accounts of the extraordinary riding of the old savage. Catlin and Parkman and Dodge describe him fully. A piece of buffalo robe girthed over the pony's back stood in lieu of saddle, if even so much was used; a cord of twisted hair lashed round its lower jaw served for bit and bridle.

When hunting, in fact, as a rule, the Indian wore naught but a breech-cloth and moccasins—not to lay stress on paint and feathers—and carried a buffalo skin, which he threw about his shoulders, or let fall from about his waist. He was often a splendid specimen of manly strength and activity. "By ——, a Mohawk!" exclaimed Benjamin West, when he first beheld the Apollo Belvedere.

A heavy whip, with elk-horn handle and knotted bull's hide lash, hung by a loop to the Indian's wrist. His bow and arrows gave full occupation to his hands; he must guide his pony with legs and word alone, and rely on its intelligence and the training he had given it to do the right thing at the right time.

Thus slenderly equipped, this superb rider dashed into the midst of a herd of buffalo, and so quick was the pony and so strong the seat of his master that, despite the stampede of the terror-stricken herd and the charges of the enraged and wounded bulls, few accidents ever occurred. The Indian on horseback has 90 lives, not nine. His riding is not an art, it is nature.

The Indian has never developed a system of training his ponies. Each man teaches his own to suit himself, and, except imitation, or a certain trick shown by father to son, and thus perpetuated, there was none but individual knack in his horsemanship. The plains pony was quickly taught after a rough and ready fashion, more by cruelty than kindness—in a manner, in fact, as different from the system of the Arabs as the fine shape of the barb differs from the rugged outline of the broncho.

All horses are more intelligent than man supposes; those most with men, or on which man most depends, most readily respond to training, and the Indian and his pony were every day and all day comrades. Before the Indian could trade for or steal a bit, he always used the jaw rope—or nothing. With the rope in the left hand, he bore against the neck to turn to one side, and gave a pull to turn to the other; or else he shifted his pony's croup by a more or less vigorous kick with either heel.

When both his hands were busy he relied entirely upon his legs and the pony's knowledge of the business in hand; but as every Indian digs his heels into his horse's flanks and lashes him with the quirt at every stride, it is hard to see how the pony caught on to his meaning. The more credit to the quadruped.

The feats of the Indian of today, such as picking objects off the ground at a gallop, or hanging to one side of his horse, concealed all but an arm and leg, while he shoots at his enemy from behind the running rampart, were equally performed by his bareback ancestor.

The latter was wont to braid his horse's mane into a long loop through which he could thrust his arm to preserve his balance, but he had not the advantage of the cantle to hold to by his leg. The old bareback rider has now disappeared; it needed but a short contact with civilization to show him the manifest advantages of bit and saddle.

It is no wonder that the Indian rode well. Before he could walk or talk or remember, the lad had been tied to a horse, and no Indian can recollect the time when he could not ride anything and everything which came along. The boys from 12 years up do most of the herding, and in this occupation they become familiar with every pony in the tribe.

It is probable that the lads have roped and mounted in succession every one intrusted to their care, and have learned its individual qualities, while gaining in general horsemanship.

The travaux pony furnishes the sole means of transportation of the Indian camp, except sometimes a dog hitched to a diminutive travaux, and, weight for weight, drags on his tepee poles more than the best mule in Uncle Sam's service does on an army wagon. When the camp is broken, the squaws strip the tent poles of their buffalo-skin coverings, and it is these poles which furnish the wheels of the Indian vehicle.

The Blackfoot makes the neatest trappings for the travaux ponies and pack-saddles. The pony is fitted with a huge leather bag, heavily fringed, and gaudy with red and blue flannel strips and beads of many colors. Over this goes the pack-saddle, which is not very dissimilar to the riding saddle, and has perpendicular pommel and cantle, and in the pommel is a notch to receive one end of the tepee poles, which are sometimes bound together two or three on each side and trailing past either flank of the pony, are held in place by two pieces of wood lashed to the poles just behind his tail.

In the socket so made rides the parfleche, a sort of raw-hide trunk, and this receives the camp utensils, plunder, children, sometimes an old man or woman, puppies and all the other camp impedimenta, while a squaw rides behind the pack-saddle on the pony, indifferently astride or sidewise with her feet on the poles, and perhaps a youngster bestrides its neck.

Thus laden, the wonderful little beast, which is rarely up to 14 hands, plods along all day, covering unheard-of distances, and living on bunch-grass, with a mouthful of water now and again.

There are apt to be several ponies to carry the plunder of the occupants of one tepee, and often one of them is loaded down with the rougher stuff, while a second may be decked with the finery, and carry only one squaw; particularly if she happens to be a new purchase and a favorite of the chief.

A squaw is usually about as good a horseman as her buck, and rides his saddle or bareback with as much ease as a city woman rocks in her chair. Indeed, it is not uncommon to find women in the fighting ranks, and doing a man's full duty.

It Must Have Been She.

[Munsey's Weekly.]

The satisfied girl—We are never going to quarrel after we are married, Jack and I.

The worldly wise matron—Which one has agreed to let the other have his own way all the time?

Provided.

[Harper's Bazar.]

Mrs. Van Pelt—If you work for me, Bridget, you will have to wear caps. I suppose you do not object?

Bridget—Sure not, mum; I can borry wan from me cousin. It has ear tabs, and a coon tail on top.

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"Grant and His Generals."

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These Generals, as they appear in this painting, are artistically mounted on the backs of horses as actually ridden by them during their campaigns.

Three Presidents of the United State appear in this group, viz., Grant, Garfield and Harrison, elected since the painting of the picture, also a number of others who have been mentioned for that high position. There are also seen here the faces of the three Generals, Grant, Sherman and Sheridan—the only ones who received from the United States Government the high rank of General, which rank became extinct at the death of Sheridan.

This picture does not include by any means all those who distinguished themselves in the Civil War. It would be impossible for one piece of canvas to do so; but it does give those who reached the front rank in their profession, with a number of their ablest Lieutenants.

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